Anna Buchanan

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

EDITED BY

EDWARD DOWDEN

VOL. II.

NEW YORK: 46 EAST FOURTEENTH STREET
THOMAS Y. CROWELL & COMPANY
BOSTON: 100 PURCHASE STREET

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THE MASK OF ANARCHY.

WRITTEN ON THE OCCASION OF THE MASSACRE AT MANCHESTER.

I.

As I lay asleep in Italy
There came a voice from over the Sea,
And with great power it forth led me
To walk in the visions of Poesy.

II.

I met Murder on the way —
He had a mask like Castlereagh —
Very smooth he looked, yet grim;
Seven blood-hounds followed him:

III.

All were fat; and well they might
Be in admirable plight,
For one by one, and two by two,
He tossed them human hearts to chew
Which from his wide cloak he drew.

IV.

Next came Fraud, and he had on,
Like Eldon, an ermined gown;
His big tears, for he wept well,
Turned to mill-stones as they fell.

V.

And the little children, who
Round his feet played to and fro,
Thinking every tear a gem,
Had their brains knocked out by them.

VI.

Clothed with the Bible, as with light,
And the shadows of the night,
Like Sidmouth, next, Hypocrisy
On a crocodile rode by.

VII.

And many more Destructions played
In this ghastly masquerade,
All disguised, even to the eyes,
Like bishops, lawyers, peers, or spies.

VIII.

Last came Anarchy: he rode
On a white horse, splasht with blood;
He was pale even to the lips,
Like Death in the Apocalypse.

IX.

And he wore a kingly crown;
And in his grasp a sceptre shone;
On his brow this mark I saw —
"I AM GOD, AND KING, AND LAW!"

X.

With a pace stately and fast,
Over English land he past,
Trampling to a mire of blood
The adoring multitude.

XI.

And a mighty troop around,
With their trampling shook the ground,
Waving each a bloody sword,
For the service of their Lord.

XII.

And with glorious triumph, they
Rode thro' England proud and gay,
Drunk as with intoxication
Of the wine of desolation.

XIII.

O'er fields and towns, from sea to sea,
Past the Pageant swift and free,
Tearing up, and trampling down;
Till they came to London town.

XIV.

And each dweller, panic-stricken,
Felt his heart with terror sicken
Hearing the tempestuous cry
Of the triumph of Anarchy.

XV.

For with pomp to meet him came,
Clothed in arms like blood and flame,
The hired murderers, who did sing
"Thou art God, and Law, and King.

XVI.

"We have waited, weak and lone
For thy coming, Mighty One!
Our purses are empty, our swords are cold,
Give us glory, and blood, and gold."

XVII.

Lawyers and priests, a motley crowd,
To the earth their pale brows bowed;
Like a bad prayer not over loud,
Whispering—"Thou art Law and God."

XVIII.

Then all cried with one accord,
"Thou art King, and God, and Lord;
Anarchy, to thee we bow,
Be thy name made holy now!"

XIX.

And Anarchy, the Skeleton,
Bowed and grinned to every one,
As well as if his education
Had cost ten millions to the nation.

XX.

For he knew the Palaces
Of our Kings were rightly his;
His the sceptre, crown, and globe,
And the gold-inwoven robe

XXI.

So he sent his slaves before
To seize upon the Bank and Tower,
And was proceeding with intent
To meet his pensioned Parliament.

XXII.

When one fled past, a maniac maid,
And her name was Hope, she said:
But she looked more like Despair,
And she cried out in the air:

XXIII.

"My father Time is weak and gray
With waiting for a better day;
See how idiot-like he stands,
Fumbling with his palsied hands!

XXIV.

"He has had child after child,
And the dust of death is piled
Over every one but me—
Misery! oh, Misery!"

XXV.

Then she lay down in the street,
Right before the horses' feet,
Expecting, with a patient eye,
Murder, Fraud, and Anarchy.

XXVI.

When between her and her foes
A mist, a light, an image rose,
Small at first, and weak, and frail
Like the vapor of a vale:

XXVII.

Till as clouds grow on the blast,
Like tower-crowned giants striding fast,
And glare with lightnings as they fly,
And speak in thunder to the sky,

XXVIII.

It grew — a Shape arrayed in mail
Brighter than the viper's scale,
And upborne on wings whose grain
Was as the light of sunny rain.

XXIX.

On its helm, seen far away,
A planet, like the Morning's, lay;
And those plumes its light rained thro'
Like a shower of crimson dew.

XXX.

With step as soft as wind it past
O'er the heads of men — so fast
That they knew the presence there,
And lookt, — and all was empty air.

XXXI.

As flowers beneath May's footstep waken,
As stars from Night's loose hair are shaken,
As waves arise when loud winds call,
Thoughts sprung where'er that step did fall.

XXXII.

And the prostrate multitude
Lookt — and ankle-deep in blood,
Hope, that maiden most serene,
Was walking with a quiet mien:

XXXIII.

And Anarchy, the ghastly birth,
Lay dead earth upon the earth;
The Horse of Death tameless as wind
Fled, and with his hoofs did grind
To dust the murderers thronged behind.

XXXIV.

A rushing light of clouds and splendor,
A sense awakening and yet tender
Was heard and felt — and at its close
These words of joy and fear arose

XXXV.

As if their own indignant Earth
Which gave the sons of England birth
Had felt their blood upon her brow,
And shuddering with a mother's throe

XXXVI.

Had turnèd every drop of blood
By which her face had been bedewed
To an accent unwithstood, —
As if her heart had cried aloud:

XXXVII.

"Men of England, heirs of Glory,
Heroes of unwritten story,
Nurslings of one mighty Mother,
Hopes of her, and one another;

XXXVIII.

"Rise like Lions after slumber
In unvanquishable number,
Shake your chains to earth like dew
Which in sleep had fallen on you —
Ye are many — they are few.

XXXIX.

"What is freedom? — Ye can tell
That which slavery is, too well —
For its very name has grown
To an echo of your own.

XL.

"'T is to work and have such pay
As just keeps life from day to day
In your limbs, as in a cell
For the tyrants' use to dwell

XLI.

"So that ye for them are made
Loom, and plough, and sword, and spade,
With or without your own will bent
To their defence and nourishment.

XLII.

"'T is to see your children weak
With their mothers pine and peak,
When the winter winds are bleak, —
They are dying whilst I speak.

XLIII.

"'T is to hunger for such diet
As the rich man in his riot
Casts to the fat dogs that lie
Surfeiting beneath his eye;

XLIV.

"'T is to let the Ghost of Gold
Take from Toil a thousandfold
More than e'er its substance could
In the tyrannies of old.

XLV.

"Paper coin — that forgery
Of the title deeds, which ye
Hold to something of the worth
Of the inheritance of Earth.

XLVI.

"'T is to be a slave in soul
And to hold no strong control
Over your own wills, but be
All that others make of ye.

XLVII.

"And at length when ye complain
With a murmur weak and vain,
'T is to see the Tyrant's crew
Ride over your wives and you —
Blood is on the grass like dew.

XLVIII.

"Then it is to feel revenge
Fiercely thirsting to exchange
Blood for blood—and wrong for wrong—
Do not thus when ye are strong.

XLIX.

"Birds find rest, in narrow nest
When weary of their wingèd quest;
Beasts find fare, in woody lair
When storm and snow are in the air.[1]

L.

"Asses, swine, have litter spread
And with fitting food are fed;
All things have a home but one —
Thou, O Englishman, hast none!

LI.

"This is Slavery — savage men,
Or wild beasts within a den
Would endure not as ye do -
But such ills they never knew.

LII.

"What art thou Freedom? Oh! could slaves
Answer from their living graves
This demand — tyrants would flee
Like a dream's dim imagery:

LIII.

"Thou art not, as impostors say,
A shadow soon to pass away,
A superstition, and a name
Echoing from the cave of Fame.

LIV.

"For the laborer thou art bread,
And a comely table spread
From his daily labor come
To a neat and happy home.

LV.

"Thou art clothes, and fire, and food
For the trampled multitude —
No — in countries that are free
Such starvation cannot be
As in England now we see.

LVI.

"To the rich thou art a check;
When his foot is on the neck
Of his victim, thou dost make
That he treads upon a snake.

LVII.

"Thou art Justice — ne'er for gold
May thy righteous laws be sold
As laws are in England — thou
Shield'st alike the high and low

LVIII.

"Thou art Wisdom — Freemen never
Dream that God will damn for ever
All who think those things untrue
Of which Priests make such ado.

LIX.

"Thou art Peace — never by thee
Would blood and treasure wasted be
As tyrants wasted them, when all
Leagued to quench thy flame in Gaul.

LX.

"What if English toil and blood
Was poured forth, even as a flood?
It availed, O Liberty,
To dim, but not extinguish thee.

LXI.

"Thou art Love — the rich have kist
Thy feet, and like him following Christ
Give their substance to the free
And thro' the rough world follow thee,

LXII.

"Or turn their wealth to arms, and make
War for thy belovèd sake
On wealth, and war, and fraud — whence they
Drew the power which is their prey.

[1] The following Stanza originally intended to come between Stanzas XLIX. and L. was rejected:

"Horses, oxen, have a home,
When from daily toil they come;
Household dogs, when the wind roars,
Find a home within warm doors."

LXIII.

"Science, Poetry, and Thought
Are thy lamps; they make the lot
Of the dwellers in a cot
So serene, they curse it not.

LXIV.

"Spirit, Patience, Gentleness,
All that can adorn and bless
Art thou — let deeds not words express
Thine exceeding loveliness.

LXV.

"Let a great Assembly be
Of the fearless and the free
On some spot of English ground
Where the plains stretch wide around.

LXVI.

"Let the blue sky overhead,
The green earth on which ye tread,
All that must eternal be
Witness the solemnity.

LXVII.

"From the corners uttermost
Of the bounds of English coast;
From every hut, village, and town
Where those who live and suffer moan
For others' misery or their own,

LXVIII.

"From the workhouse and the prison
Where pale as corpses newly risen,
Women, children, young and old
Groan for pain, and weep for cold —

LXIX.

"From the haunts of daily life
Where is waged the daily strife
With common wants and common cares
Which sows the human heart with tares —

LXX.

"Lastly from the palaces
Where the murmur of distress
Echoes, like the distant sound
Of a wind alive, around

LXXI.

"Those prison halls of wealth and fashion
Where some few feel such compassion
For those who groan, and toil, and wail
As must make their brethren pale —

LXXII.

"Ye who suffer woes untold,
Or to feel, or to behold
Your lost country bought and sold
With a price of blood and gold —

LXXIII.

"Let a vast assembly be,
And with great solemnity
Declare with measured words that ye
Are, as God has made ye, free —

LXXIV.

"Be your strong and simple words
Keen to wound as sharpened swords,
And wide as targes let them be,
With their shade to cover ye.

LXXV.

"Let the tyrants pour around
With a quick and startling sound,
Like the loosening of a sea,
Troops of armed emblazonry.

LXXVI.

"Let the charged artillery drive
Till the dead air seems alive
With the clash of clanging wheels,
And the tramp of horses' heels.

LXXVII.

"Let the fixèd bayonet
Gleam with sharp desire to wet
Its bright point in English blood
Looking keen as one for food.

LXXVIII.

"Let the horsemen's scymitars
Wheel and flash, like sphereless stars
Thirsting to eclipse their burning
In a sea of death and mourning.

LXXIX.

"Stand ye calm and resolute,
Like a forest close and mute,
With folded arms and looks which are
Weapons of unvanquisht war,

LXXX.

"And let Panic, who outspeeds
The career of armèd steeds
Pass, a disregarded shade
Thro' your phalanx undismayed.

LXXXI.

"Let the laws of your own land,
Good or ill, between ye stand
Hand to hand, and foot to foot,
Arbiters of the dispute: —

LXXXII.

"The old laws of England — they
Whose reverend heads with age are gray,
Children of a wiser day;
And whose solemn voice must be
Thine own echo — Liberty!

LXXXIII.

"On those who first should violate
Such sacred heralds in their state
Rest the blood that must ensue,
And it will not rest on you.

LXXXIV.

"And if then the tyrants dare
Let them ride among you there,
Slash, and stab, and maim, and hew, —
What they like, that let them do.

LXXXV.

"With folded arms and steady eyes,
And little fear, and less surprise
Look upon them as they slay
Till their rage has died away.

LXXXVI.

"Then they will return with shame
To the place from which they came,
And the blood thus shed will speak
In hot blushes on their cheek.

LXXXVII.

"Every woman in the land
Will point at them as they stand -
They will hardly dare to greet
Their acquaintance in the street.

LXXXVIII.

"And the bold, true warriors
Who have hugged Danger in the wars
Will turn to those who would be free
Ashamed of such base company.

LXXXIX.

"And that slaughter to the Nation
Shall steam up like inspiration,
Eloquent, oracular;
A volcano heard afar.

XC.

"And these words shall then become
Like oppression's thundered doom
Ringing thro' each heart and brain,
Heard again — again — again!

XCI.

"Rise like Lions after slumber
In unvanquishable number —
Shake your chains to earth like dew
Which in sleep had fallen on you —
Ye are many — they are few."

NOTE ON THE MASK OF ANARCHY, BY MRS. SHELLEY.

THOUGH Shelley's first eager desire to excite his countrymen to resist openly the oppressions existent during "the good old times" had faded with early youth, still his warmest sympathies were for the people. He was a republican, and loved a democracy. He looked on all human beings as inheriting an equal right to possess the dearest privileges of our nature; the necessaries of life when fairly earned by labor, and intellectual instruction. His hatred of any despotism that looked upon the people as not to be consulted, or protected from want and ignorance, was intense. He was residing near Leghorn, at Villa Valsovano, writing "The Cenci," when the news of the Man-

chester Massacre reached us; it roused in him violent emotions of indignation and compassion. The great truth that the many, if accordant and resolute, could control the few, as was shown some years after, made him long to teach his injured countrymen how to resist. Inspired by these feelings, he wrote the "Masque of Anarchy," which he sent to his friend Leigh Hunt, to be inserted in the *Examiner*, of which he was then the editor.

"I did not insert it," Leigh Hunt writes in his valuable and interesting preface to this poem, when he printed it in 1832, "because I thought that the public at large had not become sufficiently discerning to do justice to the sincerity and kind-heartedness of the spirit that walked in this flaming robe of verse." Days of outrage have passed away, and with them the exasperation that would cause such an appeal to the many to be injurious. Without being aware of them, they at one time acted on his suggestions, and gained the day. But they rose when human life was respected by the Minister in power; such was not the case during the Administration which excited Shelley's abhorrence.

The poem was written for the people, and is therefore in a more popular tone than usual: portions strike as abrupt and unpolished, but many stanzas are all his own. I heard him repeat, and admired, those beginning

"My Father Time is old and gray,"

before I knew to what poem they were to belong. But the most touching passage is that which describes the blessed effects of liberty; it might make a patriot of any man whose heart was not wholly closed against his humbler fellow-creatures.

PETER BELL THE THIRD.

By Miching Mallecho, Esq.

Is it a party in a parlor,
Crammed just as they on earth were crammed,
Some sipping punch — some sipping tea;
But, as you by their faces see,
All silent, and all —— damned!

Peter Bell, by W. Wordsworth.

Ophelia. — What means this, my lord?
Hamlet. — Marry, this is Miching Mallecho; it means mischief.

Shakespeare.

DEDICATION

TO THOMAS BROWN, ESQ., THE YOUNGER, H.F.

Dear Tom, — Allow me to request you to introduce Mr. Peter Bell to the respectable family of the Fudges. Although he may fall short of those very considerable personages in the more active properties which characterize the Rat and the Apostate, I suspect that even you, their historian, will confess that he surpasses them in the more peculiarly legitimate qualification of intolerable dulness.

You know Mr. Examiner Hunt; well — it was he who presented me to two of the Mr. Bells. My intimacy with the younger Mr. Bell naturally sprung from this introduction to his brothers. And in presenting him to you, I have the satisfaction of being able to assure you that he is considerably the dullest of the three.

There is this particular advantage in an acquaintance with any one of the Peter Bells, that if you know one Peter Bell, you know three Peter Bells; they are not one, but three; not three, but one. An awful mystery, which, after having caused torrents of blood, and having been hymned by groans enough to deafen the music of the spheres, is at length illustrated to the satisfaction of all parties in the theological world, by the nature of Mr. Peter Bell.

Peter is a polyhedric Peter, or a Peter with many sides. He changes colors like a chameleon, and his coat like a snake. He is a Proteus of a Peter. He was at first sublime, pathetic, impressive, profound; then dull; then prosy and dull; and now dull — oh so very dull! it is an ultra-legitimate dulness.

You will perceive that it is not necessary to consider Hell and the Devil as supernatural machinery. The whole scene of my epic is in "this world which is" — so Peter informed us before his conversion to *White Obi* —

"The world of all of us, *and where*
We find our happiness, or not at all."

Let me observe that I have spent six or seven days in composing this sublime piece; the orb of my moon-like genius has made the fourth part of its revolution round the dull earth which you inhabit, driving you mad, while it has retained its calmness and its splendor, and I have been fitting this its last phase "to occupy a permanent station in the literature of my country."

Your works, indeed, dear Tom, sell better; but mine are far superior. The public is no judge; posterity sets all to rights.

Allow me to observe that so much has been written of Peter Bell, that the present history can be considered only, like the "Iliad," as a continuation of that series of cyclic poems, which have already been candidates for bestowing immortality upon, at the same time that they receive it from, his character and adventures. In this point of view I have violated no rule of syntax in beginning my composition with a conjunction; the full stop which closes the poem continued by me being, like the full stops at the end of the "Iliad" and "Odyssey," a full stop of a very qualified import.

Hoping that the immortality which you have given to the Fudges, you will receive from them; and in the firm expectation, that when London shall be an habitation of bitterns; when St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey shall stand, shapeless and nameless ruins, in the midst of an unpeopled marsh; when the piers of Waterloo Bridge shall become the nuclei of islets of reeds and osiers, and cast the jagged shadows of their broken arches on the solitary stream, some transatlantic commentator will be weighing in the scales of some new and now unimagined system of criticism, the respective merits of the Bells and the Fudges, and their historians. I remain, dear Tom, yours sincerely,

MICHING MALLECHO.

December 1, 1819.

P.S. — Pray excuse the date of place; so soon as the profits of the publication come in, I mean to hire lodgings in a more respectable street.

PROLOGUE.

PETER BELLS, one, two and three,
O'er the wide world wandering be. —
First, the antenatal Peter,
Wrapt in weeds of the same metre,
The so long predestined raiment
Clothed in which to walk his way meant
The second Peter; whose ambition
Is to link the proposition,
As the mean of two extremes —
(This was learnt from Aldric's themes)
Shielding from the guilt of schism
The orthodoxal syllogism;
The First Peter — he who was
Like the shadow in the glass
Of the second, yet unripe,
His substantial antitype. —
Then came Peter Bell the Second,
Who henceforward must be reckoned
The body of a double soul,
And that portion of the whole
Without which the rest would seem
Ends of a disjointed dream. —
And the Third is he who has
O'er the grave been forced to pass
To the other side, which is, —
Go and try else, — just like this.

Peter Bell the First was Peter
Smugger, milder, softer, neater,
Like the soul before it is
Born from *that* world into *this*.
The next Peter Bell was he,
Predevote, like you and me,
To good or evil as may come;
His was the severer doom, —
For he was an evil Cotter,
And a polygamic Potter.[1]
And the last is Peter Bell,
Damned since our first parents fell,
Damned eternally to Hell —
Surely he deserves it well!

[1] The oldest scholiasts read —
A *dodecagamic* Potter.
This is at once more descriptive and more megalophonous, — but the alliteration of the text had captivated the vulgar ear of the herd of later commentators.

PART THE FIRST.

DEATH.

I.

And Peter Bell, when he had been
With fresh-imported Hell-fire warmed,
Grew serious — from his dress and mien
'T was very plainly to be seen
Peter was quite reformed.

II.

His eyes turned up, his mouth turned down;
His accent caught a nasal twang;
He oiled his hair,[1] there might be heard
The grace of God in every word
Which Peter said or sang.

III.

But Peter now grew old, and had
An ill no doctor could unravel;
His torments almost drove him mad; —
Some said it was a fever bad —
Some swore it was the gravel.

IV.

His holy friends then came about,
And with long preaching and persuasion,
Convinced the patient that, without
The smallest shadow of a doubt,
He was predestined to damnation.

V.

They said — "Thy name is Peter Bell;
Thy skin is of a brimstone hue;
Alive or dead — ay, sick or well —
The one God made to rhyme with hell;
The other, I think, rhymes with you."

VI.

Then Peter set up such a yell! —
The nurse, who with some water gruel
Was climbing up the stairs, as well
As her old legs could climb them — fell,
And broke them both — the fall was cruel.

VII.

The Parson from the casement leapt
Into the lake of Windermere —
And many an eel, — though no adept
In God's right reason for it — kept
Gnawing his kidneys half a year.

VIII.

And all the rest rushed thro' the door,
And tumbled over one another,
And broke their skulls. — Upon the floor
Meanwhile sat Peter Bell, and swore,
And curst his father and his mother;

IX.

And raved of God, and sin, and death,
Blaspheming like an infidel;
And said, that with his clenchèd teeth,
He 'd seize the earth from underneath,
And drag it with him down to hell.

X.

As he was speaking came a spasm,
And wrencht his gnashing teeth asunder;
Like one who sees a strange phantasm
He lay, — there was a silent chasm
Between his upper jaw and under.

XI.

And yellow death lay on his face;
And a fixt smile that was not human
Told, as I understand the case,
That he was gone to the wrong place: —
I heard all this from the old woman.

XII.

Then there came down from Langdale Pike
A cloud, with lightning, wind and hail;
It swept over the mountains like
An ocean, — and I heard it strike
The woods and crags of Grasmere vale.

[1] To those who have not duly appreciated the distinction between *Whale* and *Russia* oil, this attribute might rather seem to belong to the Dandy than the Evangelic. The effect, when to the windward, is indeed so similar, that it requires a subtle naturalist to discriminate the animals. They belong, however, to distinct genera.

XIII.

And I saw the black storm come
Nearer, minute after minute;
Its thunder made the cataracts dumb;
With hiss, and clash, and hollow hum,
It neared as if the Devil was in it.

XIV.

The Devil *was* in it: — he had bought
Peter for half-a-crown; and when
The storm which bore him vanisht, naught
That in the house that storm had caught
Was ever seen again,

XV.

The gaping neighbors came next day —
They found all vanisht from the shore:
The Bible, whence he used to pray,
Half scorcht under a hen-coop lay;
Smasht glass — and nothing more!

PART THE SECOND.

THE DEVIL.

I.

THE DEVIL, I safely can aver,
Has neither hoof, nor tail, nor sting;
Nor is he, as some sages swear,
A spirit, neither here nor there,
In nothing — yet in everything.

II.

He is — what we are; for sometimes
The Devil is a gentleman;
At others a bard bartering rhymes
For sack; a statesman spinning crimes;
A swindler, living as he can;

III.

A thief, who cometh in the night,
With whole boots and net pantaloons,
Like some one whom it were not right
To mention; — or the luckless wight,
From whom he steals nine silver spoons.

IV.

But in this case he did appear
Like a slop-merchant from Wapping,
And with smug face, and eye severe,
On every side did perk and peer
Till he saw Peter dead or napping.

V.

He had on an upper Benjamin
(For he was of the driving schism)
In the which he wrapt his skin
From the storm he travelled in,
For fear of rheumatism.

VI.

He called the ghost out of the corse; —
It was exceedingly like Peter, —
Only its voice was hollow and hoarse —
It had a queerish look of course —
Its dress too was a little neater.

VII.

The Devil knew not his name and lot;
Peter knew not that he was Bell:
Each had an upper stream of thought,
Which made all seem as it was not;
Fitting itself to all things well.

VIII.

Peter thought he had parents dear,
Brothers, sisters, cousins, cronies,
In the fens of Lincolnshire;
He perhaps had found them there
Had he gone and boldly shown his

IX.

Solemn phiz in his own village;
Where he thought oft when a boy
He 'd clomb the orchard walls to pillage
The produce of his neighbor's tillage,
With marvellous pride and joy.

X.

And the Devil thought he had,
Mid the misery and confusion
Of an unjust war, just made
A fortune by the gainful trade
Of giving soldiers rations bad —
The world is full of strange delusion.

XI.

That he had a mansion planned
In a square like Grosvenor Square,
That he was aping fashion, and
That he now came to Westmoreland
To see what was romantic there.

XII.

And all this, though quite ideal, —
Ready at a breath to vanish, —
Was a state not more unreal
Than the peace he could not feel,
Or the care he could not banish.

XIII.

After a little conversation,
The Devil told Peter, if he chose,
He'd bring him to the world of fashion
By giving him a situation
In his own service — and new clothes.

XIV.

And Peter bowed, quite pleased and proud,
And after waiting some few days
For a new livery — dirty yellow
Turned up with black — the wretched fellow
Was bowled to Hell in the Devil's chaise.

PART THE THIRD.

HELL.

I.

HELL is a city much like London —
A populous and a smoky city;
There are all sorts of people undone,
And there is little or no fun done;
Small justice shown, and still less pity.

II.

There is a Castles, and a Canning,
A Cobbett, and a Castlereagh;
All sorts of caitiff corpses planning
All sorts of cozening for trepanning
Corpses less corrupt than they.

III.

There is a * * *, who has lost
His wits, or sold them, none knows which;
He walks about a double ghost,
And though as thin as Fraud almost —
Ever grows more grim and rich.

IV.

There is a Chancery Court; a King;
A manufacturing mob; a set
Of thieves who by themselves are sent
Similar thieves to represent;
An army; and a public debt.

V.

Which last is a scheme of paper money,
And means — being interpreted —
"Bees, keep your wax — give us the honey,
And we will plant, while skies are sunny,
Flowers, which in winter serve instead."

VI.

There is a great talk of revolution —
And a great chance of despotism —
German soldiers — camps — confusion —
Tumults — lotteries — rage — delusion —
Gin — suicide — and methodism.

VII.

Taxes too, on wine and bread,
And meat, and beer, and tea, and cheese,
From which those patriots pure are fed,
Who gorge before they reel to bed
The tenfold essence of all these.

VIII.

There are mincing women, mewing,
(Like cats, who *amant miserè*,[1])
Of their own virtue, and pursuing

[1] One of the attributes in Linnæus's desoription of the Cat. To a similar cause the caterwauling of more than one species of this genus is to be referred; — except, indeed, that the poor quadruped is compelled to quarrel with its own pleasures, whilst the biped is supposed only to quarrel with those of others.

Their gentler sisters to that ruin,
Without which — what were chastity? [1]

IX.

Lawyers — judges — old hobnobbers
Are there — bailiffs — chancellors —
Bishops — great and little robbers —
Rhymesters — pamphleteers — stock-jobbers —
Men of glory in the wars, —

X.

Things whose trade is, over ladies
To lean, and flirt, and stare, and simper,
Till all that is divine in woman
Grows cruel, courteous, smooth, inhuman,
Crucified 'twixt a smile and whimper.

XI.

Thrusting, toiling, wailing, moiling,
Frowning, preaching — such a riot!
Each with never-ceasing labor,
Whilst he thinks he cheats his neighbor,
Cheating his own heart of quiet.

XII.

And all these meet at levees; —
Dinners convivial and political; —
Suppers of epic poets; — teas,
Where small talk dies in agonies; —
Breakfasts professional and critical;

XIII.

Lunches and snacks so aldermanic
That one would furnish forth ten dinners,
Where reigns a Cretan-tonguèd panic,
Lest news Russ, Dutch, or Alemannic
Should make some losers, and some winners; —

[1] What would this husk and excuse for a virtue be without its kernel prostitution, or the kernel prostitution without this husk of a virtue? I wonder the women of the town do not form an association, like the Society for the Suppression of Vice, for the support of what may be called the "King, Church, and Constitution" of their order. But this subject is almost too horrible for a joke.

XIV.

At conversazioni — balls —
Conventicles — and drawing-rooms —
Courts of law — committees — calls
Of a morning — clubs — book-stalls —
Churches — masquerades — and tombs.

XV.

And this is Hell — and in this smother
All are damnable and damned;
Each one damning, damns the other;
They are damned by one another,
By none other are they damned.

XVI.

'T is a lie to say, "God damns!" [2]
Where was Heaven's Attorney General
When they first gave out such flams?
Let there be an end of shams,
They are mines of poisonous mineral.

XVII.

Statesmen damn themselves to be
Curst; and lawyers damn their souls
To the auction of a fee;
Churchmen damn themselves to see
God's sweet love in burning coals.

XVIII.

The rich are damned, beyond all cure,
To taunt, and starve, and trample on
The weak and wretched; and the poor
Damn their broken hearts to endure
Stripe on stripe, with groan on groan.

XIX.

Sometimes the poor are damned indeed
To take, — not means for being blest, —
But Cobbett's snuff, revenge; that weed
From which the worms that it doth feed
Squeeze less than they before possest.

[2] This libel on our national oath, and this accusation of all our countrymen of being in the daily practice of solemnly asseverating the most enormous falsehood, I fear deserves the notice of a more active Attorney General than that here alluded to.

XX.

And some few, like we know who,
Damned — but God alone knows why —
To believe their minds are given
To make this ugly Hell a Heaven;
In which faith they live and die.

XXI.

Thus, as in a town, plague-stricken,
Each man be he sound or no
Must indifferently sicken;
As when day begins to thicken,
None knows a pigeon from a crow, —

XXII.

So good and bad, sane and mad,
The oppressor and the opprest;
Those who weep to see what others
Smile to inflict upon their brothers;
Lovers, haters, worst and best;

XXIII.

All are damned — they breathe an air,
Thick, infected, joy-dispelling:
Each pursues what seems most fair,
Mining like moles, through mind, and there
Scoop palace-caverns vast, where Care
In thronèd state is ever dwelling.

PART THE FOURTH.

SIN.

I.

Lo, Peter in Hell's Grosvenor Square,
A footman in the Devil's service!
And the misjudging world would swear
That every man in service there
To virtue would prefer vice.

II.

But Peter, though now damned, was not
What Peter was before damnation.
Men oftentimes prepare a lot
Which, ere it finds them, is not what
Suits with their genuine station.

III.

All things that Peter saw and felt
Had a peculiar aspect to him;
And when they came within the belt
Of his own nature, seemed to melt,
Like cloud to cloud, into him.

IV.

And so the outward world uniting
To that within him, he became
Considerably uninviting
To those, who meditation slighting,
Were moulded in a different frame.

V.

And he scorned them, and they scorned him;
And he scorned all they did; and they
Did all that men of their own trim
Are wont to do to please their whim,
Drinking, lying, swearing, play.

VI.

Such were his fellow-servants; thus
His virtue, like our own, was built
Too much on that indignant fuss
Hypocrite Pride stirs up in us
To bully one another's guilt.

VII.

He had a mind which was somehow
At once circumference and centre
Of all he might or feel or know;
Nothing went ever out, altho'
Something did ever enter.

VIII.

He had as much imagination
As a pint-pot; — he never could
Fancy another situation,
From which to dart his contemplation,
Than that wherein he stood.

IX.

Yet his was individual mind,
And new created all he saw
In a new manner, and refined
Those new creations, and combined
Them, by a master-spirit's law.

X.

Thus — tho' unimaginative —
An apprehension clear, intense,
Of his mind's work, had made alive
The things it wrought on; I believe
Wakening a sort of thought in sense.

XI.

But from the first 't was Peter's drift
To be a kind of moral eunuch,
He toucht the hem of Nature's shift,
Felt faint — and never dared uplift
The closest, all-concealing tunic.

XII.

She laught the while, with an arch smile
And kist him with a sister's kiss,
And said — "My best Diogenes,
I love you well — but, if you please,
Tempt not again my deepest bliss.

XIII.

"'T is you are cold — for I, not coy,
Yield love for love, frank, warm, and true;
And Burns, a Scottish peasant boy —
His errors prove it — knew my joy
More, learnèd friend, than you.

XIV.

"*Bocca bacciata non perde ventura*
Anzi rinnuova come fa la luna: —
So thought Boccaccio, whose sweet words might cure a
Male prude, like you, from what you now endure, a
Low-tide in soul, like a stagnant laguna."

XV.

Then Peter rubbed his eyes severe,
And smoothed his spacious forehead down,
With his broad palm; — 'twixt love and fear,
He lookt, as he no doubt felt, queer,
And in his dream sate down.

XVI.

The Devil was no uncommon creature;
A leaden-witted thief — just huddled
Out of the dross and scum of nature;
A toad-like lump of limb and feature,
With mind, and heart, and fancy muddled.

XVII.

He was that heavy, dull, cold thing,
The spirit of evil well may be:
A drone too base to have a sting;
Who gluts, and grimes his lazy wing,
And calls lust, luxury.

XVIII.

Now he was quite the kind of wight
Round whom collect, at a fixt era,
Venison, turtle, hock, and claret, —
Good cheer — and those who come to share it —
And best East Indian madeira!

XIX.

It was his fancy to invite
Men of science, wit, and learning,
Who came to lend each other light;
He proudly thought that his gold's might
Had set those spirits burning.

XX.

And men of learning, science, wit,
Considered him as you and I
Think of some rotten tree, and sit
Lounging and dining under it,
Exposed to the wide sky.

XXI.

And all the while, with loose fat smile,
The willing wretch sat winking there,
Believing 't was his power that made
That jovial scene — and that all paid
Homage to his unnoticed chair.

XXII.

Tho' to be sure this place was Hell;
He was the Devil — and all they —
What though the claret circled well,
And wit, like ocean, rose and fell? —
Were damned eternally.

PART THE FIFTH.

GRACE.

I.

Among the guests who often staid
Till the Devil's petits-soupers,
A man there came, fair as a maid,
And Peter noted what he said,
Standing behind his master's chair.

II.

He was a mighty poet — and
A subtle-souled psychologist;
All things he seemed to understand,
Of old or new — of sea or land —
But his own mind — which was a mist.

III.

This was a man who might have turned
Hell into Heaven — and so in gladness
A Heaven unto himself have earned;
But he in shadows undiscerned
Trusted, — and damned himself to madness.

IV.

He spoke of poetry, and how
"Divine it was — a light — a love —
A spirit which like wind doth blow
As it listeth, to and fro;
A dew rained down from God above.

V.

"A power which comes and goes like dream,
And which none can ever trace —
Heaven's light on earth — Truth's brightest beam."
And when he ceased there lay the gleam
Of those words upon his face.

VI.

Now Peter, when he heard such talk,
Would, heedless of a broken pate,
Stand like a man asleep, or balk
Some wishing guest of knife or fork,
Or drop and break his master's plate.

VII.

At night he oft would start and wake
Like a lover, and began
In a wild measure songs to make
On moor, and glen, and rocky lake,
And on the heart of man —

VIII.

And on the universal sky —
And the wide earth's bosom green, —
And the sweet, strange mystery
Of what beyond these things may lie,
And yet remain unseen.

IX.

For in his thought he visited
The spots in which, ere dead and damned,
He his wayward life had led;
Yet knew not whence the thoughts were fed,
Which thus his fancy crammed.

X.

And these obscure remembrances
Stirred such harmony in Peter,
That whensoever he should please,
He could speak of rocks and trees
In poetic metre.

XI.

For tho' it was without a sense
Of memory, yet he remembered well
Many a ditch and quick-set fence;
Of lakes he had intelligence,
He knew something of heath and fell.

XII.

He had also dim recollections
Of pedlars tramping on their rounds;
Milk-pans and pails; and odd collections
Of saws, and proverbs; and reflections
Old parsons make in burying-grounds.

XIII.

But Peter's verse was clear, and came
Announcing from the frozen hearth
Of a cold age, that none might tame
The soul of that diviner flame
It augured to the Earth.

XIV.

Like gentle rains, on the dry plains,
Making that green which late was gray,
Or like the sudden moon, that stains
Some gloomy chamber's window panes
With a broad light like day.

XV.

For language was in Peter's hand,
Like clay, while he was yet a potter;
And he made songs for all the land,
Sweet both to feel and understand,
As pipkins late to mountain cotter.

XVI.

And Mr. ——, the bookseller,
Gave twenty pounds for some; — then scorning
A footman's yellow coat to wear,
Peter, too proud of heart, I fear,
Instantly gave the Devil warning.

XVII.

Whereat the Devil took offence,
And swore in his soul a great oath then,
"That for his damned impertinence,
He'd bring him to a proper sense
Of what was due to gentlemen!" —

PART THE SIXTH.

DAMNATION.

I.

"O THAT mine enemy had written
A book!" — cried Job: — a fearful curse;
If to the Arab, as the Briton,
'T was galling to be critic-bitten: —
The Devil to Peter wished no worse.

II.

When Peter's next new book found vent,
The Devil to all the first Reviews
A copy of it slyly sent,
With five-pound note as compliment,
And this short notice — "Pray abuse."

III.

Then *seriatim*, month and quarter,
Appeared such mad tirades. — One said —
"Peter seduced Mrs. Foy's daughter,
Then drowned the mother in Ullswater,
The last thing as he went to bed."

IV.

Another — "Let him shave his head!
Where's Dr. Willis? — Or is he joking?
What does the rascal mean or hope,
No longer imitating Pope,
In that barbarian Shakespeare poking?"

V.

One more, "Is incest not enough?
And must there be adultery too?
Grace after meat? Miscreant and Liar!
Thief! Blackguard! Scoundrel! Fool! Hell-fire
Is twenty times too good for you.

VI.

"By that last book of yours WE think
You've double damned yourself to scorn;
We warned you whilst yet on the brink
You stood. From your black name will shrink
The babe that is unborn."

VII.

All these Reviews the Devil made
Up in a parcel, which he had
Safely to Peter's house conveyed.
For carriage, tenpence Peter paid —
Untied them — read them — went half-mad.

VIII.

"What!" cried he, "this is my reward
For nights of thought, and days of toil?
Do poets, but to be abhorred
By men of whom they never heard,
Consume their spirits' oil?

IX.

"What have I done to them? — and who
Is Mrs. Foy? 'T is very cruel
To speak of me and Betty so!
Adultery! God defend me! Oh!
I 've half a mind to fight a duel.

X.

"Or," cried he, a grave look collecting,
"Is it my genius, like the moon,
Sets those who stand her face inspecting,
That face within their brain reflecting,
Like a crazed bell-chime, out of tune?"

XI.

For Peter did not know the town,
But thought, as country readers do,
For half a guinea or a crown,
He bought oblivion or renown
From God's own voice[1] in a review.

XII.

All Peter did on this occasion
Was, writing some sad stuff in prose.
It is a dangerous invasion
When poets criticise; their station
Is to delight, not pose.

XIII.

The Devil then sent to Leipsic fair,
For Born's translation of Kant's book;
A world of words, tail foremost, where
Right — wrong — false — true — and foul
— and fair,
As in a lottery-wheel are shook.

XIV.

Five thousand crammed octavo pages
Of German psychologics, — he
Who his *furor verborum* assuages
Thereon, deserves just seven months' wages
More than will e'er be due to me.

XV.

I lookt on them nine several days,
And then I saw that they were bad;
A friend, too, spoke in their dispraise, —
He never read them; — with amaze
I found Sir William Drummond had.

XVI.

When the book came, the Devil sent
It to P. Verbovale,[2] Esquire,
With a brief note of compliment,
By that night's Carlisle mail. It went,
And set his soul on fire.

XVII.

Fire, which *ex luce præbens fumum*,
Made him beyond the bottom see
Of truth's clear well — when I and you
Ma'am,
Go, as we shall do, *subter humum*,
We may know more than he.

XVIII.

Now Peter ran to seed in soul
Into a walking paradox;
For he was neither part nor whole,
Nor good, nor bad — nor knave nor fool,
— Among the woods and rocks.

XIX.

Furious he rode, where late he ran,
Lashing and spurring his tame hobby;
Turned to a formal puritan,
A solemn and unsexual man, —
He half believed *White Obi*.

XX.

This steed in vision he would ride,
High trotting over nine-inch bridges,
With Flibbertigibbet, imp of pride,
Mocking and mowing by his side —
A mad-brained goblin for a guide —
Over corn-fields, gates, and hedges.

[1] *Vox populi, vox dei.* As Mr. Godwin truly observes of a more famous saying, *of some merit as a popular maxim, but totally destitute of philosophical accuracy.*

[2] Quasi, *Qui valet verba: — i.e.* all the words which have been, are, or may be expended by, for, against, with, or on him. A sufficient proof of the utility of this history. Peter's progenitor who selected this name seems to have possessed *a pure anticipated cognition* of the nature and modesty of this ornament of his posterity.

XXI.

After these ghastly rides, he came
Home to his heart, and found from thence
Much stolen of its accustomed flame;
His thoughts grew weak, drowsy, and lame
Of their intelligence.

XXII.

To Peter's view, all seemed one hue;
He was no Whig, he was no Tory;
No Deist and no Christian he; —
He got so subtle, that to be
Nothing was all his glory.

XXIII.

One single point in his belief
From his organization sprung,
The heart-enrooted faith, the chief
Ear in his doctrines' blighted sheaf,
That "happiness is wrong;"

XXIV.

So thought Calvin and Dominic;
So think their fierce successors, who
Even now would neither stint nor stick
Our flesh from off our bones to pick,
If they might "do their do."

XXV.

His morals thus were undermined: —
The old Peter — the hard, old Potter
Was born anew within his mind;
He grew dull, harsh, sly, unrefined,
As when he tramped beside the Otter.[1]

XXVI.

In the death hues of agony
Lambently flashing from a fish,
Now Peter felt amused to see
Shades like a rainbow's rise and flee,
Mixt with a certain hungry wish.[2]

XXVII.

So in his Country's dying face
He lookt — and lovely as she lay,
Seeking in vain his last embrace,
Wailing her own abandoned case,
With hardened sneer he turned away:

XXVIII.

And coolly to his own soul said; —
"Do you not think that we might make
A poem on her when she's dead: —
Or, no — a thought is in my head —
Her shroud for a new sheet I'll take.

XXIX.

"My wife wants one. — Let who will bury
This mangled corpse! And I and you,
My dearest Soul, will then make merry,
As the Prince Regent did with Sherry, —
Ay — and at last desert me too."

XXX.

And so his Soul would not be gay,
But moaned within him; like a fawn
Moaning within a cave, it lay
Wounded and wasting, day by day,
Till all its life of life was gone.

XXXI.

As troubled skies stain waters clear,
The storm in Peter's heart and mind
Now made his verses dark and queer:
They were the ghosts of what they were,
Shaking dim grave-clothes in the wind.

[1] A famous river in the new Atlantis of the Dynastophylic Pantisocratists.

[2] See the description of the beautiful colors produced during the agonizing death of a number of trout, in the fourth part of a long poem in blank verse, published within a few years. That poem contains curious evidence of the gradual hardening of a strong but circumscribed sensibility, of the perversion of a penetrating but panic-stricken understanding. The author might have derived a lesson which he had probably forgotten from these sweet and sublime verses:

"This lesson, Shepherd, let us two divide,
Taught both by what she * shows and what conceals,
Never to blend our pleasure or our pride
With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels."

* Nature.

XXXII.

For he now raved enormous folly,
Of Baptisms, Sunday-schools, and Graves,
'T would make George Colman melancholy,
To have heard him, like a male Molly,
Chanting those stupid staves.

XXXIII.

Yet the Reviews, who heaped abuse
On Peter while he wrote for freedom,
So soon as in his song they spy,
The folly which soothes tyranny,
Praise him, for those who feed 'em.

XXXIV.

"He was a man, too great to scan; —
A planet lost in truth's keen rays: —
His virtue, awful and prodigious; —
He was the most sublime, religious,
Pure-minded Poet of these days."

XXXV.

As soon as he read that, cried Peter,
"Eureka! I have found the way
To make a better thing of metre
Than e'er was made by living creature
Up to this blessèd day."

XXXVI.

Then Peter wrote odes to the Devil; —
In one of which he meekly said:
"May Carnage and Slaughter,
Thy niece and thy daughter,
May Rapine and Famine,
Thy gorge ever cramming,
Glut thee with living and dead!

XXXVII.

"May death and damnation,
And consternation,
Flit up from hell with pure intent!
Slash them at Manchester,
Glasgow, Leeds, and Chester;
Drench all with blood from Avon to Trent.

XXXVIII.

"Let thy body-guard yeomen
Hew down babes and women,
And laugh with bold triumph till Heaven be rent.
When Moloch in Jewry,
Muncht children with fury,
It was thou, Devil, dining with pure intent."[1]

PART THE SEVENTH.

DOUBLE DAMNATION.

I.

The Devil now knew his proper cue. —
Soon as he read the ode, he drove
To his friend Lord MacMurderchouse's,
A man of interest in both houses,
And said: — "For money or for love,

II.

"Pray find some cure or sinecure;
To feed from the superfluous taxes,
A friend of ours — a poet — fewer
Have fluttered tamer to the lure
Than he." His lordship stands and racks his

III.

Stupid brains, while one might count
As many beads as he had boroughs, —
At length replies; from his mean front,
Like one who rubs out an account,
Smoothing away the unmeaning furrows:

IV.

"It happens fortunately, dear Sir,
I can. I hope I need require

[1] It is curious to observe how often extremes meet. Cobbett and Peter use the same language for a different purpose: Peter is indeed a sort of metrical Cobbett. Cobbett is, however, more mischievous than Peter, because he pollutes a holy and now unconquerable cause with the principles of legitimate murder; whilst the other only makes a bad one ridiculous and odious.

If either Peter or Cobbett should see this note, each will feel more indignation at being compared to the other than at any censure implied in the moral perversion laid to their charge.

No pledge from you, that he will stir
In our affairs; — like Oliver,
That he 'll be worthy of his hire."

v.

These words exchanged, the news sent off
To Peter, home the Devil hied, —
Took to his bed; he had no cough,
No doctor, — meat and drink enough, —
Yet that same night he died.

vi.

The Devil's corpse was leaded down;
His decent heirs enjoyed his pelf,
Mourning-coaches, many a one,
Followed his hearse along the town: —
Where was the Devil himself?

vii.

When Peter heard of his promotion,
His eyes grew like two stars for bliss:
There was a bow of sleek devotion,
Engendering in his back; each motion
Seemed a Lord's shoe to kiss.

viii.

He hired a house, bought plate, and made
A genteel drive up to his door,
With sifted gravel neatly laid, —
As if defying all who said,
Peter was ever poor.

ix.

But a disease soon struck into
The very life and soul of Peter —
He walkt about — slept — had the hue
Of health upon his cheeks — and few
Dug better — none a heartier eater.

x.

And yet a strange and horrid curse
Clung upon Peter, night and day,
Month after month the thing grew worse,
And deadlier than in this my verse,
I can find strength to say.

xi.

Peter was dull — he was at first
Dull — oh, so dull — so very dull!
Whether he talkt, wrote, or rehearst —
Still with this dulness was he curst —
Dull — beyond all conception — dull.

xii.

No one could read his books — no mortal,
But a few natural friends, would hear him;
The parson came not near his portal;
His state was like that of the immortal
Described by Swift — no man could bear him.

xiii.

His sister, wife, and children yawned,
With a long, slow, and drear ennui,
All human patience far beyond;
Their hopes of Heaven each would have pawned,
Anywhere else to be.

xiv.

But in his verse, and in his prose,
The essence of his dulness was
Concentred and comprest so close,
'T would have made Guatimozin doze
On his red gridiron of brass.

xv.

A printer's boy, folding those pages,
Fell slumbrously upon one side;
Like those famed seven who slept three ages.
To wakeful frenzy's vigil rages,
As opiates, were the same applied.

xvi.

Even the Reviewers who were hired
To do the work of his reviewing,
With adamantine nerves, grew tired; —
Gaping and torpid they retired,
To dream of what they should be doing.

xvii.

And worse and worse, the drowsy curse
Yawned in him, till it grew a pest —
A wide contagious atmosphere,
Creeping like cold through all things near;
A power to infect and to infest.

XVIII.

His servant-maids and dogs grew dull;
His kitten late a sportive elf,
The woods and lakes, so beautiful,
Of dim stupidity were full,
All grew dull as Peter's self.

XIX.

The earth under his feet — the springs,
Which lived within it a quick life,
The air, the winds of many wings,
That fan it with new murmurings,
Were dead to their harmonious strife.

XX.

The birds and beasts within the wood,
The insects, and each creeping thing,
Were now a silent multitude;
Love's work was left unwrought — no brood
Near Peter's house took wing.

XXI.

And every neighboring cottager
Stupidly yawned upon the other:
No jack-ass brayed; no little cur
Cockt up his ears; — no man would stir
To save a dying mother.

XXII.

Yet all from that charmed district went
But some half-idiot and half-knave,
Who rather than pay any rent,
Would live with marvellous content,
Over his father's grave.

XXIII.

No bailiff dared within that space,
For fear of the dull charm, to enter;
A man would bear upon his face,
For fifteen months in any case,
The yawn of such a venture.

XXIV.

Seven miles above — below — around —
This pest of dulness holds its sway;
A ghastly life without a sound;
To Peter's soul the spell is bound —
How should it ever pass away?

NOTE ON PETER BELL THE THIRD, BY MRS. SHELLEY.

In this new edition I have added *Peter Bell the Third*. A critique on Wordsworth's *Peter Bell* reached us at Leghorn, which amused Shelley exceedingly, and suggested this poem.

I need scarcely observe that nothing personal to the author of *Peter Bell* is intended in this poem. No man ever admired Wordsworth's poetry more; — he read it perpetually, and taught others to appreciate its beauties. This poem is, like all others written by Shelley, ideal. He conceived the idealism of a poet — a man of lofty and creative genius — quitting the glorious calling of discovering and announcing the beautiful and good, to support and propagate ignorant prejudices and pernicious errors; imparting to the unenlightened, not that ardor for truth and spirit of toleration which Shelley looked on as the sources of the moral improvement and happiness of mankind, but false and injurious opinions, that evil was good, and that ignorance and force were the best allies of purity and virtue. His idea was that a man gifted, even as transcendently as the author of *Peter Bell*, with the highest qualities of genius, must, if he fostered such errors, be infected with dulness. This poem was written as a warning — not as a narration of the reality. He was unacquainted personally with Wordsworth, or with Coleridge (to whom he alludes in the fifth part of the poem), and therefore, I repeat, his poem is purely ideal; — it contains something of criticism on the compositions of those great poets, but nothing injurious to the men themselves.

No poem contains more of Shelley's peculiar views with regard to the errors into which many of the wisest have fallen, and the pernicious effects of certain opinions on society. Much of it is beautifully written: and, though, like the burlesque drama of *Swellfoot*, it must be looked on as a plaything, it has so much merit and poetry — so much of *himself* in it — that it cannot fail to interest greatly, and by right belongs to the world for whose instruction and benefit it was written.

LETTER TO MARIA GISBORNE.

LEGHORN, *July* 1, 1820.

THE spider spreads her webs, whether she be
In poet's tower, cellar, or barn, or tree;
The silk-worm in the dark green mulberry leaves
His winding sheet and cradle ever weaves;
So I, a thing whom moralists call worm,
Sit spinning still round this decaying form,
From the fine threads of rare and subtle thought —
No net of words in garish colors wrought
To catch the idle buzzers of the day —
But a soft cell, where when that fades away,
Memory may clothe in wings my living name
And feed it with the asphodels of fame,
Which in those hearts which most remember me
Grow, making love an immortality.

Whoever should behold me now, I wist,
Would think I were a mighty mechanist,
Bent with sublime Archimedean art
To breathe a soul into the iron heart
Of some machine portentous, or strange gin,
Which by the force of figured spells might win
Its way over the sea, and sport therein;
For round the walls are hung dread engines, such
As Vulcan never wrought for Jove to clutch
Ixion or the Titan: — or the quick
Wit of that man of God, St. Dominic,
To convince Atheist, Turk, or Heretic,
Or those in philanthropic council met,
Who thought to pay some interest for the debt
They owed to Jesus Christ for their salvation,
By giving a faint foretaste of damnation
To Shakespeare, Sidney, Spenser, and the rest
Who made our land an island of the blest,
When lamp-like Spain, who now relumes her fire
On Freedom's hearth, grew dim with Empire: —
With thumbscrews, wheels, with tooth and spike and jag,
Which fishers found under the utmost crag
Of Cornwall and the storm-encompast isles,
Where to the sky the rude sea rarely smiles
Unless in treacherous wrath, as on the morn
When the exulting elements in scorn
Satiated with destroyed destruction, lay
Sleeping in beauty on their mangled prey,
As panthers sleep; — and other strange and dread
Magical forms the brick floor overspread, —
Proteus transformed to metal did not make
More figures, or more strange; nor did he take
Such shapes of unintelligible brass,
Or heap himself in such a horrid mass
Of tin and iron not to be understood;
And forms of unimaginable wood,
To puzzle Tubal Cain and all his brood:
Great screws, and cones, and wheels, and groovèd blocks,
The elements of what will stand the shocks
Of wave and wind and time. — Upon the table
More knacks and quips there be than I am able
To catalogize in this verse of mine: —
A pretty bowl of wood — not full of wine,
But quicksilver; that dew which the gnomes drink
When at their subterranean toil they swink,
Pledging the demons of the earthquake, who
Reply to them in lava — cry halloo!
And call out to the cities o'er their head, —
Roofs, towers, and shrines, the dying and the dead,

Crash through the chinks of earth — and then all quaff
Another rouse, and hold their sides and laugh.
This quicksilver no gnome has drunk — within
The walnut bowl it lies, veined and thin,
In color like the wake of light that stains
The Tuscan deep, when from the moist moon rains
The inmost shower of its white fire — the breeze
Is still — blue heaven smiles over the pale seas.
And in this bowl of quicksilver — for I
Yield to the impulse of an infancy
Outlasting manhood — I have made to float
A rude idealism of a paper boat: —
A hollow screw with cogs — Henry will know
The thing I mean and laugh at me, — if so
He fears not I should do more mischief. — Next
Lie bills and calculations much perplext,
With steam-boats, frigates, and machinery quaint
Traced over them in blue and yellow paint.
Then comes a range of mathematical
Instruments, for plans nautical and statical;
A heap of rosin, a queer broken glass
With ink in it; — a china cup that was
What it will never be again, I think,
A thing from which sweet lips were wont to drink
The liquor doctors rail at — and which I
Will quaff in spite of them — and when we die
We 'll toss up who died first of drinking tea,
And cry out, — heads or tails? where'er we be.
Near that a dusty paint box, some odd hooks,
A half-burnt match, an ivory block, three books,
Where conic sections, spherics, logarithms,
To great Laplace, from Saunderson and Sims,
Lie heapt in their harmonious disarray
Of figures, — disentangle them who may.
Baron de Tott's Memoirs beside them lie,
And some odd volumes of old chemistry.
Near those a most inexplicable thing,
With lead in the middle — I'm conjecturing
How to make Henry understand; but no —
I 'll leave, as Spenser says, with many mo,
This secret in the pregnant womb of time,
Too vast a matter for so weak a rhyme.

And here like some weird Archimage sit I,
Plotting dark spells, and devilish enginery,
The self-impelling steam-wheels of the mind
Which pump up oaths from clergymen, and grind
The gentle spirit of our meek reviews
Into a powdery foam of salt abuse,
Ruffling the ocean of their self-content; —
I sit — and smile or sigh as is my bent,
But not for them — Libeccio rushes round
With an inconstant and an idle sound,
I heed him more than them — the thunder-smoke
Is gathering on the mountains, like a cloak
Folded athwart their shoulders broad and bare;
The ripe corn under the undulating air
Undulates like an ocean; — and the vines
Are trembling wide in all their trellist lines —
The murmur of the awakening sea doth fill
The empty pauses of the blast; — the hill
Looks hoary through the white electric rain,
And from the glens beyond, in sullen strain,
The interrupted thunder howls; above
One chasm of heaven smiles, like the eye of Love

On the unquiet world; — while such things are,
How could one worth your friendship heed the war
Of worms? the shriek of the world's carrion jays,
Their censure, or their wonder, or their praise?

You are not here! the quaint witch Memory sees
In vacant chairs, your absent images,
And points where once you sat, and now should be
But are not. — I demand if ever we
Shall meet as then we met; — and she replies,
Veiling in awe her second-sighted eyes;
"I know the past alone — but summon home
My sister Hope, — she speaks of all to come."
But I, an old diviner, who knew well
Every false verse of that sweet oracle,
Turned to the sad enchantress once again,
And sought a respite from my gentle pain,
In citing every passage o'er and o'er
Of our communion — how on the seashore
We watcht the ocean and the sky together,
Under the roof of blue Italian weather;
How I ran home through last year's thunder-storm,
And felt the transverse lightning linger warm
Upon my cheek — and how we often made
Feasts for each other, where good will outweighed
The frugal luxury of our country cheer,
As well it might, were it less firm and clear
Than ours must ever be; — and how we spun
A shroud of talk to hide us from the sun
Of this familiar life, which seems to be
But is not, — or is but quaint mockery
Of all we would believe, and sadly blame
The jarring and inexplicable frame
Of this wrong world: — and then anatomize
The purposes and thoughts of men whose eyes
Were closed in distant years; — or widely guess
The issue of the earth's great business,
When we shall be as we no longer are —
Like babbling gossips safe, who hear the war
Of winds, and sigh, but tremble not; — or how
You listened to some interrupted flow
Of visionary rhyme, — in joy and pain
Struck from the inmost fountains of my brain,
With little skill perhaps; — or how we sought
Those deepest wells of passion or of thought
Wrought by wise poets in the waste of years,
Staining their sacred waters with our tears;
Quenching a thirst ever to be renewed!
Or how I, wisest lady! then indued
The language of a land which now is free,
And winged with thoughts of truth and majesty,
Flits round the tyrant's sceptre like a cloud,
And bursts the peopled prisons, and cries aloud,
"My name is Legion!" — that majestic tongue
Which Calderon over the desert flung
Of ages and of nations; and which found
An echo in our hearts, and with the sound
Startled oblivion; — thou wert then to me
As is a nurse — when inarticulately
A child would talk as its grown parents do.
If living winds the rapid clouds pursue,
If hawks chase doves through the ethereal way,
Huntsmen the innocent deer, and beasts their prey,
Why should not we rouse with the spirit's blast
Out of the forest of the pathless past
These recollected pleasures?

You are now
In London, that great sea, whose ebb and flow
At once is deaf and loud, and on the shore
Vomits its wrecks, and still howls on for more.
Yet in its depth what treasures! You will see
That which was Godwin, — greater none than he
Tho' fallen — and fallen on evil times — to stand
Among the spirits of our age and land,
Before the dread tribunal of *to come*
The foremost, — while Rebuke cowers pale and dumb.
You will see Coleridge — he who sits obscure
In the exceeding lustre, and the pure
Intense irradiation of a mind,
Which, with its own internal lightning blind,
Flags wearily through darkness and despair —
A cloud-encircled meteor of the air,
A hooded eagle among blinking owls. —
You will see Hunt — one of those happy souls
Which are the salt of the earth, and without whom
This world would smell like what it is — a tomb;
Who is, what others seem; his room no doubt
Is still adorned by many a cast from Shout,
With graceful flowers tastefully placed about;
And coronals of bay from ribbons hung,
And brighter wreaths in neat disorder flung;
The gifts of the most learn'd among some dozens
Of female friends, sisters-in-law, and cousins.
And there is he with his eternal puns,
Which beat the dullest brain for smiles, like duns
Thundering for money at a poet's door;
Alas! it is no use to say, "I'm poor!"
Or oft in graver mood, when he will look
Things wiser than were ever read in book,
Except in Shakespeare's wisest tenderness. —
You will see Hogg, — and I cannot express
His virtues, — though I know that they are great,
Because he locks, then barricades the gate
Within which they inhabit; — of his wit
And wisdom, you'll cry out when you are bit.
He is a pearl within an oyster shell,
One of the richest of the deep; — and there
Is English Peacock with his mountain fair
Turned into a Flamingo; — that shy bird
That gleams i' the Indian air — have you not heard
When a man marries, dies, or turns Hindoo,
His best friends hear no more of him? — but you
Will see him, and will like him too, I hope,
With the milk-white Snowdonian Antelope
Matcht with this camelopard — his fine wit
Makes such a wound, the knife is lost in it;
A strain too learnèd for a shallow age,
Too wise for selfish bigots; let his page
Which charms the chosen spirits of the time,
Fold itself up for the serener clime
Of years to come, and find its recompense
In that just expectation. — Wit and sense,
Virtue and human knowledge; all that might
Make this dull world a business of delight,
Are all combined in Horace Smith. — And these,
With some exceptions, which I need not tease
Your patience by descanting on, — are all
You and I know in London.
I recall
My thoughts, and bid you look upon the night.

As water does a sponge, so the moonlight
Fills the void, hollow, universal air —
What see you? — unpavilioned heaven is fair
Whether the moon, into her chamber gone,
Leaves midnight to the golden stars, or wan
Climbs with diminisht beams the azure steep;
Or whether clouds sail o'er the inverse deep,
Piloted by the many-wandering blast,
And the rare stars rush thro' them dim and fast: —
All this is beautiful in every land. —
But what see you beside? — a shabby stand
Of Hackney coaches — a brick house or wall
Fencing some lonely court, white with the scrawl
Of our unhappy politics; — or worse —
A wretched woman reeling by, whose curse
Mixt with the watchman's, partner of her trade,
You must accept in place of serenade —
Or yellow-haired Pollonia murmuring
To Henry, some unutterable thing.
I see a chaos of green leaves and fruit
Built round dark caverns, even to the root
Of the living stems that feed them — in whose bowers
There sleep in their dark dew the folded flowers;
Beyond, the surface of the unsickled corn
Trembles not in the slumbering air, and borne
In circles quaint, and ever-changing dance,
Like wingèd stars the fire-flies flash and glance,
Pale in the open moonshine, but each one
Under the dark trees seems a little sun,
A meteor tamed; a fixt star gone astray
From the silver regions of the milky way; —
Afar the Contadino's song is heard,
Rude, but made sweet by distance — and a bird
Which cannot be the Nightingale, and yet
I know none else that sings so sweet as it
At this late hour; — and then all is still —
Now Italy or London, which you will!

Next winter you must pass with me; I 'll have
My house by that time turned into a grave
Of dead despondence and low-thoughted care,
And all the dreams which our tormentors are;
Oh! that Hunt, Hogg, Peacock, and Smith were there,
With everything belonging to them fair! —
We will have books, Spanish, Italian, Greek;
And ask one week to make another week
As like his father, as I 'm unlike mine,
Which is not his fault, as you may divine.
Though we eat little flesh and drink no wine,
Yet let 's be merry: we 'll have tea and toast;
Custards for supper, and an endless host
Of syllabubs and jellies and mince-pies,
And other such lady-like luxuries, —
Feasting on which we will philosophize!
And we 'll have fires out of the Grand Duke's wood,
To thaw the six weeks' winter in our blood.
And then we 'll talk; — what shall we talk about?
Oh! there are themes enough for many a bout
Of thought-entangled descant; — as to nerves —
With cones and parallelograms and curves
I've sworn to strangle them if once they dare
To bother me — when you are with me there.
And they shall never more sip laudanum,
From Helicon or Himeros;[1] — well, come,
And in despite of God and of the devil,
We 'll make our friendly philosophic revel

[1] Ἵμερος, from which the river Himera was named, is, with some slight shade of difference, a synonym of Love.

Outlast the leafless time; till buds and flowers
Warn the obscure inevitable hours,
Sweet meeting by sad parting to renew; —
"To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new."

THE WITCH OF ATLAS.

TO MARY.

(ON HER OBJECTING TO THE FOLLOWING POEM, UPON THE SCORE OF ITS CONTAINING NO HUMAN INTEREST.)

I.

How, my dear Mary, are you critic-bitten,
(For vipers kill, tho' dead,) by some review,
That you condemn these verses I have written,
Because they tell no story, false or true!
What, tho' no mice are caught by a young kitten,
May it not leap and play as grown cats do,
Till its claws come? Prithee, for this one time,
Content thee with a visionary rhyme.

II.

What hand would crush the silken-wingèd fly,
The youngest of inconstant April's minions,
Because it cannot climb the purest sky,
Where the swan sings, amid the sun's dominions?
Not thine. Thou knowest 't is its doom to die,
When day shall hide within her twilight pinions
The lucent eyes, and the eternal smile,
Serene as thine, which lent it life awhile.

III.

To thy fair feet a wingèd Vision came,
Whose date should have been longer than a day,
And o'er thy head did beat its wings for fame,
And in thy sight its fading plumes display;
The watery bow burned in the evening flame,
But the shower fell, the swift sun went his way —
And that is dead. Oh, let me not believe
That any thing of mine is fit to live!

IV.

Wordsworth informs us he was nineteen years
Considering and retouching Peter Bell;
Watering his laurels with the killing tears
Of slow, dull care, so that their roots to hell
Might pierce, and their wide branches blot the spheres
Of heaven, with dewy leaves and flowers; this well
May be, for Heaven and Earth conspire to foil
The over-busy gardener's blundering toil.

V.

My Witch indeed is not so sweet a creature
As Ruth or Lucy, whom his graceful praise
Clothes for our grandsons — but she matches Peter,
Tho' he took nineteen years, and she three days
In dressing. Light the vest of flowing metre
She wears; he, proud as dandy with his stays,
Has hung upon his wiry limbs a dress
Like King Lear's "loopt and windowed raggedness."

VI.

If you strip Peter, you will see a fellow,
Scorcht by Hell's hyperequatorial climate
Into a kind of a sulphureous yellow:

A lean mark, hardly fit to fling a rhyme at;
In shape a Scaramouch, in hue Othello.
If you unveil my Witch, no priest nor primate
Can shrive you of that sin, — if sin there be
In love, when it becomes idolatry.

THE WITCH OF ATLAS.

I.

Before those cruel Twins, whom at one birth
Incestuous Change bore to her father Time,
Error and Truth, had hunted from the Earth
All those bright natures which adorned its prime,
And left us nothing to believe in, worth
The pains of putting into learnèd rhyme,
A Lady-Witch there lived on Atlas' mountain
Within a cavern, by a secret fountain.

II.

Her mother was one of the Atlantides:
The all-beholding Sun had ne'er beholden
In his wide voyage o'er continents and seas
So fair a creature, as she lay enfolden
In the warm shadow of her loveliness; —
He kist her with his beams, and made all golden
The chamber of gray rock in which she lay —
She, in that dream of joy, dissolved away.

III.

'T is said, she first was changed into a vapor,
And then into a cloud, such clouds as flit,
Like splendor-wingèd moths about a taper,
Round the red west when the sun dies in it:
And then into a meteor, such as caper
On hill-tops when the moon is in a fit:
Then, into one of those mysterious stars
Which hide themselves between the Earth and Mars.

IV.

Ten times the Mother of the Months had bent
Her bow beside the folding-star, and bidden
With that bright sign the billows to indent
The sea-deserted sand — like children, chidden,
At her command they ever came and went —
Since in that cave a dewy splendor hidden
Took shape and motion: with the living form
Of this embodied Power, the cave grew warm.

V.

A lovely lady garmented in light
From her own beauty — deep her eyes, as are
Two openings of unfathomable night
Seen thro' a Temple's cloven roof; — her hair
Dark — the dim brain whirls dizzy with delight,
Picturing her form; her soft smiles shone afar,
And her low voice was heard like love, and drew
All living things towards this wonder new.

VI.

And first the spotted camelopard came,
And then the wise and fearless elephant;
Then the sly serpent, in the golden flame
Of his own volumes intervolved; — all gaunt
And sanguine beasts her gentle looks made tame.
They drank before her at her sacred fount;

And every beast of beating heart grew bold,
Such gentleness and power even to behold.

VII.

The brinded lioness led forth her young,
That she might teach them how they should forego
Their inborn thirst of death; the pard unstrung
His sinews at her feet, and sought to know
With looks whose motions spoke without a tongue
How he might be as gentle as the doe.
The magic circle of her voice and eyes
All savage natures did imparadise.

VIII.

And old Silenus, shaking a green stick
Of lilies, and the wood-gods in a crew
Came, blithe, as in the olive copses thick
Cicadæ are, drunk with the noonday dew:
And Dryope and Faunus followed quick,
Teasing the God to sing them something new;
Till in this cave they found the lady lone,
Sitting upon a seat of emerald stone.

IX.

And universal Pan, 't is said, was there,
And tho' none saw him, — thro' the adamant
Of the deep mountains, thro' the trackless air,
And thro' those living spirits, like a want
He past out of his everlasting lair
Where the quick heart of the great world doth pant,
And felt that wondrous lady all alone, —
And she felt him, upon her emerald throne.

X.

And every nymph of stream and spreading tree,
And every shepherdess of Ocean's flocks,
Who drives her white waves over the green sea,
And Ocean with the brine on his gray locks,
And quaint Priapus with his company,
All came, much wondering how the enwombèd rocks
Could have brought forth so beautiful a birth; —
Her love subdued their wonder and their mirth.

XI.

The herdsmen and the mountain maidens came,
And the rude kings of pastoral Garamant —
Their spirits shook within them, as a flame
Stirred by the air under a cavern gaunt:
Pigmies, and Polyphemes, by many a name,
Centaurs and Satyrs, and such shapes as haunt
Wet clefts, — and lumps neither alive nor dead,
Dog-headed, bosom-eyed, and bird-footed.

XII.

For she was beautiful — her beauty made
The bright world dim, and everything beside
Seemed like the fleeting image of a shade:
No thought of living spirit could abide,
Which to her looks had ever been betrayed,
On any object in the world so wide,
On any hope within the circling skies,
But on her form, and in her inmost eyes.

XIII.

Which when the Lady knew, she took her spindle
And twined three threads of fleecy mist, and three
Long lines of light, such as the dawn may kindle

The clouds and waves and mountains
with; and she
As many star-beams, ere their lamps
could dwindle
In the belated moon, wound skilfully;
And with these threads a subtle veil she
wove —
A shadow for the splendor of her love.

XIV.

The deep recesses of her odorous dwelling
Were stored with magic treasures —
sounds of air,
Which had the power all spirits of compelling,
Folded in cells of crystal silence there;
Such as we hear in youth, and think the
feeling
Will never die — yet ere we are aware,
The feeling and the sound are fled and
gone,
And the regret they leave remains alone,

XV.

And there lay Visions swift, and sweet,
and quaint,
Each in its thin sheath, like a chrysalis,
Some eager to burst forth, some weak
and faint
With the soft burden of intensest
bliss;
It was their work to bear to many a saint
Whose heart adores the shrine which
holiest is,
Even Love's: — and others white, green,
gray, and black,
And of all shapes — and each was at her
beck.

XVI.

And odors in a kind of aviary
Of ever-blooming Eden-trees she kept,
Clipt in a floating net, a love-sick Fairy
Had woven from dew-beams while the
moon yet slept;
As bats at the wired window of a dairy,
They beat their vans; and each was
an adept,
When loosed and missioned, making
wings of winds,
To stir sweet thoughts or sad, in destined
minds.

XVII.

And liquors clear and sweet, whose
healthful might
Could medicine the sick soul to happy
sleep,
And change eternal death into a night
Of glorious dreams — or if eyes needs
must weep,
Could make their tears all wonder and
delight,
She in her crystal vials did closely
keep:
If men could drink of those clear vials,
't is said
The living were not envied of the dead.

XVIII.

Her cave was stored with scrolls of
strange device,
The works of some Saturnian Archimage,
Which taught the expiations at whose
price
Men from the Gods might win that
happy age
Too lightly lost, redeeming native vice;
And which might quench the Earth-
consuming rage
Of gold and blood — till men should live
and move
Harmonious as the sacred stars above;

XIX.

And how all things that seem untamable,
Not to be checkt and not to be
confined,
Obey the spells of wisdom's wizard
skill;
Time, earth, and fire, the ocean and
the wind,
And all their shapes, and man's imperial will;
And other scrolls whose writings did
unbind
The inmost lore of Love — let the profane
Tremble to ask what secrets they contain.

XX.

And wondrous works of substances unknown,

To which the enchantment of her father's power
Had changed those ragged blocks of savage stone,
Were heapt in the recesses of her bower;
Carved lamps and chalices, and vials which shone
In their own golden beams — each like a flower,
Out of whose depth a fire-fly shakes his light
Under a cypress in a starless night.

XXI.

At first she lived alone in this wild home,
And her own thoughts were each a minister,
Clothing themselves, or with the ocean foam,
Or with the wind, or with the speed of fire,
To work whatever purposes might come
Into her mind; such power her mighty Sire
Had girt them with, whether to fly or run,
Through all the regions which he shines upon.

XXII.

The Ocean-nymphs and Hamadryades,
Oreads and Naiads, with long weedy locks,
Offered to do her bidding thro' the seas,
Under the earth, and in the hollow rocks,
And far beneath the matted roots of trees,
And in the gnarlèd heart of stubborn oaks,
So they might live for ever in the light
Of her sweet presence — each a satellite.

XXIII.

"This may not be," the Wizard Maid replied;
"The fountains where the Naiades bedew
Their shining hair, at length are drained and dried;
The solid oaks forget their strength, and strew
Their latest leaf upon the mountains wide;
The boundless ocean like a drop of dew
Will be consumed — the stubborn centre must
Be scattered, like a cloud of summer dust.

XXIV.

"And ye with them will perish, one by one; —
If I must sigh to think that this shall be,
If I must weep when the surviving Sun
Shall smile on your decay — oh, ask not me
To love you till your little race is run;
I cannot die as ye must — over me
Your leaves shall glance — the streams in which ye dwell
Shall be my paths henceforth, and so — farewell! —

XXV.

She spoke and wept: — the dark and azure well
Sparkled beneath the shower of her bright tears,
And every little circlet where they fell
Flung to the cavern-roof inconstant spheres
And intertangled lines of light: — a knell
Of sobbing voices came upon her ears
From those departing Forms, o'er the serene
Of the white streams and of the forest green.

XXVI.

All day the Wizard Lady sate aloof,
Spelling out scrolls of dread antiquity,
Under the cavern's fountain-lighted roof;
Or broidering the pictured poesy
Of some high tale upon her growing woof,
Which the sweet splendor of her smiles could dye

In hues outshining Heaven — and ever she
Added some grace to the wrought poesy.

XXVII.

While on her hearth lay blazing many a piece
Of sandal-wood, rare gums, and cinnamon;
Men scarcely know how beautiful fire is —
Each flame of it is as a precious stone
Dissolved in ever-moving light, and this
Belongs to each and all who gaze upon.
The Witch beheld it not, for in her hand
She held a woof that dimmed the burning brand.

XXVIII.

This Lady never slept, but lay in trance
All night within the fountain — as in sleep.
Its emerald crags glowed in her beauty's glance;
Thro' the green splendor of the water deep
She saw the constellations reel and dance
Like fire-flies — and withal did ever keep
The tenor of her contemplations calm,
With open eyes, closed feet and folded palm.

XXIX.

And when the whirlwinds and the clouds descended
From the white pinnacles of that cold hill,
She past at dewfall to a space extended,
Where in a lawn of flowering asphodel
Amid a wood of pines and cedars blended,
There yawned an inextinguishable well
Of crimson fire — full even to the brim,
And overflowing all the margin trim.

XXX.

Within the which she lay when the fierce war
Of wintry winds shook that innocuous liquor
In many a mimic moon and bearded star
O'er woods and lawns; — the serpent heard it flicker
In sleep, and dreaming still, he crept afar —
And when the windless snow descended thicker
Than autumn leaves, she watcht it as it came
Melt on the surface of the level flame.

XXXI.

She had a Boat, which some say Vulcan wrought
For Venus, as the chariot of her star;
But it was found too feeble to be fraught
With all the ardors in that sphere which are,
And so she sold it, and Apollo bought
And gave it to this daughter: from a car
Changed to the fairest and the lightest boat
Which ever upon mortal stream did float.

XXXII.

And others say, that, when but three hours old,
The first-born Love out of his cradle leapt,
And clove dun Chaos with his wings of gold,
And like a horticultural adept,
Stole a strange seed, and wrapt it up in mould,
And sowed it in his mother's star, and kept
Watering it all the summer with sweet dew,
And with his wings fanning it as it grew.

XXXIII.

The plant grew strong and green, the snowy flower
Fell, and the long and gourd-like fruit began
To turn the light and dew by inward power
To its own substance; woven tracery ran

Of light firm texture, ribbed and branching, o'er
The solid rind, like a leaf's veinèd fan —
Of which Love scoopt this boat — and with soft motion
Piloted it round the circumfluous ocean.

XXXIV.

This boat she moored upon her fount, and lit
A living spirit within all its frame,
Breathing the soul of swiftness into it.
Coucht on the fountain like a panther tame,
One of the twain at Evan's feet that sit —
Or as on Vesta's sceptre a swift flame —
Or on blind Homer's heart a wingèd thought, —
In joyous expectation lay the boat.

XXXV.

Then by strange art she kneaded fire and snow
Together, tempering the repugnant mass
With liquid love — all things together grow
Thro' which the harmony of love can pass;
And a fair Shape out of her hands did flow —
A living Image, which did far surpass
In beauty that bright shape of vital stone
Which drew the heart out of Pygmalion.

XXXVI.

A sexless thing it was, and in its growth
It seemed to have developt no defect
Of either sex, yet all the grace of both, —
In gentleness and strength its limbs were deckt;
The bosom lightly swelled with its full youth,
The countenance was such as might select
Some artist that his skill should never die,
Imaging forth such perfect purity.

XXXVII.

From its smooth shoulders hung two rapid wings,
Fit to have borne it to the seventh sphere
Tipt with the speed of liquid lightnings,
Dyed in the ardors of the atmosphere:
She led her creature to the boiling springs
Where the light boat was moored, and said: "Sit here!"
And pointed to the prow, and took her seat
Beside the rudder, with opposing feet.

XXXVIII.

And down the streams which clove those mountains vast,
Around their inland islets, and amid
The panther-peopled forests, whose shade cast
Darkness and odors, and a pleasure hid
In melancholy gloom, the pinnace past;
By many a star-surrounded pyramid
Of icy crag cleaving the purple sky,
And caverns yawning round unfathomably.

XXXIX.

The silver noon into the winding dell,
With slanted gleam athwart the forest tops,
Tempered like golden evening, feebly fell;
A green and glowing light, like that which drops
From folded lilies in which glow-worms dwell,
When earth over her face night's mantle wraps;
Between the severed mountains lay on high,
Over the stream, a narrow rift of sky.

XL.

And ever as she went, the Image lay
With folded wings and unawakened eyes;
And o'er its gentle countenance did play
The busy dreams, as thick as summer flies,
Chasing the rapid smiles that would not stay,
And drinking the warm tears, and the sweet sighs
Inhaling, which, with busy murmur vain,
They had aroused from that full heart and brain.

XLI.

And ever down the prone vale, like a cloud
Upon a stream of wind, the pinnace went:
Now lingering on the pools, in which abode
The calm and darkness of the deep content
In which they paused; now o'er the shallow road
Of white and dancing waters, all besprent
With sand and polisht pebbles: — mortal boat
In such a shallow rapid could not float.

XLII.

And down the earthquaking cataracts which shiver
Their snow-like waters into golden air,
Or under chasms unfathomable ever
Sepulchre them, till in their rage they tear
A subterranean portal for the river,
It fled — the circling sunbows did upbear
Its fall down the hoar precipice of spray,
Lighting it far upon its lampless way.

XLIII.

And when the Wizard Lady would ascend
The labyrinths of some many-winding vale,
Which to the inmost mountain upward tend —
She called "Hermaphroditus!" — and the pale
And heavy hue which slumber could extend
Over its lips and eyes, as on the gale
A rapid shadow from a slope of grass,
Into the darkness of the stream did pass.

XLIV.

And it unfurled its heaven-colored pinions,
With stars of fire spotting the stream below;
And from above into the Sun's dominions
Flinging a glory, like the golden glow
In which Spring clothes her emerald-winged minions,
All interwoven with fine feathery snow
And moonlight splendor of intensest rime,
With which frost paints the pines in winter time.

XLV.

And then it winnowed the Elysian air
Which ever hung about that Lady bright,
With its ethereal vans — and speeding there,
Like a star up the torrent of the night,
Or a swift eagle in the morning glare
Breasting the whirlwind with impetuous flight,
The pinnace, oared by those enchanted wings,
Clove the fierce streams towards their upper springs.

XLVI.

The water flasht like sunlight by the prow
Of a noon-wandering meteor flung to Heaven;
The still air seemed as if its waves did flow
In tempest down the mountains; loosely driven
The Lady's radiant hair streamed to and fro:
Beneath, the billows having vainly striven
Indignant and impetuous, roared to feel
The swift and steady motion of the keel.

XLVII.

Or, when the weary moon was in the wane,
Or in the noon of interlunar night,
The Lady-Witch in visions could not chain
Her spirit; but sailed forth under the light
Of shooting stars, and bade extend amain
Its storm-outspeeding wings the Hermaphrodite;
She to the Austral waters took her way,
Beyond the fabulous Thamondocana;

XLVIII.

Where, like a meadow which no scythe has shaven,
Which rain could never bend, or whirlblast shake,
With the Antarctic constellations paven,
Canopus and his crew, lay the Austral lake —
There she would build herself a windless haven
Out of the clouds whose moving turrets make
The bastions of the storm, when thro' the sky
The spirits of the tempest thundered by;

XLIX.

A haven beneath whose translucent floor
The tremulous stars sparkled unfathomably,
And around which the solid vapors hoar,
Based on the level waters, to the sky
Lifted their dreadful crags, and like a shore
Of wintry mountains, inaccessibly
Hemmed in with rifts and precipices gray,
And hanging crags, many a cove and bay.

L.

And whilst the outer lake beneath the lash
Of the wind's scourge, foamed like a wounded thing
And the incessant hail with stony clash
Ploughed up the waters, and the flagging wing
Of the roused cormorant in the lightning flash
Lookt like the wreck of some windwandering
Fragment of inky thunder-smoke — this haven
Was as a gem to copy Heaven engraven.

LI.

On which that Lady played her many pranks,
Circling the image of a shooting star,
Even as a tiger on Hydaspes' banks
Outspeeds the antelopes which speediest are,
In her light boat; and many quips and cranks
She played upon the water, till the car
Of the late moon, like a sick matron wan,
To journey from the misty east began.

LII.

And then she called out of the hollow turrets
Of those high clouds, white, golden and vermilion,
The armies of her ministering spirits —
In mighty legions, million after million,
They came, each troop emblazoning its merits
On meteor flags; and many a proud pavilion
Of the intertexture of the atmosphere
They pitcht upon the plain of the calm mere

LIII.

They framed the imperial tent of their great Queen
Of woven exhalations, underlaid
With lambent lightning-fire, as may be seen
A dome of thin and open ivory inlaid
With crimson silk — cressets from the serene
Hung there, and on the water for her tread
A tapestry of fleece-like mist was strewn,
Dyed in the beams of the ascending moon.

LIV.

And on a throne o'erlaid with starlight, caught
Upon those wandering isles of aëry dew,
Which highest shoals of mountain shipwreck not,
She sate, and heard all that had happened new,
Between the earth and moon, since they had brought
The last intelligence — and now she grew
Pale as that moon, lost in the watery night —
And now she wept, and now she laught outright.

LV.

These were tame pleasures; she would often climb
The steepest ladder of the crudded rack
Up to some beakèd cape of cloud sublime,
And like Arion on the dolphin's back
Ride singing through the shoreless air;— oft-time
Following the serpent lightning's winding track,
She ran upon the platforms of the wind,
And laught to hear the fire-balls roar behind.

LVI.

And sometimes to those streams of upper air
Which whirl the earth in its diurnal round,
She would ascend, and win the spirits there
To let her join their chorus. Mortals found
That on those days the sky was calm and fair,
And mystic snatches of harmonious sound
Wandered upon the earth where'er she past,
And happy thoughts of hope, too sweet to last.

LVII.

But her choice sport was, in the hours of sleep,
To glide adown old Nilus, where he threads
Egypt and Æthiopia, from the steep
Of utmost Axumè, until he spreads,
Like a calm flock of silver-fleecèd sheep,
His waters on the plain: and crested heads
Of cities and proud temples gleam amid,
And many a vapor-belted pyramid.

LVIII.

By Mœris and the Mareotid lakes,
Strewn with faint blooms like bridal-chamber floors,
Where naked boys bridling tame water-snakes,
Or charioteering ghastly alligators,
Had left on the sweet waters mighty wakes
Of those huge forms — within the brazen doors
Of the great Labyrinth slept both boy and beast,
Tired with the pomp of their Osirian feast.

LIX.

And where within the surface of the river
The shadows of the massy temples lie,
And never are erased — but tremble ever
Like things which every cloud can doom to die,
Thro' lotus-paven canals, and wheresoever
The works of man pierced that serenest sky
With tombs, and towers, and fanes, 't was her delight
To wander in the shadow of the night.

LX.

With motion like the spirit of that wind
Whose soft step deepens slumber, her light feet
Past through the peopled haunts of human kind,
Scattering sweet visions from her presence sweet,
Through fane, and palace-court, and labyrinth mined
With many a dark and subterranean street
Under the Nile, thro' chambers high and deep
She past, observing mortals in their sleep.

LXI.

A pleasure sweet doubtless it was to see
Mortals subdued in all the shapes of sleep.
Here lay two sisters twins in infancy;
There, a lone youth who in his dreams did weep;
Within, two lovers linkèd innocently
In their loose locks which over both did creep
Like ivy from one stem; — and there lay calm

Old age with snow-bright hair and folded palm.

LXII.

But other troubled forms of sleep she saw,
Not to be mirrored in a holy song —
Distortions foul of supernatural awe,
And pale imaginings of visioned wrong;
And all the code of custom's lawless law
Written upon the brows of old and young:
"This," said the Wizard Maiden, "is the strife
Which stirs the liquid surface of man's life."

LXIII.

And little did the sight disturb her soul.—
We, the weak mariners of that wide lake
Where'er its shores extend or billows roll,
Our course unpiloted and starless make
O'er its wild surface to an unknown goal:—
But she in the calm depths her way could take,
Where in bright bowers immortal forms abide
Beneath the weltering of the restless tide.

LXIV.

And she saw princes coucht under the glow
Of sunlike gems; and round each temple-court
In dormitories ranged, row after row,
She saw the priests asleep — all of one sort —
For all were educated to be so. —
The peasants in their huts, and in the part
The sailors she saw cradled on the waves,
And the dead lulled within their dreamless graves.

LXV.

And all the forms in which those spirits lay
Were to her sight like the diaphanous
Veils, in which those sweet ladies oft array
Their delicate limbs, who would conceal from us
Only their scorn of all concealment: they
Move in the light of their own beauty thus.
But these and all now lay with sleep upon them,
And little thought a Witch was looking on them.

LXVI.

She, all those human figures breathing there,
Beheld as living spirits — to her eyes
The naked beauty of the soul lay bare,
And often thro' a rude and worn disguise
She saw the inner form most bright and fair —
And then she had a charm of strange device,
Which, murmured on mute lips with tender tone,
Could make that spirit mingle with her own.

LXVII.

Alas! Aurora, what wouldst thou have given
For such a charm when Tithon became gray?
Or how much, Venus, of thy silver Heaven
Wouldst thou have yielded, ere Proserpina
Had half (oh! why not all?) the debt forgiven
Which dear Adonis had been doomed to pay,
To any witch who would have taught you it?
The Heliad doth not know its value yet.

LXVIII.

'T is said in after times her spirit free
Knew what love was, and felt itself alone —
But holy Dian could not chaster be
Before she stooped to kiss Endymion,
Than now this lady — like a sexless bee

Tasting all blossoms, and confined to none,
Among those mortal forms, the Wizard-Maiden
Past with an eye serene and heart unladen.

LXIX.

To those she saw most beautiful, she gave
Strange panacea in a crystal bowl:—
They drank in their deep sleep of that sweet wave,
And lived thenceforward as if some control,
Mightier than life, were in them; and the grave
Of such, when death opprest the weary soul,
Was as a green and overarching bower
Lit by the gems of many a starry flower.

LXX.

For on the night when they were buried, she
Restored the embalmers' ruining, and shook
The light out of the funeral lamps, to be
A mimic day within that deathy nook;
And she unwound the woven imagery
Of second childhood's swaddling-bands, and took
The coffin, its last cradle, from its niche,
And threw it with contempt into a ditch.

LXXI.

And there the body lay, age after age,
Mute, breathing, beating, warm, and undecaying,
Like one asleep in a green hermitage,
With gentle smiles about its eyelids playing,
And living in its dreams beyond the rage
Of death or life; while they were still arraying
In liveries ever new, the rapid, blind
And fleeting generations of mankind.

LXXII.

And she would write strange dreams upon the brain
Of those who were less beautiful, and make
All harsh and crooked purposes more vain
Than in the desert is the serpent's wake
Which the sand covers;— all his evil gain
The miser in such dreams would rise and shake
Into a beggar's lap;— the lying scribe
Would his own lies betray without a bribe.

LXXIII.

The priests would write an explanation full,
Translating hieroglyphics into Greek,
How the god Apis really was a bull,
And nothing more; and bid the herald stick
The same against the temple doors, and pull
The old cant down; they licensed all to speak
Whate'er they thought of hawks, and cats, and geese,
By pastoral letters to each diocese.

LXXIV.

The king would dress an ape up in his crown
And robes, and seat him on his glorious seat,
And on the right hand of the sunlike throne
Would place a gaudy mock-bird to repeat
The chatterings of the monkey. — Every one
Of the prone courtiers crawled to kiss the feet
Of their great Emperor, when the morning came,
And kist — alas, how many kiss the same!

LXXV.

The soldiers dreamed that they were blacksmiths, and
Walkt out of quarters in somnambulism;
Round the red anvils you might see them stand
Like Cyclopses in Vulcan's sooty abysm,

Beating their swords to ploughshares; — in a band
The gaolers sent those of the liberal schism
Free through the streets of Memphis, much, I wis
To the annoyance of king Amasis.

LXXVI.

And timid lovers who had been so coy,
They hardly knew whether they loved or not,
Would rise out of their rest, and take sweet joy,
To the fulfilment of their inmost thought;
And when next day the maiden and the boy
Met one another, both, like sinners caught,
Blusht at the thing which each believed was done
Only in fancy — till the tenth moon shone;

LXXVII.

And then the Witch would let them take no ill:
Of many thousand schemes which lovers find,
The Witch found one, — and so they took their fill
Of happiness in marriage warm and kind.
Friends who, by practice of some envious skill,
Were torn apart, a wide wound, mind from mind!
She did unite again with visions clear
Of deep affection and of truth sincere.

LXXVIII.

These were the pranks she played among the cities
Of mortal men, and what she did to sprites
And gods, entangling them in her sweet ditties
To do her will, and show their subtle slights,
I will declare another time; for it is
A tale more fit for the weird winter nights,
Than for these garish summer days, when we
Scarcely believe much more than we can see.

NOTE ON THE "WITCH OF ATLAS," BY MRS. SHELLEY.

We spent the summer of 1820 at the Baths of San Giuliano, four miles from Pisa. These baths were of great use to Shelley in soothing his nervous irritability. We made several excursions in the neighborhood. The country around is fertile, and diversified and rendered picturesque by ranges of near hills and more distant mountains. The peasantry are a handsome, intelligent race; and there was a gladsome sunny heaven spread over us, that rendered home and every scene we visited cheerful and bright. During some of the hottest days of August, Shelley made a solitary journey on foot to the summit of Monte San Pellegrino — a mountain of some height, on the top of which there is a chapel, the object, during certain days of the year, of many pilgrimages. The excursion delighted him while it lasted; though he exerted himself too much, and the effect was considerable lassitude and weakness on his return. During the expedition he conceived the idea, and wrote, in the three days immediately succeeding to his return, the "Witch of Atlas." This poem is peculiarly characteristic of his tastes — wildly fanciful, full of brilliant imagery, and discarding human interest and passion, to revel in the fantastic ideas that his imagination suggested.

The surpassing excellence of "The Cenci" had made me greatly desire that Shelley should increase his popularity by adopting subjects that would more suit the popular taste than a poem conceived in the abstract and dreamy spirit of the "Witch of Atlas." It was not only that I wished him to acquire popularity as redounding to his fame; but I believed that he would obtain a greater mastery

over his own powers, and greater happiness in his mind, if public applause crowned his endeavors. The few stanzas that precede the poem were addressed to me on my representing these ideas to him. Even now I believe that I was in the right. Shelley did not expect sympathy and approbation from the public; but the want of it took away a portion of the ardor that ought to have sustained him while writing. He was thrown on his own resources, and on the inspiration of his own soul; and wrote because his mind overflowed, without the hope of being appreciated. I had not the most distant wish that he should truckle in opinion, or submit his lofty aspirations for the human race to the low ambition and pride of the many; but I felt sure that, if his poems were more addressed to the common feelings of men, his proper rank among the writers of the day would be acknowledged, and that popularity as a poet would enable his countrymen to do justice to his character and virtues, which in those days it was the mode to attack with the most flagitious calumnies and insulting abuse. That he felt these things deeply cannot be doubted, though he armed himself with the consciousness of acting from a lofty and heroic sense of right. The truth burst from his heart sometimes in solitude, and he would write a few unfinished verses that showed that he felt the sting; among such I find the following: —

'Alas! this is not what I thought Life was.
I knew that there were crimes and evil men,
Misery and hate; nor did I hope to pass
Untoucht by suffering through the rugged glen.
In mine own heart I saw as in a glass
The hearts of others. . . . And, when
I went among my kind, with triple brass
Of calm endurance my weak breast I armed,
To bear scorn, fear, and hate — a woful mass!"

I believed that all this morbid feeling would vanish if the chord of sympathy between him and his countrymen were touched. But my persuasions were vain, the mind could not be bent from its natural inclination. Shelley shrunk instinctively from portraying human passion, with its mixture of good and evil, of disappointment and disquiet. Such opened again the wounds of his own heart; and he loved to shelter himself rather in the airiest flights of fancy, forgetting love and hate, and regret and lost hope, in such imaginations as borrowed their hues from sunrise or sunset, from the yellow moonshine or paly twilight, from the aspect of the far ocean or the shadows of the woods, — which celebrated the singing of the winds among the pines, the flow of a murmuring stream, and the thousand harmonious sounds which Nature creates in her solitudes. These are the materials which form the "Witch of Atlas;" it is a brilliant congregation of ideas such as his senses gathered, and his fancy colored, during his rambles in the sunny land he so much loved.

ŒDIPUS TYRANNUS;

OR

SWELLFOOT THE TYRANT,

A TRAGEDY

IN TWO ACTS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL DORIC.

"Choose Reform or civil war,
When thro' thy streets, instead of hare with dogs,
A CONSORT-QUEEN shall hunt a KING with hogs,
Riding on the IONIAN MINOTAUR.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS Tragedy is one of a triad, or system of three Plays (an arrangement according to which the Greeks were accustomed to connect their dramatic representations), elucidating the wonderful and appalling fortunes of the SWELLFOOT dynasty. It was evidently written by some *learned Theban*, and, from its characteristic dulness, apparently before the duties on the importation of *Attic salt* had been repealed by the Bœotarchs. The tenderness with which he treats

the PIGS proves him to have been a *sus Bœotiæ;* possibly *Epicuri de grege porcus;* for, as the poet observes,

"A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind."

No liberty has been taken with the translation of this remarkable piece of antiquity, except the suppressing a seditious and blasphemous Chorus of the Pigs and Bulls at the last act. The word Hoydipouse (or more properly Œdipus), has been rendered literally SWELLFOOT, without its having been conceived necessary to determine whether a swelling of the hind or the fore feet of the Swinish Monarch is particularly indicated.

Should the remaining portions of this Tragedy be found, entitled, "Swellfoot in Angaria," and "Charité," the Translator might be tempted to give them to the reading Public.

ŒDIPUS TYRANNUS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

TYRANT SWELLFOOT, *King of Thebes.*
IONA TAURINA, *his Queen.*
MAMMON, *Arch-Priest of Famine.*
PURGANAX, DAKRY, LAOCTONOS, } *Wizards, Ministers of* SWELLFOOT.[1]

The GADFLY. | MOSES, *the Sow-gelder.*
The LEECH. | SOLOMON, *the Porkman.*
The RAT. | ZEPHANIAH, *Pig Butcher.*

The MINOTAUR.

Chorus of the Swinish Multitude.

GUARDS, ATTENDANTS, PRIESTS, *etc.*

SCENE. — THEBES.

ACT I.

SCENE I. — *A magnificent Temple, built of thigh-bones and death's heads, and tiled with scalps. Over the Altar the statue of Famine, veiled; a number of boars, sows, and sucking pigs, crowned with thistle, shamrock, and oak, sitting on the steps, and clinging round the altar of the Temple.*

[1] PURGANAX, Lord Castlereagh, DAKRY, Lord Eldon, LAOCTONOS, Duke of Wellington.

Enter SWELLFOOT, *in his Royal robes, without perceiving the* PIGS.

Swellfoot. Thou supreme Goddess! by whose power divine
These graceful limbs are clothed in proud array
[*He contemplates himself with satisfaction.*
Of gold and purple, and this kingly paunch
Swells like a sail before a favoring breeze,
And these most sacred nether promontories
Lie satisfied with layers of fat; and these
Bœotian cheeks, like Egypt's pyramid,
(Nor with less toil were their foundations laid,[2])
Sustain the cone of my untroubled brain,
That point, the emblem of a pointless nothing!
Thou to whom Kings and laurelled Emperors,
Radical-butchers, Paper-money-millers,
Bishops and deacons, and the entire army
Of those fat martyrs to the persecution
Of stifling turtle-soup, and brandy-devils,
Offer their secret vows! Thou plenteous Ceres
Of their Eleusis, hail!
The Swine. Eigh! eigh! eigh! eigh!
Swellfoot. Ha! what are ye,
Who, crowned with leaves devoted to the Furies,
Cling round this sacred shrine?
Swine. Aigh! aigh! aigh!
Swellfoot. What! ye that are
The very beasts that, offered at her altar
With blood and groans, salt-cake, and fat, and inwards,
Ever propitiate her reluctant will
When taxes are withheld?
Swine. Ugh! ugh! ugh!
Swellfoot. What! ye who grub
With filthy snouts my red potatoes up
In Allan's rushy bog? Who eat the oats

[2] See Universal History for an account of the number of people who died, and the immense consumption of garlic by the wretched Egyptians, who made a sepulchre for the name as well as the bodies of their tyrants.

Up, from my cavalry in the Hebrides?
Who swill the hog-wash soup my cooks digest
From bones, and rags, and scraps of shoe-leather,
Which should be given to cleaner Pigs than you?

The Swine. — Semichorus I.

The same, alas! the same;
Though only now the name
Of Pig remains to me.

Semichorus II.

If 't were your kingly will
Us wretched Swine to kill,
What should we yield to thee?

Swellfoot. Why, skin and bones, and some few hairs for mortar.

Chorus of Swine.

I have heard your Laureate sing,
That pity was a royal thing;
Under your mighty ancestors, we Pigs
Were blest as nightingales on myrtle sprigs,
Or grasshoppers that live on noonday dew,
And sung, old annals tell, as sweetly too,
But now our sties are fallen in, we catch
The murrain and the mange, the scab and itch;
Sometimes your royal dogs tear down our thatch,
And then we seek the shelter of a ditch;
Hog-wash or grains, or rutabaga, none
Has yet been ours since your reign begun.

First Sow.

My Pigs, 't is in vain to tug.

Second Sow.

I could almost eat my litter.

First Pig.

I suck, but no milk will come from the dug.

Second Pig.

Our skin and our bones would be bitter.

The Boars.

We fight for this rag of greasy rug,
Though a trough of wash would be fitter.

Semichorus.

Happier Swine were they than we,
Drowned in the Gadarean sea —
I wish that pity would drive out the devils,
Which in your royal bosom hold their revels,
And sink us in the waves of thy compassion!
Alas! the Pigs are an unhappy nation!
Now if your Majesty would have our bristles
To bind your mortar with, or fill our colons
With rich blood, or make brawn out of our gristles,
In policy — ask else your royal Solons —
You ought to give us hog-wash and clean straw,
And sties well thatcht; besides it is the law!

Swellfoot. This is sedition, and rank blasphemy!
Ho! there, my guards!

Enter a GUARD.

Guard. Your sacred Majesty.

Swellfoot. Call in the Jews, Solomon the court porkman,
Moses the sow-gelder, and Zephaniah
The hog-butcher.

Guard. They are in waiting, Sire.

Enter SOLOMON, MOSES, *and* ZEPHANIAH.

Swellfoot. Out with your knife, old Moses, and spay those Sows,
[*The pigs run about in consternation.*
That load the earth with Pigs; cut close and deep,
Moral restraint I see has no effect,
Nor prostitution, nor our own example,
Starvation, typhus-fever, war, nor prison —
This was the art which the arch-priest of Famine
Hinted at in his charge to the Theban clergy —
Cut close and deep, good Moses.

Moses. Let your Majesty
Keep the boars quiet, else —

Swellfoot. Zephaniah, cut
That fat Hog's throat, the brute seems overfed;
Seditious hunks! to whine for want of grains.
Zephaniah. Your sacred Majesty, he has the dropsy; —
We shall find pints of hydatids in 's liver,
He has not half an inch of wholesome fat
Upon his carious ribs —
Swellfoot. 'T is all the same,
He 'll serve instead of riot money, when
Our murmuring troops bivouac in Thebes' streets;
And January winds, after a day
Of butchering, will make them relish carrion.
Now, Solomon, I'll sell you in a lump
The whole kit of them.
Solomon. Why, your Majesty,
I could not give —
Swellfoot. Kill them out of the way,
That shall be price enough, and let me hear
Their everlasting grunts and whines no more!

[*Exeunt, driving in the swine.*

Enter MAMMON, *the Arch-Priest; and* PURGANAX, *Chief of the Council of Wizards.*

Purganax. The future looks as black as death, a cloud,
Dark as the frown of Hell, hangs over it.
The troops grow mutinous — the revenue fails —
There 's something rotten in us — for the level
Of the State slopes, its very bases topple,
The boldest turn their backs upon themselves!
Mammon. Why what 's the matter, my dear fellow, now?
Do the troops mutiny? — decimate some regiments;
Does money fail? — come to my mint — coin paper,
Till gold be at a discount, and ashamed
To show his bilious face, go purge himself,
In emulation of her vestal whiteness.
Purganax. Oh, would that this were all! The oracle!!
Mammon. Why it was I who spoke that oracle,
And whether I was dead-drunk or inspired,
I cannot well remember; nor, in truth,
The oracle itself!
Purganax. The words went thus: —
"Bœotia, choose reform or civil war!
When thro' thy streets, instead of hare with dogs,
A Consort Queen shall hunt a King with hogs,
Riding on the Icnian Minotaur."
Mammon. Now if the oracle had ne'er foretold
This sad alternative, it must arrive,
Or not, and so it must now that it has,
And whether I was urged by grace divine,
Or Lesbian liquor to declare these words,
Which must, as all words must, be false or true;
It matters not: for the same power made all,
Oracle, wine, and me and you — or none —
'T is the same thing. If you knew as much
Of oracles as I do —
Purganax. You arch-priests
Believe in nothing; if you were to dream
Of a particular number in the Lottery,
You would not buy the ticket?
Mammon. Yet our tickets
Are seldom blanks. But what steps have you taken?
For prophecies when once they get abroad,
Like liars who tell the truth to serve their ends,
Or hypocrites who, from assuming virtue,
Do the same actions that the virtuous do,
Contrive their own fulfilment. This Iona —
Well — you know what the chaste Pasiphaë did,
Wife to that most religious King of Crete,
And still how popular the tale is here;
And these dull Swine of Thebes boast their descent

From the free Minotaur. You know they still
Call themselves Bulls, though thus degenerate,
And everything relating to a Bull
Is popular and respectable in Thebes.
Their arms are seven Bulls in a field gules,
They think their strength consists in eating beef; —
Now there were danger in the precedent
If Queen Iona —
Purganax. I have taken good care
That shall not be. I struck the crust o' the earth
With this enchanted rod, and Hell lay bare!
And from a cavern full of ugly shapes,
I chose a LEECH, a GADFLY, and a RAT.
The gadfly was the same which Juno sent
To agitate Io,[1] and which Ezekiel[2] mentions
That the Lord whistled for out of the mountains
Of utmost Æthiopia, to torment
Mesopotamian Babylon. The beast
Has a loud trumpet like the Scarabee,
His crookèd tail is barbed with many stings,
Each able to make a thousand wounds, and each
Immedicable; from his convex eyes
He sees fair things in many hideous shapes,
And trumpets all his falsehood to the world.
Like other beetles he is fed on dung —
He has eleven feet with which he crawls,
Trailing a blistering slime, and this foul beast
Has trackt Iona from the Theban limits,
From isle to isle, from city unto city,
Urging her flight from the far Chersonese
To fabulous Solyma, and the Ætnean Isle,
Ortygia, Melite, and Calypso's Rock,
And the swart tribes of Garamant and Fez,
Æolia and Elysium, and thy shores,
Parthenope, which now, alas! are free!
And thro' the fortunate Saturnian land,
Into the darkness of the West.
Mammon. But if
This Gadfly should drive Iona hither?
Purganax. Gods! what an *if!* but there is my gray RAT:
So thin with want, he can crawl in and out
Of any narrow chink and filthy hole,
And he shall creep into her dressing-room,
And —
Mammon. My dear friend, where are your wits? as if
She does not always toast a piece of cheese
And bait the trap? and rats, when lean enough
To crawl through *such* chinks —
Purganax. But my LEECH — a leech
Fit to suck blood, with lubricous round rings,
Capaciously expatiative, which make
His little body like a red balloon,
As full of blood as that of hydrogen,
Suckt from men's hearts; insatiably he sucks
And clings and pulls — a horse-leech, whose deep maw
The plethoric King Swellfoot could not fill,
And who, till full, will cling for ever.
Mammon. This
For Queen Iona might suffice, and less;
But 't is the swinish multitude I fear,
And in that fear I have —
Purganax. Done what?
Mammon. Disinherited
My eldest son Chrysaor, because he
Attended public meetings, and would always
Stand prating there of commerce, public faith,
Economy, and unadulterate coin
And other topics, ultra-radical;
And have entailed my estate, called the Fool's Paradise,
And funds in fairy-money, bonds, and bills,

[1] The Prometheus Bound of Æschylus.
[2] And the Lord whistled for the gadfly out of Æthiopia, and for the bee of Egypt, etc. — EZEKIEL.

Upon my accomplished daughter Banknotina,
And married her to the Gallows.[1]
Purganax. A good match!
Mammon. A high connection, Purganax. The bridegroom
Is of a very ancient family,
Of Hounslow Heath, Tyburn, and the New Drop,
And has great influence in both Houses; — oh!
He makes the fondest husband; nay, *too* fond, —
New married people should not kiss in public;
But the poor souls love one another so!
And then my little grandchildren, the Gibbets,
Promising children as you ever saw, —
The young playing at hanging, the elder learning
How to hold radicals. They are well taught too,
For every Gibbet says its catechism
And reads a select chapter in the Bible
Before it goes to play.

[*A most tremendous humming is heard.*
Purganax. Ha! what do I hear?

Enter the GADFLY.

Mammon. Your Gadfly, as it seems, is tired of gadding.

Gadfly. Hum! hum! hum!
From the lakes of the Alps, and the cold gray scalps
Of the mountains, I come,
Hum! hum! hum!
From Morocco and Fez, and the high palaces
Of golden Byzantium;
From the temples divine of old Palestine,
From Athens and Rome,
With a ha! and a hum!
I come! I come!
All inn-doors and windows
Were open to me;
I saw all that sin does
Which lamps hardly see
That burn in the night by the curtained bed, —
The impudent lamps! for they blusht not red,
Dinging and singing,
From slumber I rung her,
Loud as the clank of an ironmonger;
Hum! hum! hum!

Far, far, far!
With the trump of my lips, and the sting at my hips,
I drove her — afar!
Far, far, far!
From city to city, abandoned of pity,
A ship without needle or star; —
Homeless she past, like a cloud on the blast,
Seeking peace, finding war; —
She is here in her car,
From afar, and afar; —
Hum! hum!

I have stung her and wrung her,
The venom is working; —
And if you had hung her
With canting and quirking,
She could not be deader than she will be soon; —
I have driven her close to you, under the moon,
Night and day, hum! hum! ha!
I have hummed her and drummed her
From place to place, till at last I have dumbed her,
Hum! hum! hum!

Enter the LEECH *and the* RAT.

Leech. I will suck
Blood or muck!
The disease of the state is a plethory,
Who so fit to reduce it as I?

Rat. I'll slyly seize and
Let blood from her weasand, —
Creeping thro' crevice, and chink, and cranny,
With my snakey tail, and my sides so scranny.

Purganax.
Aroint ye! thou unprofitable worm!

[1] "If one should marry a gallows, and beget young gibbets, I never saw one so prone." CYMBELINE.

[*To the Leech.*
And thou, dull beetle, get thee back to hell! [*To the Gadfly.*
To sting the ghosts of Babylonian kings,
And the ox-headed Io. —

Swine (*within*).

Ugh, ugh, ugh!
Hail! Iona the divine,
We will be no longer swine,
But Bulls with horns and dewlaps.

Rat.

For,
You know, my lord, the Minotaur —

Purganax (*fiercely*).

Be silent! get to hell! or I will call
The cat out of the kitchen. Well, Lord Mammon,
This is a pretty business.
[*Exit the Rat.*

Mammon.

I will go
And spell some scheme to make it ugly then. — [*Exit.*

Enter SWELLFOOT.

Swellfoot. She is returned! Taurina is in Thebes
When Swellfoot wishes that she were in hell!
O Hymen, clothed in yellow jealousy,
And waving o'er the couch of wedded kings
The torch of Discord with its fiery hair;
This is thy work, thou patron saint of queens!
Swellfoot is wived! tho' parted by the sea,
The very name of wife had conjugal rights;
Her cursèd image ate, drank, slept with me,
And in the arms of Adiposa oft
Her memory has received a husband's—
[*A loud tumult, and cries of* "Iona for ever! — No Swellfoot!"
Swellfoot. Hark!
How the swine cry Iona Taurina;
I suffer the real presence; Purganax,
Off with her head!
Purganax. But I must first impanel
A jury of the Pigs.
Swellfoot. Pack them then.
Purganax. Or fattening some few in two separate sties,
And giving them clean straw, tying some bits
Of ribbon round their legs — giving their Sows
Some tawdry lace, and bits of lustre glass,
And their young Boars white and red rags, and tails
Of cows, and jay feathers, and sticking cauliflowers
Between the ears of the old ones; and when
They are persuaded, that by the inherent virtue
Of these things, they are all imperial Pigs,
Good Lord! they'd rip each other's bellies up,
Not to say help us in destroying her.
Swellfoot. This plan might be tried too; — where 's General Laoctonos?

Enter LAOCTONOS *and* DAKRY.

It is my royal pleasure
That you, Lord General, bring the head and body,
If separate it would please me better, hither
Of Queen Iona.
Laoctonos. That pleasure I well knew,
And made a charge with those battalions bold,
Called, from their dress and grin, the royal Apes,
Upon the Swine, who, in a hollow square
Enclosed her, and received the first attack
Like so many Rhinoceroses, and then
Retreating in good order, with bare tusks
And wrinkled snouts presented to the foe,
Bore her in triumph to the public sty.
What is still worse, some Sows upon the ground
Have given the Ape-guards apples, nuts, and gin,
And they all whisk their tails aloft, and cry,
"Long live Iona! down with Swellfoot!"
Purganax. Hark!

The Swine (*without*). Long live Iona! down with Swellfoot!

Dakry. I
Went to the garret of the Swineherd's tower,
Which overlooks the sty, and made a long
Harangue (all words) to the assembled Swine,
Of delicacy, mercy, judgment, law,
Morals, and precedents, and purity,
Adultery, destitution, and divorce,
Piety, faith, and state necessity,
And how I loved the Queen!—and then I wept
With the pathos of my own eloquence,
And every tear turned to a mill-stone, which
Brained many a gaping Pig, and there was made
A slough of blood and brains upon the place,
Greased with the pounded bacon; round and round
The mill-stones rolled, ploughing the pavement up,
And hurling sucking Pigs into the air,
With dust and stones. —

Enter MAMMON.

Mammon. I wonder that gray wizards
Like you should be so beardless in their schemes;
It had been but a point of policy
To keep Iona and the Swine apart.
Divide and rule! but ye have made a junction
Between two parties who will govern you
But for my art. — Behold this BAG! it is
The poison BAG of that Green Spider huge,
On which our spies skulked in ovation thro'
The streets of Thebes, when they were paved with dead:
A bane so much the deadlier fills it now,
As calumny is worse than death, — for here
The Gadfly's venom, fifty times distilled,
Is mingled with the vomit of the Leech,
In due proportion, and black ratsbane, which
That very Rat, who, like the Pontic tyrant,
Nurtures himself on poison, dare not touch; —
All is sealed up with the broad seal of Fraud,
Who is the Devil's Lord High Chancellor,
And over it the Primate of all Hell
Murmured this pious baptism: — "Be thou called
The GREEN BAG; and this power and grace be thine:
That thy contents, on whomsoever poured,
Turn innocence to guilt, and gentlest looks
To savage, foul, and fierce deformity.
Let all baptized by thy infernal dew
Be called adulterer, drunkard, liar, wretch!
No name left out which orthodoxy loves,
Court Journal or legitimate Review! —
Be they called tyrant, beast, fool, glutton, lover
Of other wives and husbands than their own —
The heaviest sin on this side of the Alps!
Wither they to a ghastly caricature
Of what was human! — let not man or beast
Behold their face with unaverted eyes!
Or hear their names with ears that tingle not
With blood of indignation, rage, and shame!" —
This is a perilous liquor; — good my Lords. —

[SWELLFOOT *approaches to touch the* GREEN BAG.

Beware! for God's sake, beware! — if you should break
The seal, and touch the fatal liquor —

Purganax. There,
Give it to me. I have been used to handle
All sorts of poisons. His dread Majesty
Only desires to see the color of it.

Mammon. Now, with a little common sense, my Lords,
Only undoing all that has been done

(Yet so as it may seem we but confirm it),
Our victory is assured. We must entice
Her Majesty from the stye, and make the Pigs
Believe that the contents of the GREEN BAG
Are the true test of guilt or innocence.
And that, if she be guilty, 't will transform her
To manifest deformity like guilt.
If innocent, she will become transfigured
Into an angel, such as they say she is;
And they will see her flying through the air,
So bright that she will dim the noonday sun;
Showering down blessings in the shape of comfits.
This, trust a priest, is just the sort of thing
Swine will believe. I 'll wager you will see them
Climbing upon the thatch of their low sties,
With pieces of smoked glass, to watch her sail
Among the clouds, and some will hold the flaps
Of one another's ears between their teeth,
To catch the coming hail of comfits in.
You, Purganax, who have the gift o' the gab,
Make them a solemn speech to this effect:
I go to put in readiness the feast
Kept to the honor of our goddess Famine,
Where, for more glory, let the ceremony
Take place of the uglification of the Queen.
Dakry (*to Swellfoot*). I, as the keeper of your sacred conscience,
Humbly remind your Majesty that the care
Of your high office, as man-milliner
To red Bellona, should not be deferred.
Purganax. All part in happier plight to meet again. [*Exeunt.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE I. — The Public Sty.

The Boars in full Assembly.

Enter Purganax.

Purganax. Grant me your patience, Gentlemen and Boars,
Ye, by whose patience under public burdens
The glorious constitution of these sties
Subsists, and shall subsist. The lean-pig rates
Grow with the growing populace of Swine,
The taxes, that true source of piggishness
(How can I find a more appropriate term
To include religion, morals, peace, and plenty,
And all that fit Bœotia as a nation
To teach the other nations how to live?)
Increase with piggishness itself; and still
Does the revenue, that great spring of all
The patronage, and pensions, and by-payments,
Which free-born Pigs regard with jealous eyes,
Diminish, till at length, by glorious steps,
All the land's produce will be merged in taxes,
And the revenue will amount to — nothing!
The failure of a foreign market for
Sausages, bristles, and blood-puddings,
And such home manufactures is but partial;
And, that the population of the Pigs,
Instead of hog-wash, has been fed on straw
And water, is a fact which is — you know —
That is — it is a state-necessity —
Temporary, of course. Those impious Pigs,
Who, by frequent squeaks, have dared impugn
The settled Swellfoot system, or to make
Irreverent mockery of the genuflexions
Inculcated by the arch-priest, have been whipt

Into a loyal and an orthodox whine.
Things being in this happy state, the Queen
Iona —
(*A loud cry from the* PIGS.) She is innocent! most innocent!
Purganax. That is the very thing that I was saying,
Gentlemen Swine; the Queen Iona being
Most innocent, no doubt, returns to Thebes,
And the lean Sows and Boars collect about her,
Wishing to make her think that WE believe
(I mean those more substantial Pigs, who swill
Rich hog-wash, while the others mouth damp straw)
That she is guilty; thus, the Lean-Pig faction
Seeks to obtain that hog-wash, which has been
Your immemorial right, and which I will
Maintain you in to the last drop of —
A Boar (*interrupting him*). What
Does any one accuse her of?
Purganax. Why, no one
Makes *any* positive accusation; — but
There were hints dropt, and so the privy wizards
Conceived that it became them to advise
His Majesty to investigate their truth; —
Not for his own sake; he could be content
To let his wife play any pranks she pleased,
If, by that sufferance, *he* could please the Pigs;
But then he fears the morals of the Swine,
The Sows especially, and what effect
It might produce upon the purity and
Religion of the rising generation
Of sucking Pigs, if it could be suspected
That Queen Iona — [*A pause.*
First Boar. Well, go on; we long
To hear what she can possibly have done.
Purganax. Why, it is hinted, that a certain Bull —
Thus much is *known*: — the milk-white Bulls that feed
Beside Clitumnus and the crystal lakes
Of the Cisalpine mountains, in fresh dews
Of lotus-grass and blossoming asphodel,
Sleeking their silken hair, and with sweet breath
Loading the morning winds until they faint
With living fragrance, are so beautiful! —
Well, *I* say nothing; — but Europa rode
On such a one from Asia into Crete,
And the enamoured sea grew calm beneath
His gliding beauty. And Pasiphaë,
Iona's grandmother, — but *she* is innocent!
And that both you and I, and all assert.
First Boar. Most innocent!
Purganax. Behold this BAG; a Bag —
Second Boar. Oh! no GREEN BAGS!! Jealousy's eyes are green,
Scorpions are green, and water-snakes, and efts,
And verdigris, and —
Purganax. Honorable Swine,
In piggish souls can prepossessions reign?
Allow me to remind you, grass is green —
All flesh is grass; — no bacon but is flesh —
Ye are but bacon. This divining BAG
(Which is not green, but only bacon color)
Is filled with liquor, which if sprinkled o'er
A woman guilty of — we all know what —
Makes her so hideous, till she finds one blind
She never can commit the like again.
If innocent, she will turn into an angel,
And rain down blessings in the shape of comfits
As she flies up to heaven. Now, my proposal
Is to convert her sacred Majesty
Into an angel (as I am sure we shall do),
By pouring on her head this mystic water.
[*Showing the Bag.*
I know that she is innocent: I wish
Only to prove her so to all the world.
First Boar. Excellent, just, and noble Purganax.

Second Boar. How glorious it will be to see her Majesty
Flying above our heads, her petticoats
Streaming like — like — like —
Third Boar. Any thing.
Purganax. Oh, no!
But like a standard of an admiral's ship,
Or like the banner of a conquering host,
Or like a cloud dyed in the dying day,
Unravelled on the blast from a white mountain;
Or like a meteor, or a war-steed's mane,
Or waterfall from a dizzy precipice
Scattered upon the wind.
First Boar. Or a cow's tail.
Second Boar. Or *any thing*, as the learned Boar observed.
Purganax. Gentlemen Boars, I move a resolution,
That her most sacred Majesty should be
Invited to attend the feast of Famine,
And to receive upon her chaste white body
Dews of Apotheosis from this BAG.

[*A great confusion is heard of the* PIGS OUT OF DOORS, *which communicates itself to those within. During the first Strophe, the doors of the Stye are staved in, and a number of exceedingly lean* PIGS *and* SOWS *and* BOARS *rush in.*

Semichorus I.
No! Yes!
Semichorus II.
Yes! No!
Semichorus I.
A law!
Semichorus II.
A flaw!
Semichorus I.
Porkers, we shall lose our wash,
Or must share it with the Lean-Pigs!
First Boar.
Order! order! be not rash!
Was there ever such a scene, Pigs!
An old Sow (*rushing in*).
I never saw so fine a dash
Since I first began to wean Pigs.
Second Boar (*solemnly*).
The Queen will be an angel time enough.
I vote, in form of an amendment, that
Purganax rub a little of that stuff
Upon his face.
Purganax (*His heart is seen to beat through his waistcoat*).
Gods! What would ye be at?
Semichorus I.
Purganax has plainly shown a
Cloven foot and jack-daw feather.
Semichorus II.
I vote Swellfoot and Iona
Try the magic test together;
Whenever royal spouses bicker,
Both should try the magic liquor.
An old Boar (*aside*).
A miserable state is that of Pigs,
For if their drivers would tear caps and wigs,
The Swine must bite each other's ear therefore.
An old Sow (*aside*).
A wretched lot Jove has assigned to Swine,
Squabbling makes Pig-herds hungry, and they dine
On bacon, and whip sucking-Pigs the more.
Chorus.
Hog-wash has been ta'en away:
If the Bull-Queen is divested,
We shall be in every way
Hunted, stript, exposed, molested;
Let us do whate'er we may,
That she shall not be arrested.
QUEEN, we entrench you with walls of brawn,
And palisades of tusks, sharp as a bayonet:
Place your most sacred person here. We pawn
Our lives that none a finger dare to lay on it.
Those who wrong you, wrong us;
Those who hate you, hate us;
Those who sting you, sting us;
Those who bait you, bait us;
The *oracle* is now about to be
Fulfilled by circumvolving destiny;
Which says: "Thebes, choose *reform* or *civil war*,

When through your streets, instead of hare with dogs,
A CONSORT QUEEN shall hunt a KING with hogs,
Riding upon the IONIAN MINOTAUR."

Enter IONA TAURINA.

Iona Taurina (*coming forward*). Gentlemen Swine, and gentle Lady-Pigs,
The tender heart of every Boar acquits
Their QUEEN, of any act incongruous
With native piggishness, and she reposing
With confidence upon the grunting nation,
Has thrown herself, her cause, her life, her all,
Her innocence, into their hoggish arms;
Nor has the expectation been deceived
Of finding shelter there. Yet know, great Boars
(For such who ever lives among you finds you,
And so do I), the innocent are proud!
I have accepted your protection only
In compliment of your kind love and care,
Not for necessity. The innocent
Are safest there where trials and dangers wait;
Innocent Queens o'er white-hot ploughshares tread
Unsinged, and ladies, Erin's laureate sings it,[1]
Deckt with rare gems, and beauty rarer still,
Walkt from Killarney to the Giant's Causeway,
Thro' rebels, smugglers, troops of yeomanry,
White-boys, and Orange-boys, and constables,
Tithe-proctors, and excise people, uninjured!
Thus I! —
Lord PURGANAX, I do commit myself
Into your custody, and am prepared
To stand the test, whatever it may be!

Purganax. This magnanimity in your sacred Majesty
Must please the Pigs. You cannot fail of being
A heavenly angel. Smoke your bits of glass,
Ye loyal Swine, or her transfiguration
Will blind your wondering eyes.

An old Boar (*aside*). Take care, my Lord,
They do not smoke you first.

Purganax. At the approaching feast
Of Famine, let the expiation be.

Swine. Content! content!

Iona Taurina (*aside*). I, most content of all,
Know that my foes even thus prepare their fall! [*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE II. — *The interior of the Temple of* FAMINE. *The statue of the Goddess, a skeleton clothed in party-colored rags, seated upon a heap of skulls and loaves intermingled. A number of exceedingly fat Priests in black garments arrayed on each side, with marrow-bones and cleavers in their hands. A flourish of trumpets.*

Enter MAMMON *as arch-priest*, SWELLFOOT, DAKRY, PURGANAX, LAOCTONOS, *followed by* IONA TAURINA *guarded. On the other side enter the* SWINE.

Chorus of PRIESTS, *accompanied by the Court Porkman on marrow-bones and cleavers.*

GODDESS bare, and gaunt, and pale,
Empress of the world, all hail!
What tho' Cretans old called thee
City-crested Cybele?
We call thee FAMINE!
Goddess of fasts and feasts, starving and cramming!
Thro' thee, for emperors, kings, and priests and lords,
Who rule by viziers, sceptres, banknotes, words,
The earth pours forth its plenteous fruits,
Corn, wool, linen, flesh, and roots —
Those who consume these fruits thro' thee grow fat,
Those who produce these fruits thro' thee grow lean,

[1] "Rich and rare were the gems she wore." See Moore's "Irish Melodies."

Whatever change takes place, oh, stick to that!
And let things be as they have ever been;
At least while we remain thy priests,
And proclaim thy fasts and feasts!
Thro' thee the sacred SWELLFOOT dynasty
Is based upon a rock amid that sea
Whose waves are Swine — so let it ever be!

[SWELLFOOT, *etc.*, *seat themselves at a table magnificently covered at the upper end of the temple. Attendants pass over the stage with hog-wash in pails. A number of Pigs, exceedingly lean, follow them licking up the wash.*

Mammon. I fear your sacred Majesty has lost
The appetite which you were used to have.
Allow me now to recommend this dish —
A simple kickshaw by your Persian cook,
Such as is served at the great King's second table.
The price and pains which its ingredients cost,
Might have maintained some dozen families
A winter or two — not more — so plain a dish
Could scarcely disagree.
Swellfoot. After the trial,
And these fastidious Pigs are gone, perhaps
I may recover my lost appetite, —
I feel the gout flying about my stomach —
Give me a glass of Maraschino punch.
Purganax (filling his glass, and standing up). The glorious constitution of the Pigs!
All. A toast! a toast! stand up and three times three!
Dakry. No heel-taps — darken daylights! —
Laoctonos. Claret, somehow,
Puts me in mind of blood, and blood of claret!
Swellfoot. Laoctonos is fishing for a compliment,
But 't is his due. Yes, you have drunk more wine,
And shed more blood than any man in Thebes.

[*To* PURGANAX.

For God's sake stop the grunting of those Pigs!
Purganax. We dare not, Sire 't is Famine's privilege.

Chorus of Swine.

Hail to thee, hail to thee, Famine!
Thy throne is on blood, and thy robe is of rags;
Thou devil which livest on damning;
Saint of new churches, and cant, and GREEN BAGS,
Till in pity and terror thou risest,
Confounding the schemes of the wisest,
When thou liftest thy skeleton form,
When the loaves and the skulls roll about,
We will greet thee — the voice of a storm
Would be lost in our terrible shout!

Then hail to thee, hail to thee, Famine!
Hail to thee, Empress of Earth!
When thou risest, dividing possessions;
When thou risest, uprooting oppressions;
In the pride of thy ghastly mirth.
Over palaces, temples, and graves,
We will rush as thy minister-slaves,
Trampling behind in thy train,
Till all be made level again!

Mammon. I hear a crackling of the giant bones
Of the dread image, and in the black pits
Which once were eyes, I see two livid flames.
These prodigies are oracular, and show
The presence of the unseen Deity.
Mighty events are hastening to their doom!
Swellfoot. I only hear the lean and mutinous Swine
Grunting about the temple.
Dakry. In a crisis
Of such exceeding delicacy, I think
We ought to put her Majesty, the QUEEN,
Upon her trial without delay.
Mammon. THE BAG
Is here.
Purganax. I have rehearsed the entire scene

With an ox bladder and some ditch-water,
On Lady P.—it cannot fail. *(Taking up the bag.)* Your Majesty
[*To* SWELLFOOT.
In such a filthy business had better
Stand on one side, lest it should sprinkle you,
A spot or two on me would do no harm,
Nay, it might hide the blood, which the sad genius
Of the Green Isle has fixt, as by a spell,
Upon my brow—which would stain all its seas,
But which those seas could never wash away!

Iona Taurina. My Lord, I am ready—nay, I am impatient
To undergo the test.

[*A graceful figure in a semi-transparent veil passes unnoticed through the Temple; the word* LIBERTY *is seen through the veil, as if it were written in fire upon its forehead. Its words are almost drowned in the furious grunting of the* PIGS, *and the business of the trial. She kneels on the steps of the Altar, and speaks in tones at first faint and low, but which ever become louder and louder.*

Mighty Empress! Death's white wife!
Ghastly mother-in-law of life!
By the God who made thee such,
By the magic of thy touch,
By the starving and the cramming,
Of fasts and feasts! by thy dread self, O Famine!
I charge thee! when thou wake the multitude
Thou lead them not upon the paths of blood.
The earth did never mean her foison
For those who crown life's cup with poison
Of fanatic rage and meaningless revenge—
But for those radiant spirits, who are still
The standard-bearers in the van of Change.
Be they th' appointed stewards, to fill
The lap of Pain, and Toil, and Age!—
Remit, O Queen! thy accustomed rage!
Be what thou art not! In voice faint and low
FREEDOM calls *Famine*,—her eternal foe,
To brief alliance, hollow truce.—Rise now!

[*Whilst the Veiled Figure has been chanting this strophe*, MAMMON, DAKRY, LAOCTONOS, *and* SWELLFOOT, *have surrounded* IONA TAURINA, *who, with her hands folded on her breast, and her eyes lifted to Heaven, stands, as with saint-like resignation, to wait the issue of the business, in perfect confidence of her innocence.*

[PURGANAX, *after unsealing the* GREEN BAG, *is gravely about to pour the liquor upon her hand, when suddenly the whole expression of her figure and countenance changes; she snatches it from his hand with a loud laugh of triumph, and empties it over* SWELLFOOT *and his whole Court, who are instantly changed into a number of filthy and ugly animals, and rush out of the Temple. The image of* FAMINE *then arises with a tremendous sound, the* PIGS *begin scrambling for the loaves, and are tripped up by the skulls; all those who eat the loaves are turned into* BULLS, *and arrange themselves quietly behind the altar. The image of* FAMINE *sinks through a chasm in the earth, and a* MINOTAUR *rises.*

Minotaur. I am the Ionian Minotaur, the mightiest
Of all Europa's taurine progeny—
I am the old traditional Man-Bull;
And from my ancestors having been Ionian,
I am called Ion, which, by interpretation,
Is JOHN; in plain Theban, that is to say,
My name's JOHN BULL; I am a famous hunter,
And can leap any gate in all Bœotia,
Even the palings of the royal park,
Or double ditch about the new enclosures;
And if your Majesty will deign to mount me,
At least till you have hunted down your game,
I will not throw you.

Iona Taurina. (*During this speech she has been putting on boots and spurs, and a hunting cap, buckishly cocked on one side, and tucking up her hair, she leaps nimbly on his back.*) Hoa! hoa! tallyho! tallyho! ho! ho!
Come, let us hunt these ugly badgers down,
These stinking foxes, these devouring otters,
These hares, these wolves, these anything but men.
Hey, for a whipper-in! my loyal Pigs,
Now let your noses be as keen as beagles,
Your steps as swift as greyhounds, and your cries
More dulcet and symphonious than the bells
Of village-towers, on sunshine holiday;
Wake all the dewy woods with jangling music.
Give them no law (are they not beasts of blood?)
But such as they gave you. Tallyho! ho!
Thro' forest, furze, and bog, and den, and desert,
Pursue the ugly beasts! tallyho! ho!
Full Chorus of IONA *and the* SWINE.
Tallyho! tallyho!
Thro' rain, hail, and snow,
Thro' brake, gorse, and briar,
Thro' fen, flood, and mire,
We go! we go!

Tallyho! tallyho!
Thro' pond, ditch, and slough.
Wind them, and find them,
Like the Devil behind them,
Tallyho! tallyho!
[*Exeunt, in full cry;* IONA *driving on the* SWINE, *with the empty* GREEN BAG.

THE END

NOTE ON ŒDIPUS TYRANNUS, BY MRS. SHELLEY.

IN the brief journal I kept in those days, I find recorded, in August 1820, Shelley "begins 'Swellfoot the Tyrant,' suggested by the pigs at the fair of San Giuliano." This was the period of Queen Caroline's landing in England, and the struggles made by George IV. to get rid of her claims; which failing, Lord Castlereagh placed the "*Green Bag*" on the table of the House of Commons, demanding in the King's name that an inquiry should be instituted into his wife's conduct. These circumstances were the theme of all conversation among the English. We were then at the Baths of San Giuliano. A friend came to visit us on the day when a fair was held in the square beneath our windows: Shelley read to us his "Ode to Liberty;" and was riotously accompanied by the grunting of a quantity of pigs brought for sale to the fair. He compared it to the "chorus of frogs" in the satiric drama of Aristophanes; and, it being an hour of merriment, and one ludicrous association suggesting another, he imagined a political-satirical drama on the circumstances of the day, to which the pigs would serve as chorus — and "Swellfoot" was begun. When finished, it was transmitted to England, printed, and published anonymously; but stifled at the very dawn of its existence by the Society for the Suppression of Vice, who threatened to prosecute it, if not immediately withdrawn. The friend who had taken the trouble of bringing it out, of course, did not think it worth the annoyance and expense of a contest, and it was laid aside.

Hesitation of whether it would do honor to Shelley prevented my publishing it at first. But I cannot bring myself to keep back anything he ever wrote; for each word is fraught with the peculiar views and sentiments which he believed to be beneficial to the human race, and the bright light of poetry irradiates every thought. The world has a right to the entire compositions of such a man; for it does not live and thrive by the outworn lesson of the dullard or the hypocrite, but by the original free thoughts of men of genius, who aspire to pluck bright truth

"from the pale-faced moon;
Or dive into the bottom of the deep
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned"

truth. Even those who may dissent from his opinions will consider that he was a man of genius, and that the world will take more interest in his slightest word than from the waters of Lethe which are so eagerly prescribed as medicinal for all its wrongs and woes. This drama, however, must not be judged for more than was meant. It is a mere plaything of the imagination; which even may not excite smiles among many, who will not see wit in those combinations of thought which were full of the ridiculous to the author. But, like everything he wrote, it breathes that deep sympathy for the sorrows of humanity, and indignation against its oppressors, which make it worthy of his name.

EPIPSYCHIDION.

VERSES ADDRESSED TO THE NOBLE AND UNFORTUNATE LADY, EMILIA V——,

NOW IMPRISONED IN THE CONVENT OF——

L'anima amante si slancia fuori del creato, e si crea nel infinito un Mondo tutto per essa, diverso assai da questo oscuro e pauroso baratro.
HER OWN WORDS.

MY Song, I fear that thou wilt find but few
Who fitly shall conceive thy reasoning,
Of such hard matter dost thou entertain;
Whence, if by misadventure, chance should bring
Thee to base company (as chance may do),
Quite unaware of what thou dost contain,
I prithee, comfort thy sweet self again,
My last delight! tell them that they are dull,
And bid them own that thou art beautiful.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Writer of the following Lines died at Florence, as he was preparing for a voyage to one of the wildest of the Sporades, which he had bought, and where he had fitted up the ruins of an old building, and where it was his hope to have realized a scheme of life, suited perhaps to that happier and better world of which he is now an inhabitant, but hardly practicable in this. His life was singular; less on account of the romantic vicissitudes which diversified it, than the ideal tinge which it received from his own character and feelings. The present Poem, like the Vita Nuova of Dante, is sufficiently intelligible to a certain class of readers without a matter-of-fact history of the circumstances to which it relates; and to a certain other class it must ever remain incomprehensible, from a defect of a common organ of perception for the ideas of which it treats. Not but that, *gran vergogna sarebbe a colui, che rimasse cosa sotto veste di figura, o di colore rettorico: e domandato non sapesse denudare le sue parole da cotal veste, in guisa che avessero verace intendimento.*

The present poem appears to have been intended by the Writer as the dedication to some longer one. The stanza on the opposite page is almost a literal translation from Dante's famous Canzone

Voi, ch' intendendo, il terzo ciel movete, etc.

The presumptuous application of the concluding lines to his own composition will raise a smile at the expense of my unfortunate friend; be it a smile not of contempt, but pity. S.

EPIPSYCHIDION.

SWEET Spirit! Sister of that orphan one,
Whose empire is the name thou weepest on,
In my heart's temple I suspend to thee
These votive wreaths of withered memory

Poor captive bird! who, from thy narrow cage,
Pourest such music, that it might assuage
The rugged hearts of those who prisoned thee,
Were they not deaf to all sweet melody;
This song shall be thy rose: its petals pale
Are dead, indeed, my adored Nightingale!
But soft and fragrant is the faded blossom,
And it has no thorn left to wound thy bosom.

High, spirit-wingèd Heart! who dost forever
Beat thine unfeeling bars with vain endeavor,
Till those bright plumes of thought, in which arrayed
It over-soared this low and worldly shade,
Lie shattered; and thy panting, wounded breast
Stains with dear blood its unmaternal nest!
I weep vain tears: blood would less bitter be,
Yet poured forth gladlier, could it profit thee.

Seraph of Heaven! too gentle to be human,
Veiling beneath that radiant form of Woman
All that is insupportable in thee
Of light, and love, and immortality!
Sweet Benediction in the eternal Curse!
Veiled Glory of this lampless Universe!
Thou Moon beyond the clouds! Thou living Form
Among the Dead! Thou Star above the Storm!
Thou Wonder, and thou Beauty, and thou Terror!
Thou Harmony of Nature's art! Thou Mirror
In whom, as in the splendor of the Sun,
All shapes look glorious which thou gazest on!
Ay, even the dim words which obscure thee now
Flash, lightning-like, with unaccustomed glow;
I pray thee that thou blot from this sad song
All of its much mortality and wrong,
With those clear drops, which start like sacred dew
From the twin lights thy sweet soul darkens thro',
Weeping, till sorrow becomes ecstasy:
Then smile on it, so that it may not die.

I never thought before my death to see
Youth's vision thus made perfect. Emily,
I love thee; tho' the world by no thin name
Will hide that love, from its unvalued shame.
Would we two had been twins of the same mother!
Or, that the name my heart lent to another
Could be a sister's bond for her and thee,
Blending two beams of one eternity!
Yet were one lawful and the other true,
These names, tho' dear, could paint not, as is due,
How beyond refuge I am thine. Ah me!
I am not thine: I am a part of *thee*.

Sweet Lamp! my moth-like Muse has burnt its wings;
Or, like a dying swan who soars and sings,
Young Love should teach Time, in his own gray style,
All that thou art. Art thou not void of guile,
A lovely soul formed to be blest and bless?
A well of sealed and secret happiness,
Whose waters like blithe light and music are,
Vanquishing dissonance and gloom? A Star
Which moves not in the moving Heavens, alone?
A smile amid dark frowns? a gentle tone
Amid rude voices? a belovèd light?
A Solitude, a Refuge, a Delight?

A Lute, which those whom Love has taught to play
Make music on, to soothe the roughest day
And lull fond grief asleep? a buried treasure?
A cradle of young thoughts of wingless pleasure;
A violet-shrouded grave of Woe? — I measure
The world of fancies, seeking one like thee,
And find — alas! mine own infirmity.

She met me, Stranger, upon life's rough way,
And lured me towards sweet Death; as Night by Day,
Winter by Spring, or Sorrow by swift Hope,
Led into light, life, peace. An antelope,
In the suspended impulse of its lightness,
Were less ethereally light: the brightness
Of her divinest presence trembles thro'
Her limbs, as underneath a cloud of dew
Embodied in the windless Heaven of June
Amid the splendor-wingèd stars, the Moon
Burns, inextinguishably beautiful:
And from her lips, as from a hyacinth full
Of honey-dew, a liquid murmur drops,
Killing the sense with passion; sweet as stops
Of planetary music heard in trance.
In her mild lights the starry spirits dance,
The sunbeams of those wells which ever leap
Under the lightnings of the soul — too deep
For the brief fathom-line of thought or sense.
The glory of her being, issuing thence,
Stains the dead, blank, cold air with a warm shade
Of unentangled intermixture, made
By Love, of light and motion: one intense
Diffusion, one serene Omnipresence,
Whose flowing outlines mingle in their flowing
Around her cheeks and utmost fingers glowing
With the unintermitted blood, which there
Quivers (as in a fleece of snow-like air
The crimson pulse of living morning quiver),
Continuously prolonged, and ending never,
Till they are lost, and in that Beauty furled
Which penetrates and clasps and fills the world;
Scarce visible from extreme loveliness.
Warm fragrance seems to fall from her light dress
And her loose hair; and where some heavy tress
The air of her own speed has disentwined,
The sweetness seems to satiate the faint wind;
And in the soul a wild odor is felt,
Beyond the sense, like fiery dews that melt
Into the bosom of a frozen bud. —
See where she stands! a mortal shape indued
With love and life and light and deity,
And motion which may change but can not die;
An image of some bright Eternity;
A shadow of some golden dream; a Splendor
Leaving the third sphere pilotless; a tender
Reflection of the eternal Moon of Love
Under whose motions life's dull billows move;
A Metaphor of Spring and Youth and Morning;
A Vision like incarnate April, warning,
With smiles and tears, Frost the Anatomy
Into his summer grave.

Ah, woe is me!
What have I dared? where am I lifted? how
Shall I descend, and perish not? I know
That Love makes all things equal: I have heard
By mine own heart this joyous truth averred:

The spirit of the worm beneath the sod
In love and worship blends itself with God.

Spouse! Sister! Angel! Pilot of the Fate
Whose course has been so starless! Oh, too late
Beloved! Oh, too soon adored, by me!
For in the fields of immortality
My spirit should at first have worshipt thine,
A divine presence in a place divine;
Or should have moved beside it on this earth,
A shadow of that substance, from its birth:
But not as now:—I love thee; yes, I feel
That on the fountain of my heart a seal
Is set, to keep its waters pure and bright
For thee, since in those *tears* thou hast delight.
We—are we not formed, as notes of music are,
For one another, tho' dissimilar;
Such difference without discord, as can make
Those sweetest sounds, in which all spirits shake
As trembling leaves in a continuous air?

Thy wisdom speaks in me, and bids me dare
Beacon the rocks on which high hearts are wreckt.
I never was attached to that great sect,
Whose doctrine is, that each one should select
Out of the crowd a mistress or a friend,
And all the rest, tho' fair and wise, commend
To cold oblivion, tho' it is in the code
Of modern morals, and the beaten road
Which those poor slaves with weary footstep tread,
Who travel to their home among the dead
By the broad highway of the world, and so
With one chained friend, perhaps a jealous foe,
The dreariest and the longest journey go.

True Love in this differs from gold and clay,
That to divide is not to take away.
Love is like understanding, that grows bright,
Gazing on many truths; 't is like the light,
Imagination! which from earth and sky,
And from the depths of human fantasy,
As from a thousand prisms and mirrors, fills
The Universe with glorious beams, and kills
Error, the worm, with many a sunlike arrow
Of its reverberated lightning. Narrow
The heart that loves, the brain that contemplates,
The life that wears, the spirit that creates
One object, and one form, and builds thereby
A sepulchre for its eternity.

Mind from its object differs most in this:
Evil from good: misery from happiness;
The baser from the nobler; the impure
And frail, from what is clear and must endure.
If you divide suffering and dross, you may
Diminish till it is consumed away;
If you divide pleasure and love and thought,
Each part exceeds the whole; and we know not
How much, while any yet remains unshared,
Of pleasure may be gained, of sorrow spared:
This truth is that deep well, whence sages draw
The unenvied light of hope; the eternal law
By which those live, to whom this world of life
Is as a garden ravaged, and whose strife
Tills for the promise of a later birth
The wilderness of this Elysian earth.

There was a Being whom my spirit oft
Met on its visioned wanderings, far aloft,
In the clear golden prime of my youth's dawn,
Upon the fairy isles of sunny lawn,

Amid the enchanted mountains, and the caves
Of divine sleep, and on the air-like waves
Of wonder-level dream, whose tremulous floor
Paved her light steps; — on an imagined shore,
Under the gray beak of some promontory
She met me, robed in such exceeding glory,
That I beheld her not. In solitudes
Her voice came to me thro' the whispering woods,
And from the fountains, and the odors deep
Of flowers, which, like lips murmuring in their sleep
Of the sweet kisses which had lulled them there,
Breathed but of *her* to the enamoured air;
And from the breezes whether low or loud,
And from the rain of every passing cloud,
And from the singing of the summer birds,
And from all sounds, all silence. In the words
Of antique verse and high romance, — in form,
Sound, color — in whatever checks that Storm
Which with the shattered present chokes the past;
And in that best philosophy, whose taste
Makes this cold common hell, our life, a doom
As glorious as a fiery martyrdom;
Her Spirit was the harmony of truth. —

Then, from the caverns of my dreamy youth
I sprang, as one sandalled with plumes of fire,
And towards the loadstar of my one desire,
I flitted, like a dizzy moth, whose flight
Is as a dead leaf's in the owlet light,
When it would seek in Hesper's setting sphere
A radiant death, a fiery sepulchre,
As if it were a lamp of earthly flame. —
But She, whom prayers or tears then could not tame,
Past, like a God throned on a winged planet,
Whose burning plumes to tenfold swiftness fan it,
Into the dreary cone of our life's shade;
And as a man with mighty loss dismayed,
I would have followed, tho' the grave between
Yawned like a gulf whose spectres are unseen:
When a voice said: — "O Thou of hearts the weakest,
The phantom is beside thee whom thou seekest."
Then I — "Where?" the world's echo answered "where!"
And in that silence, and in my despair,
I questioned every tongueless wind that flew
Over my tower of mourning, if it knew
Whither 't was fled, this soul out of my soul;
And murmured names and spells which have control
Over the sightless tyrants of our fate;
But neither prayer nor verse could dissipate
The night which closed on her; nor uncreate
That world within this Chaos, mine and me,
Of which she was the veiled Divinity,
The world I say of thoughts that worshipt her:
And therefore I went forth, with hope and fear
And every gentle passion sick to death,
Feeding my course with expectation's breath,
Into the wintry forest of our life;
And struggling thro' its error with vain strife,
And stumbling in my weakness and my haste,
And half bewildered by new forms, I past
Seeking among those untaught foresters
If I could find one form resembling hers,
In which she might have maskt herself from me.
There, — One, whose voice was venomed melody

Sate by a well, under blue nightshade bowers;
The breath of her false mouth was like faint flowers,
Her touch was as electric poison, — flame
Out of her looks into my vitals came,
And from her living cheeks and bosom flew
A killing air, which pierced like honey-dew
Into the core of my green heart, and lay
Upon its leaves; until, as hair grown gray
O'er a young brow, they hid its unblown prime
With ruins of unseasonable time.

In many mortal forms I rashly sought
The shadow of that idol of my thought.
And some were fair — but beauty dies away:
Others were wise — but honeyed words betray:
And One was true — oh! why not true to me?
Then, as a hunted deer that could not flee,
I turned upon my thoughts, and stood at bay,
Wounded and weak and panting; the cold day
Trembled, for pity of my strife and pain.
When, like a noonday dawn, there shone again
Deliverance. One stood on my path who seemed
As like the glorious shape which I had dreamed,
As is the Moon, whose changes ever run
Into themselves, to the eternal Sun;
The cold chaste Moon, the Queen of Heaven's bright isles,
Who makes all beautiful on which she smiles,
That wandering shrine of soft yet icy flame
Which ever is transformed, yet still the same,
And warms not but illumines. Young and fair
As the descended Spirit of that sphere,
She hid me, as the Moon may hide the night
From its own darkness, until all was bright
Between the Heaven and Earth of my calm mind,
And, as a cloud charioted by the wind,
She led me to a cave in that wild place,
And sate beside me, with her downward face
Illumining my slumbers, like the Moon
Waxing and waning o'er Endymion.
And I was laid asleep, spirit and limb,
And all my being became bright or dim
As the Moon's image in a summer sea,
According as she smiled or frowned on me;
And there I lay, within a chaste cold bed:
Alas, I then was nor alive nor dead:—
For at her silver voice came Death and Life,
Unmindful each of their accustomed strife,
Maskt like twin babes, a sister and a brother,
The wandering hopes of one abandoned mother,
And thro' the cavern without wings they flew,
And cried "Away, he is not of our crew."
I wept, and tho' it be a dream, I weep.

What storms then shook the ocean of my sleep,
Blotting that Moon, whose pale and waning lips
Then shrank as in the sickness of eclipse;—
And how my soul was as a lampless sea,
And who was then its Tempest; and when She,
The Planet of that hour, was quencht, what frost
Crept o'er those waters, till from coast to coast
The moving billows of my being fell
Into a death of ice, immovable;—
And then — what earthquakes made it gape and split,
The white Moon smiling all the while on it,

These words conceal:—If not, each word would be
The key of stanchless tears. Weep not for me!

At length, into the obscure Forest came
The Vision I had sought thro' grief and shame.
Athwart that wintry wilderness of thorns
Flasht from her motion splendor like the Morn's,
And from her presence life was radiated
Thro' the gray earth and branches bare and dead;
So that her way was paved, and rooft above
With flowers as soft as thoughts of budding love;
And music from her respiration spread
Like light, — all other sounds were penetrated
By the small, still, sweet spirit of that sound,
So that the savage winds hung mute around;
And odors warm and fresh fell from her hair
Dissolving the dull cold in the frore air:
Soft as an Incarnation of the Sun,
When light is changed to love, this glorious One
Floated into the cavern where I lay,
And called my Spirit, and the dreaming clay
Was lifted by the thing that dreamed below
As smoke by fire, and in her beauty's glow
I stood, and felt the dawn of my long night
Was penetrating me with living light:
I knew it was the Vision veiled from me
So many years — that it was Emily.

Twin Spheres of light who rule this passive Earth,
This world of love, this *me;* and into birth
Awaken all its fruits and flowers, and dart
Magnetic might into its central heart;
And lift its billows and its mists, and guide
By everlasting laws, each wind and tide
To its fit cloud, and its appointed cave;
And lull its storms, each in the craggy grave
Which was its cradle, luring to faint bowers
The armies of the rainbow-wingèd showers;
And, as those married lights, which from the towers
Of Heaven look forth and fold the wandering globe
In liquid sleep and splendor, as a robe;
And all their many-mingled influence blend,
If equal, yet unlike, to one sweet end;—
So ye, bright regents, with alternate sway
Govern my sphere of being, night and day!
Thou, not disdaining even a borrowed might;
Thou, not eclipsing a remoter light;
And, thro' the shadow of the seasons three,
From Spring to Autumn's sere maturity,
Light it into the Winter of the tomb,
Where it may ripen to a brighter bloom.
Thou too, O Comet beautiful and fierce,
Who drew the heart of this frail Universe
Towards thine own; till, wreckt in that convulsion,
Alternating attraction and repulsion,
Thine went astray and that was rent in twain;
Oh, float into our azure heaven again!
Be there love's folding-star at thy return;
The living Sun will feed thee from its urn
Of golden fire; the Moon will veil her horn
In thy last smiles; adoring Even and Morn
Will worship thee with incense of calm breath
And lights and shadows; as the star of Death
And Birth is worshipt by those sisters wild
Called Hope and Fear — upon the heart are piled

Their offerings, — of this sacrifice divine
A World shall be the altar.
Lady mine,
Scorn not these flowers of thought, the fading birth
Which from its heart of hearts that plant puts forth
Whose fruit, made perfect by thy sunny eyes,
Will be as of the trees of Paradise.

The day is come, and thou wilt fly with me.
To whatsoe'er of dull mortality
Is mine, remain a vestal sister still;
To the intense, the deep, the imperishable,
Not mine but me, henceforth be thou united
Even as a bride, delighting and delighted.
The hour is come: — the destined Star has risen
Which shall descend upon a vacant prison.
The walls are high, the gates are strong, thick set
The sentinels — but true love never yet
Was thus constrained: it overleaps all fence:
Like lightning, with invisible violence
Piercing its continents; like Heaven's free breath,
Which he who grasps can hold not; liker Death,
Who rides upon a thought, and makes his way
Thro' temple, tower, and palace, and the array
Of arms: more strength has Love than he or they;
For it can burst his charnel, and make free
The limbs in chains, the heart in agony,
The soul in dust and chaos.
Emily,
A ship is floating in the harbor now,
A wind is hovering o'er the mountain's brow;
There is a path on the sea's azure floor,
No keel has ever ploughed that path before;
The halcyons brood around the foamless isles;
The treacherous Ocean has forsworn its wiles;
The merry mariners are bold and free:
Say, my heart's sister, wilt thou sail with me?
Our bark is as an albatross, whose nest
Is a far Eden of the purple East;
And we between her wings will sit, while Night
And Day, and Storm, and Calm, pursue their flight,
Our ministers, along the boundless Sea,
Treading each other's heels, unheededly.
Is it an isle under Ionian skies,
Beautiful as a wreck of Paradise,
And, for the harbors are not safe and good,
This land would have remained a solitude
But for some pastoral people native there,
Who from the Elysian, clear, and golden air
Draw the last spirit of the age of gold,
Simple and spirited, innocent and bold.
The blue Ægean girds this chosen home,
With ever-changing sound and light and foam,
Kissing the sifted sands, and caverns hoar;
And all the winds wandering along the shore
Undulate with the undulating tide:
There are thick woods where sylvan forms abide;
And many a fountain, rivulet, and pond,
As clear as elemental diamond,
Or serene morning air; and far beyond,
The mossy tracks made by the goats and deer
(Which the rough shepherd treads but once a year),
Pierce into glades, caverns, and bowers, and halls
Built round with ivy, which the waterfalls
Illumining, with sound that never fails
Accompany the noonday nightingales;
And all the place is peopled with sweet airs;

The light clear element which the isle wears
Is heavy with the scent of lemon-flowers,
Which floats like mist laden with unseen showers
And falls upon the eyelids like faint sleep;
And from the moss violets and jonquils peep,
And dart their arrowy odor thro' the brain
Till you might faint with that delicious pain.
And every motion, odor, beam, and tone,
With that deep music is in unison:
Which is a soul within the soul — they seem
Like echoes of an antenatal dream. —
It is an isle 'twixt Heaven, Air, Earth, and Sea,
Cradled, and hung in clear tranquillity;
Bright as that wandering Eden Lucifer,
Washt by the soft blue Oceans of young air.
It is a favored place. Famine or Blight,
Pestilence, War, and Earthquake, never light
Upon its mountain-peaks; blind vultures, they
Sail onward far upon their fatal way:
The wingèd storms, chanting their thunder-psalm
To other lands, leave azure chasms of calm
Over this isle, or weep themselves in dew,
From which its fields and woods ever renew
Their green and golden immortality.
And from the sea there rise, and from the sky
There fall, clear exhalations, soft and bright,
Veil after veil, each hiding some delight,
Which Sun or Moon or zephyr draw aside,
Till the isle's beauty, like a naked bride
Glowing at once with love and loveliness,
Blushes and trembles at its own excess:
Yet, like a buried lamp, a Soul no less
Burns in the heart of this delicious isle,
An atom of the Eternal, whose own smile
Unfolds itself, and may be felt, not seen
O'er the gray rocks, blue waves, and forests green,
Filling their bare and void interstices. —
But the chief marvel of the wilderness
Is a lone dwelling, built by whom or how
None of the rustic island-people know:
'T is not a tower of strength, tho' with its height
It overtops the woods; but, for delight,
Some wise and tender Ocean-King, ere crime
Had been invented, in the world's young prime,
Reared it, a wonder of that simple time,
An envy of the isles, a pleasure-house
Made sacred to his sister and his spouse.
It scarce seems now a wreck of human art,
But, as it were Titanic; in the heart
Of Earth having assumed its form, then grown
Out of the mountains, from the living stone,
Lifting itself in caverns light and high:
For all the antique and learnèd imagery
Has been erased, and in the place of it
The ivy and the wild-vine interknit
The volumes of their many-twining stems;
Parasite flowers illume with dewy gems
The lampless halls, and when they fade, the sky
Peeps through their winter-woof of tracery
With moonlight patches, or star-atoms keen,
Or fragments of the day's intense serene; —
Working mosaic on the Parian floors.
And, day and night, aloof, from the high towers
And terraces, the Earth and Ocean seem
To sleep in one another's arms, and dream
Of waves, flowers, clouds, woods, rocks, and all that we
Read in their smiles, and call reality.

This isle and house are mine, and I have vowed
Thee to be lady of the solitude. —
And I have fitted up some chambers there
Looking towards the golden Eastern air,

And level with the living winds, which flow
Like waves above the living waves below. —
I have sent books and music there, and all
Those instruments with which high spirits call
The future from its cradle, and the past
Out of its grave, and make the present last
In thoughts and joys which sleep, but can not die,
Folded within their own eternity.
Our simple life wants little, and true taste
Hires not the pale drudge Luxury, to waste
The scene it would adorn, and therefore still,
Nature, with all her children, haunts the hill.
The ring-dove, in the embowering ivy, yet
Keeps up her love-lament, and the owls flit
Round the evening tower, and the young stars glance
Between the quick bats in their twilight dance;
The spotted deer bask in the fresh moonlight
Before our gate, and the slow, silent night
Is measured by the pants of their calm sleep.
Be this our home in life, and when years heap
Their withered hours, like leaves, on our decay,
Let us become the overhanging day,
The living soul of this Elysian isle,
Conscious, inseparable, one. Meanwhile
We two will rise, and sit, and walk together,
Under the roof of blue Ionian weather,
And wander in the meadows, or ascend
The mossy mountains, where the blue heavens bend
With lightest winds, to touch their paramour;
Or linger, where the pebble-paven shore,
Under the quick, faint kisses of the sea
Trembles and sparkles as with ecstasy, —
Possessing and possest by all that is
Within that calm circumference of bliss,
And by each other, till to love and live
Be one: — or, at the noontide hour, arrive
Where some old cavern hoar seems yet to keep
The moonlight of the expired night asleep,
Thro' which the awakened day can never peep;
A veil for our seclusion, close as Night's,
Where secure sleep may kill thine innocent lights;
Sleep, the fresh dew of languid love, the rain
Whose drops quench kisses till they burn again.
And we will talk, until thought's melody
Become too sweet for utterance, and it die
In words, to live again in looks, which dart
With thrilling tone into the voiceless heart,
Harmonizing silence without a sound.
Our breath shall intermix, our bosoms bound,
And our veins beat together; and our lips
With other eloquence than words, eclipse
The soul that burns between them, and the wells
Which boil under our being's inmost cells,
The fountains of our deepest life, shall be
Confused in passion's golden purity,
As mountain-springs under the morning Sun.
We shall become the same, we shall be one
Spirit within two frames, oh! wherefore two?
One passion in twin-hearts, which grows and grew,
Till like two meteors of expanding flame,
Those spheres instinct with it become the same,
Touch, mingle, are transfigured; ever still
Burning, yet ever inconsumable:
In one another's substance finding food,

Like flames too pure and light and unimbued
To nourish their bright lives with baser prey,
Which point to Heaven and can not pass away:
One hope within two wills, one will beneath
Two overshadowing minds, one life, one death,
One Heaven, one Hell, one immortality,
And one annihilation. Woe is me!
The winged words on which my soul would pierce
Into the height of love's rare Universe,
Are chains of lead around its flight of fire —
I pant, I sink, I tremble, I expire!

Weak Verses, go, kneel at your Sovereign's feet,
And say: — "We are the masters of thy slave;
What wouldest thou with us and ours and thine?"
Then call your sisters from Oblivion's cave,
All singing loud: "Love's very pain is sweet.
But its reward is in the world divine
Which, if not here, it builds beyond the grave."
So shall ye live when I am there. Then haste
Over the hearts of men, until ye meet
Marina, Vanna, Primus, and the rest,
And bid them love each other and be blest:
And leave the troop which errs, and which reproves,
And come and be my guest, — for I am Love's.

FRAGMENTS CONNECTED WITH EPIPSYCHIDION.

Here, my dear friend, is a new book for you;
I have already dedicated two
To other friends, one female and one male, —
What you are is a thing that I must veil;
What can this be to those who praise or rail?
I never was attacht to that great sect
Whose doctrine is that each one should select
Out of the world a mistress or a friend,
And all the rest, tho' fair and wise, commend
To cold oblivion — tho' 't is in the code
Of modern morals, and the beaten road
Which those poor slaves with weary footsteps tread
Who travel to their home among the dead
By the broad highway of the world — and so
With one sad friend, and many a jealous foe,
The dreariest and the longest journey go.

Free love has this, different from gold and clay,
That to divide is not to take away.
Like ocean, which the general north wind breaks
Into ten thousand waves, and each one makes
A mirror of the moon — like some great glass,
Which did distort whatever form might pass,
Dasht into fragments by a playful child,
Which then reflects its eyes and forehead mild;
Giving for one, which it could ne'er express,
A thousand images of loveliness.

If I were one whom the loud world held wise,
I should disdain to quote authorities
In commendation of this kind of love: —
Why there is first the God in heaven above,
Who wrote a book called Nature, 't is to be
Reviewed, I hear, in the next Quarterly;
And Socrates, the Jesus Christ of Greece,
And Jesus Christ himself did never cease
To urge all living things to love each other,

And to forgive their mutual faults, and smother
The Devil of disunion in their souls.

. . . . . .

I love you! — Listen, O embodied Ray
Of the great Brightness; I must pass away
While you remain, and these light words must be
Tokens by which you may remember me.
Start not — the thing you are is unbetrayed,
If you are human, and if but the shade
Of some sublimer spirit.

. . . . . .

And as to friend or mistress, 't is a form;
Perhaps I wish you were one. Some declare
You a familiar spirit, as you are;
Others with a more inhuman
Hint that, tho' not my wife, you are a woman,
What is the color of your eyes and hair?
Why, if you were a lady, it were fair
The world should know — but, as I am afraid,
The Quarterly would bait you if betrayed;
And if, as it will be sport to see them stumble
Over all sorts of scandals, hear them mumble
Their litany of curses — some guess right,
And others swear you 're a Hermaphrodite;
Like that sweet marble monster of both sexes,
With looks so sweet and gentle that it vexes
The very soul that the soul is gone
Which lifted from her limbs the veil of stone.

. . . . . .

It is a sweet thing, friendship, a dear balm,
A happy and auspicious bird of calm,
Which rides o'er life's ever tumultuous Ocean;
A God that broods o'er chaos in commotion;
A flower which fresh as Lapland roses are,
Lifts its bold head into the world's frore air,
And blooms most radiantly when others die,
Health, hope, and youth, and brief prosperity;
And with the light and odor of its bloom,
Shining within the dungeon and the tomb;
Whose coming is as light and music are
Mid dissonance and gloom — a star
Which moves not mid the moving heavens alone —
A smile among dark frowns — a gentle tone
Among rude voices, a beloved light,
A solitude, a refuge, a delight.
If I had but a friend! Why, I have three
Even by my own confession; there may be
Some more, for what I know, for 't is my mind
To call my friends all who are wise and kind, —
And these, Heaven knows, at best are very few;
But none can ever be more dear than you.
Why should they be? My muse has lost her wings,
Or like a dying swan who soars and sings,
I should describe you in heroic style,
But as it is, are you not void of guile?
A lovely soul, formed to be blest and bless:
A well of sealed and secret happiness;
A lute which those whom Love has taught to play
Make music on to cheer the roughest day,
And enchant sadness till it sleeps?

. . . . . .

To the oblivion whither I and thou.
All loving and all lovely, hasten now
With steps, ah, too unequal! may we meet
In one Elysium or one winding sheet!

If any should be curious to discover
Whether to you I am a friend or lover,
Let them read Shakespeare's sonnets, taking thence
A whetstone for their dull intelligence

That tears and will not cut, or let them guess
How Diotima, the wise prophetess,
Instructed the instructor, and why he
Rebuked the infant spirit of melody
On Agathon's sweet lips, which as he spoke
Was as the lovely star when morn has broke
The roof of darkness, in the golden dawn,
Half-hidden, and yet beautiful. I'll pawn
My hopes of Heaven — you know what they are are worth —
That the presumptuous pedagogues of Earth,
If they could tell the riddle offered here
Would scorn to be, or being to appear
What now they seem and are — but let them chide,
They have few pleasures in the world beside;
Perhaps we should be dull were we not chidden,
Paradise fruits are sweetest when forbidden.
Folly can season Wisdom, Hatred Love.

. . . . . .

Farewell, if it can be to say farewell
To those who —

. . . . . .

I will not, as most dedicators do,
Assure myself and all the world and you,
That you are faultless — would to God they were
Who taunt me with your love! I then should wear
These heavy chains of life with a light spirit,
And would to God I were, or even as near it
As you, dear heart. Alas! what are we? Clouds
Driven by the wind in warring multitudes,
Which rain into the bosom of the earth,
And rise again, and in our death and birth,
And thro' our restless life, take as from heaven
Hues which are not our own, but which are given,
And then withdrawn, and with inconstant glance
Flash from the spirit to the countenance.
There is a Power, a Love, a Joy, a God
Which makes in mortal hearts its brief abode,
A Pythian exhalation, which inspires
Love, only love — a wind which o'er the wires
Of the soul's giant harp —
There is a mood which language faints beneath;
You feel it striding, as Almighty Death
His bloodless steed.

. . . . . .

And what is that most brief and bright delight
Which rushes through the touch and through the sight,
And stands before the spirit's inmost throne,
A naked Seraph? None hath ever known.
Its birth is darkness, and its growth desire;
Untameable and fleet and fierce as fire,
Not to be touched but to be felt alone,
It fills the world with glory — and is gone.

. . . . . .

It floats with rainbow pinions o'er the stream
Of life, which flows, like a dream
Into the light of morning, to the grave
As to an ocean.

. . . . . .

What is that joy which serene infancy
Perceives not, as the hours content them by,
Each in a chain of blossoms, yet enjoys
The shapes of this new world, in giant toys
Wrought by the busy ever new?
Remembrance borrows Fancy's glass, to show
These forms more sincere
Than now they are, than then, perhaps, they were.
When everything familiar seemed to be
Wonderful, and the immortality
Of this great world, which all things must inherit,

Was felt as one with the awakening spirit,
Unconscious of itself, and of the strange
Distinctions which in its proceeding change
It feels and knows, and mourns as if each were
A desolation.

. . . . . .

Were it not a sweet refuge, Emily,
For all those exiles from the dull insane
Who vex this pleasant world with pride and pain,
For all that band of sister-spirits known
To one another by a voiceless tone?

ADONAIS:

AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF JOHN KEATS, AUTHOR OF ENDYMION, HYPERION, Etc.

Ἀστὴρ πρὶν μὲν ἤλαμπες ἐνὶ ζώοισιν Ἑῶος·
Νῦν δὲ θανὼν λάμπεις Ἔσπερος ἐν φθιμένοις.
PLATO.

PREFACE.

Φάρμακον ἦλθε, Βίων, ποτὶ σὸν στόμα, φάρμακον εἶδες.
Πῶς τευ τοῖς χείλεσσι ποτέδραμε, κοὐκ ἐγλυκάνθη;
Τίς δὲ βροτὸς τοσσοῦτον ἀνάμερος, ᾧ κεράσαι τοι,
Ἢ δοῦναι λαλέοντι τὸ φάρμακον; ἔκφυγεν ὠδάν.
MOSCHUS, EPITAPH. BION.

It is my intention to subjoin to the London edition of this poem a criticism upon the claims of its lamented object to be classed among the writers of the highest genius who have adorned our age. My known repugnance to the narrow principles of taste on which several of his earlier compositions were modelled prove at least that I am an impartial judge. I consider the fragment of Hyperion, as second to nothing that was ever produced by a writer of the same years.

John Keats died at Rome of a consumption, in his twenty-fourth year, on the —— of —— 1821; and was buried in the romantic and lonely cemetery of the Protestants in that city, under the pyramid which is the tomb of Cestius, and the massy walls and towers, now mouldering and desolate, which formed the circuit of ancient Rome. The cemetery is an open space among the ruins, covered in winter with violets and daisies. It might make one in love with death, to think that one should be buried in so sweet a place.

The genius of the lamented person to whose memory I have dedicated these unworthy verses was not less delicate and fragile than it was beautiful; and where cankerworms abound, what wonder if its young flower was blighted in the bud? The savage criticism on his Endymion, which appeared in the *Quarterly Review*, produced the most violent effect on his susceptible mind; the agitation thus originated ended in the rupture of a bloodvessel in the lungs; a rapid consumption ensued, and the succeeding acknowledgments from more candid critics of the true greatness of his powers were ineffectual to heal the wound thus wantonly inflicted.

It may be well said that these wretched men know not what they do. They scatter their insults and their slanders without heed as to whether the poisoned shaft lights on a heart made callous by many blows, or one like Keats's composed of more penetrable stuff. One of their associates is, to my knowledge, a most base and unprincipled calumniator. As to "Endymion," was it a poem, whatever might be its defects, to be treated contemptuously by those who had celebrated, with various degrees of complacency and panegyric, "Paris," and "Woman," and a "Syrian Tale," and Mrs. Lefanu, and Mr. Barrett, and Mr. Howard Payne, and a long list of the illustrious obscure? Are these the men who in their venal good nature presumed to draw a parallel between the Rev. Mr. Milman and Lord Byron? What gnat did they strain at here, after having swallowed all those camels? Against what woman taken in adultery dares the foremost of these literary prostitutes to cast his opprobrious stone? Miserable man! you, one of the meanest, have wantonly defaced one of the noblest specimens of the workmanship of God. Nor shall it be your excuse, that, mur-

derer as you are, you have spoken daggers, but used none.

The circumstances of the closing scene of poor Keats's life were not made known to me until the Elegy was ready for the press. I am given to understand that the wound which his sensitive spirit had received from the criticism of Endymion was exasperated by the bitter sense of unrequited benefits; the poor fellow seems to have been hooted from the stage of life, no less by those on whom he had wasted the promise of his genius, than those on whom he had lavished his fortune and his care. He was accompanied to Rome, and attended in his last illness by Mr. Severn, a young artist of the highest promise, who, I have been informed, "almost risked his own life, and sacrificed every prospect to unwearied attendance upon his dying friend." Had I known these circumstances before the completion of my poem, I should have been tempted to add my feeble tribute of applause to the more solid recompense which the virtuous man finds in the recollection of his own motives. Mr. Severn can dispense with a reward from "such stuff as dreams are made of." His conduct is a golden augury of the success of his future career — may the unextinguished Spirit of his illustrious friend animate the creations of his pencil, and plead against Oblivion for his name!

ADONAIS

I.

I WEEP for Adonais — he is dead!
Oh weep for Adonais! tho' our tears
Thaw not the frost which binds so dear a head!
And thou, sad Hour, selected from all years
To mourn our loss, rouse thy obscure compeers,
And teach them thine own sorrow! Say: "With me
Died Adonais; till the future dares
Forget the Past, his fate and fame shall be
An echo and a light unto eternity!"

II.

Where wert thou mighty Mother, when he lay,
When thy Son lay, pierced by the shaft which flies
In darkness? where was lorn Urania
When Adonais died? With veilèd eyes,
Mid listening Echoes, in her Paradise
She sate, while one, with soft enamoured breath,
Rekindled all the fading melodies,
With which, like flowers that mock the corse beneath,
He had adorned and hid the coming bulk of death.

III.

Oh weep for Adonais — he is dead!
Wake, melancholy Mother, wake and weep!
Yet wherefore? Quench within their burning bed
Thy fiery tears, and let thy loud heart keep
Like his, a mute and uncomplaining sleep;
For he is gone, where all things wise and fair
Descend; — oh, dream not that the amorous Deep
Will yet restore him to the vital air;
Death feeds on his mute voice, and laughs at our despair.

IV.

Most musical of mourners, weep again!
Lament anew, Urania! — He died,
Who was the Sire of an immortal strain,
Blind, old, and lonely, when his country's pride,
The priest, the slave, and the libertícide,
Trampled and mockt with many a loathèd rite

Of lust and blood; he went, unterrified,
Into the gulf of death; but his clear Sprite
Yet reigns o'er earth; the third among the sons of light.

V.

Most musical of mourners, weep anew!
Not all to that bright station dared to climb;
And happier they their happiness who knew,
Whose tapers yet burn thro' that night of time
In which suns perisht; others more sublime,
Struck by the envious wrath of man or God,
Have sunk, extinct in their refulgent prime;
And some yet live, treading the thorny road,
Which leads, thro' toil and hate, to Fame's serene abode.

VI.

But now, thy youngest, dearest one has perisht,
The nursling of thy widowhood, who grew,
Like a pale flower by some sad maiden cherisht,
And fed with true-love tears, instead of dew;
Most musical of mourners, weep anew!
Thy extreme hope, the loveliest and the last,
The bloom, whose petals nipt before they blew
Died on the promise of the fruit, is waste;
The broken lily lies — the storm is overpast.

VII.

To that high Capital, where kingly Death
Keeps his pale court in beauty and decay,
He came; and bought, with price of purest breath,
A grave among the eternal. — Come away!
Haste, while the vault of blue Italian day
Is yet his fitting charnel-roof! while still
He lies, as if in dewy sleep he lay;
Awake him not! surely he takes his fill
Of deep and liquid rest, forgetful of all ill.

VIII.

He will awake no more, oh, never more! —
Within the twilight chamber spreads apace,
The shadow of white Death, and at the door
Invisible Corruption waits to trace
His extreme way to her dim dwelling-place;
The eternal Hunger sits, but pity and awe
Soothe her pale rage, nor dares she to deface
So fair a prey, till darkness, and the law
Of change shall o'er his sleep the mortal curtain draw.

IX.

Oh weep for Adonais! — The quick Dreams,
The passion-wingèd Ministers of thought,
Who were his flocks, whom near the living streams
Of his young spirit he fed, and whom he taught
The love which was its music, wander not, —
Wander no more, from kindling brain to brain,
But droop there, whence they sprung; and mourn their lot
Round the cold heart, where, after their sweet pain,
They ne'er will gather strength, or find a home again.

X.

And one with trembling hands clasps
his cold head,
And fans him with her moonlight
wings, and cries;
"Our love, our hope, our sorrow, is
not dead;
See, on the silken fringe of his faint
eyes,
Like dew upon a sleeping flower, there
lies
A tear some Dream has loosened
from his brain,"
Lost Angel of a ruined Paradise!
She knew not 't was her own; as with
no stain
She faded, like a cloud which had out-
wept its rain.

XI.

One from a lucid urn of starry dew
Washt his light limbs as if embalming
them;
Another clipt her profuse locks, and
threw
The wreath upon him, like an anadem,
Which frozen tears instead of pearls
begem;
Another in her wilful grief would break
Her bow and wingèd reeds, as if to
stem
A greater loss with one which was
more weak;
And dull the barbèd fire against his
frozen cheek.

XII.

Another Splendor on his mouth alit,
That mouth, whence it was wont to
draw the breath
Which gave it strength to pierce the
guarded wit,
And pass into the panting heart be-
neath
With lightning and with music: the
damp death
Quencht its caress upon his icy lips;
And, as a dying meteor stains a wreath
Of moonlight vapor, which the cold
night clips,
It flusht thro' his pale limbs, and past to
its eclipse.

XIII.

And others came . . . Desires and
Adorations,
Wingèd Persuasions and veiled Des-
tinies,
Splendors, and Glooms, and glimmer-
ing Incarnations
Of hopes and fears, and twilight
Fantasies;
And Sorrow, with her family of Sighs,
And Pleasure, blind with tears, led by
the gleam
Of her own dying smile instead of eyes,
Came in slow pomp;— the moving
pomp might seem
Like pageantry of mist on an autumnal
stream.

XIV.

All he had loved, and moulded into
thought,
From shape, and hue, and odor, and
sweet sound,
Lamented Adonais. Morning sought
Her eastern watchtower, and her hair
unbound,
Wet with the tears which should adorn
the ground,
Dimmed the aerial eyes that kindle
day;
Afar the melancholy thunder moaned,
Pale Ocean in unquiet slumber lay,
And the wild winds flew round, sobbing
in their dismay.

XV.

Lost Echo sits amid the voiceless
mountains,
And feeds her grief with his remem-
bered lay,
And will no more reply to winds or
fountains,
Or amorous birds percht on the young
green spray,
Or herdsman's horn, or bell at closing
day;
Since she can mimic not his lips, more
dear
Than those for whose disdain she
pined away
Into a shadow of all sounds:— a drear
Murmur, between their songs, is all the
woodmen hear.

XVI.

Grief made the young Spring wild, and she threw down
Her kindling buds, as if she Autumn were,
Or they dead leaves; since her delight is flown
For whom should she have waked the sullen year?
To Phœbus was not Hyacinth so dear
Nor to himself Narcissus, as to both
Thou, Adonais: wan they stand and sere
Amid the faint companions of their youth,
With dew all turned to tears; odor, to sighing ruth.

XVII.

Thy spirit's sister, the lorn nightingale
Mourns not her mate with such melodious pain;
Not so the eagle, who like thee could scale
Heaven, and could nourish in the sun's domain
Her mighty youth with morning, doth complain,
Soaring and screaming round her empty nest,
As Albion wails for thee: the curse of Cain
Light on his head who pierced thy innocent breast,
And scared the angel soul that was its earthly guest!

XVIII.

Ah woe is me! Winter is come and gone,
But grief returns with the revolving year;
The airs and streams renew their joyous tone;
The ants, the bees, the swallows reappear;
Fresh leaves and flowers deck the dead Seasons' bier;
The amorous birds now pair in every brake,
And build their mossy homes in field and brere;
And the green lizard, and the golden snake,
Like unimprisoned flames, out of their trance awake.

XIX.

Thro' wood and stream and field and hill and Ocean
A quickening life from the Earth's heart has burst
As it has ever done, with change and motion,
From the great morning of the world when first
God dawned on Chaos; in its stream immerst
The lamps of Heaven flash with a softer light;
All baser things pant with life's sacred thirst;
Diffuse themselves; and spend in love's delight,
The beauty and the joy of their renewèd might.

XX.

The leprous corpse toucht by this spirit tender
Exhales itself in flowers of gentle breath;
Like incarnations of the stars, when splendor
Is changed to fragrance, they illumine death
And mock the merry worm that wakes beneath;
Naught we know, dies. Shall that alone which knows
Be as a sword consumed before the sheath
By sightless lightning? — the intense atom glows
A moment, then is quencht in a most cold repose.

XXI.

Alas! that all we loved of him should be,
But for our grief, as if it had not been,
And grief itself be mortal! Woe is me!
Whence are we, and why are we? of what scene

The actors or spectators? Great and mean
Meet massed in death, who lends what life must borrow.
As long as skies are blue, and fields are green,
Evening must usher night, night urge the morrow,
Month follow month with woe, and year wake year to sorrow.

XXII.

He will awake no more, oh, never more!
"Wake thou," cried Misery, "childless Mother, rise
Out of thy sleep, and slake, in thy heart's core,
A wound more fierce than his with tears and sighs."
And all the Dreams that watcht Urania's eyes,
And all the Echoes whom their sister's song
Had held in holy silence, cried: "Arise!"
Swift as a Thought by the snake Memory stung,
From her ambrosial rest the fading Splendor sprung.

XXIII.

She rose like an autumnal Night, that springs
Out of the East, and follows wild and drear
The golden Day, which, on eternal wings,
Even as a ghost abandoning a bier,
Had left the Earth a corpse. Sorrow and fear
So struck, so roused, so rapt Urania;
So saddened round her like an atmosphere
Of stormy mist; so swept her on her way
Even to the mournful place where Adonais lay.

XXIV.

Out of her secret Paradise she sped,
Thro' camps and cities rough with stone, and steel,
And human hearts, which to her airy tread
Yielding not, wounded the invisible
Palms of her tender feet where'er they fell:
And barbèd tongues, and thoughts more sharp than they
Rent the soft Form they never could repel,
Whose sacred blood, like the young tears of May,
Paved with eternal flowers that undeserving way.

XXV.

In the death chamber for a moment Death,
Shamed by the presence of that living Might,
Blusht to annihilation, and the breath
Revisited those lips, and life's pale light
Flasht thro' those limbs, so late her dear delight.
"Leave me not wild and drear and comfortless,
As silent lightning leaves the starless night!
Leave me not!" cried Urania: her distress
Roused Death: Death rose and smiled, and met her vain caress.

XXVI.

"Stay yet awhile! speak to me once again;
Kiss me, so long but as a kiss may live;
And in my heartless breast and burning brain
That word, that kiss shall all thoughts else survive,
With food of saddest memory kept alive,
Now thou art dead, as if it were a part
Of thee, my Adonais! I would give
All that I am to be as thou now art!
But I am chained to Time, and can not thence depart!

XXVII.

"O gentle child, beautiful as thou wert,
Why didst thou leave the trodden paths of men
Too soon, and with weak hands tho' mighty heart
Dare the unpastured dragon in his den?
Defenceless as thou wert, oh where was then
Wisdom the mirrored shield, or scorn the spear?
Or hadst thou waited the full cycle, when
Thy spirit should have filled its crescent sphere,
The monsters of life's waste had fled from thee like deer.

XXVIII.

"The herded wolves, bold only to pursue;
The obscene ravens, clamorous o'er the dead;
The vultures to the conqueror's banner true
Who feed where Desolation first has fed,
And whose wings rain contagion;—how they fled,
When like Apollo, from his golden bow,
The Pythian of the age one arrow sped
And smiled!— The spoilers tempt no second blow,
They fawn on the proud feet that spurn them lying low.

XXIX.

"The sun comes forth, and many reptiles spawn;
He sets, and each ephemeral insect then
Is gathered into death without a dawn,
And the immortal stars awake again;
So is it in the world of living men:
A godlike mind soars forth, in its delight
Making earth bare and veiling heaven, and when
It sinks, the swarms that dimmed or shared its light
Leave to its kindred lamp the spirit's awful night."

XXX.

Thus ceased she: and the mountain shepherds came,
Their garlands sere, their magic mantles rent;
The Pilgrim of Eternity, whose fame
Over his living head like Heaven is bent,
An early but enduring monument,
Came, veiling all the lightnings of his song
In sorrow; from her wilds Ierne sent
The sweetest lyrist of her saddest wrong,
And love taught grief to fall like music from his tongue.

XXXI.

Midst others of less note, came one frail Form,
A phantom among men; companionless
As the last cloud of an expiring storm
Whose thunder is its knell; he, as I guess,
Had gazed on Nature's naked loveliness,
Actæon-like, and now he fled astray
With feeble steps o'er the world's wilderness,
And his own thoughts, along that rugged way,
Pursued, like raging hounds, their father and their prey.

XXXII.

A pardlike Spirit beautiful and swift—
A Love in desolation maskt;—a Power
Girt round with weakness;—it can scarce uplift
The weight of the superincumbent hour;
It is a dying lamp, a falling shower,
A breaking billow;—even whilst we speak

Is it not broken? On the withering flower
The killing sun smiles brightly: on a cheek
The life can burn in blood, even while the heart may break.

XXXIII.

His head was bound with pansies overblown,
And faded violets, white, and pied, and blue;
And a light spear topt with a cypress cone,
Round whose rude shaft dark ivy tresses grew
Yet dripping with the forest's noonday dew,
Vibrated, as the ever-beating heart
Shook the weak hand that grasp it; of that crew
He came the last, neglected and apart;
A herd-abandoned deer struck by the hunter's dart.

XXXIV.

All stood aloof, and at his partial moan
Smiled thro' their tears; well knew that gentle band
Who in another's fate now wept his own;
As in the accents of an unknown land,
He sung new sorrow; sad Urania scanned
The Stranger's mien, and murmured: "Who art thou?"
He answered not, but with a sudden hand
Made bare his branded and ensanguined brow,
Which was like Cain's or Christ's — oh, that it should be so!

XXXV.

What softer voice is husht over the dead?
Athwart what brow is that dark mantle thrown?
What form leans sadly o'er the white deathbed,
In mockery of monumental stone,
The heavy heart heaving without a moan?
If it be He, who, gentlest of the wise,
Taught, soothed, loved, honored the departed one;
Let me not vex, with inharmonious sighs
The silence of that heart's accepted sacrifice.

XXXVI.

Our Adonais has drunk poison — oh!
What deaf and viperous murderer could crown
Life's early cup with such a draught of woe?
The nameless worm would now itself disown:
It felt, yet could escape the magic tone
Whose prelude held all envy, hate, and wrong,
But what was howling in one breast alone,
Silent with expectation of the song.
Whose master's hand is cold, whose silver lyre unstrung.

XXXVII.

Live thou, whose infamy is not thy fame!
Live! fear no heavier chastisement from me,
Thou noteless blot on a remembered name!
But be thyself, and know thyself to be!
And ever at thy season be thou free
To spill the venom when thy fangs o'erflow:
Remorse and Self-contempt shall cling to thee;
Hot Shame shall burn upon thy secret brow,
And like a beaten hound tremble thou shalt — as now.

XXXVIII.

Nor let us weep that our delight is fled
Far from these carrion kites that scream below;
He wakes or sleeps with the enduring dead;

Thou canst not soar where he is sitting now. —
Dust to the dust! but the pure spirit shall flow
Back to the burning fountain whence it came,
A portion of the Eternal, which must glow
Thro' time and change, unquenchably the same,
Whilst thy cold embers choke the sordid hearth of shame.

XXXIX.

Peace, peace! he is not dead, he doth not sleep —
He hath awakened from the dream of life —
'T is we, who lost in stormy visions, keep
With phantoms an unprofitable strife,
And in mad trance, strike with our spirit's knife
Invulnerable nothings. — *We* decay
Like corpses in a charnel; fear and grief
Convulse us and consume us day by day,
And cold hopes swarm like worms within our living clay.

XL.

He has outsoared the shadow of our night;
Envy and calumny and hate and pain,
And that unrest which men miscall delight,
Can touch him not and torture not again;
From the contagion of the world's slow stain
He is secure, and now can never mourn
A heart grown cold, a head grown gray in vain;
Nor, when the spirit's self has ceased to burn,
With sparkless ashes load an unlamented urn.

XLI.

He lives, he wakes — 't is Death is dead, not he;
Mourn not for Adonais. — Thou young Dawn
Turn all thy dew to splendor, for from thee
The spirit thou lamentest is not gone;
Ye caverns and ye forests, cease to moan!
Cease ye faint flowers and fountains, and thou Air
Which like a mourning veil thy scarf hadst thrown
O'er the abandoned Earth, now leave it bare
Even to the joyous stars which smile on its despair!

XLII.

He is made one with Nature: there is heard
His voice in all her music, from the moan
Of thunder to the song of night's sweet bird;
He is a presence to be felt and known
In darkness and in light, from herb and stone,
Spreading itself where'er that Power may move
Which has withdrawn his being to its own;
Which wields the world with never wearied love,
Sustains it from beneath, and kindles it above.

XLIII.

He is a portion of the loveliness
Which once he made more lovely: he doth bear
His part, while the one Spirit's plastic stress
Sweeps thro' the dull dense world, compelling there
All new successions to the forms they wear;
Torturing the unwilling dross that checks its flight
To its own likeness, as each mass may bear;
And bursting in its beauty and its might
From trees and beasts and men into the Heaven's light.

XLIV.

The splendors of the firmament of time
May be eclipst, but are extinguisht not;
Like stars to their appointed height they climb
And death is a low mist which can not blot
The brightness it may veil. When lofty thought
Lifts a young heart above its mortal lair,
And love and life contend in it, for what
Shall be its earthly doom, the dead live there
And move like winds of light on dark and stormy air.

XLV.

The inheritors of unfulfilled renown
Rose from their thrones, built beyond mortal thought,
Far in the Unapparent. Chatterton
Rose pale, his solemn agony had not
Yet faded from him; Sidney, as he fought
And as he fell and as he lived and loved
Sublimely mild, a Spirit without spot,
Arose; and Lucan, by his death approved:
Oblivion as they rose shrank like a thing reproved.

XLVI.

And many more, whose names on Earth are dark,
But whose transmitted effluence cannot die
So long as fire outlives the parent spark,
Rose, robed in dazzling immortality.
"Thou art become as one of us," they cry,
"It was for thee yon kingless sphere has long
Swung blind in unascended majesty,
Silent alone amid an Heaven of Song.
Assume thy winged throne, thou Vesper of our throng!"

XLVII.

Who mourns for Adonais? Oh come forth
Fond wretch! and know thyself and him aright.
Clasp with thy panting soul the pendulous Earth;
As from a centre, dart thy spirit's light
Beyond all worlds, until its spacious might
Satiate the void circumference: then shrink
Even to a point within our day and night;
And keep thy heart light lest it make thee sink
When hope has kindled hope, and lured thee to the brink.

XLVIII.

Or go to Rome, which is the sepulchre
Oh! not of him, but of our joy: 't is naught
That ages, empires, and religions there
Lie buried in the ravage they have wrought;
For such as he can lend, — they borrow not
Glory from those who made the world their prey;
And he is gathered to the kings of thought
Who waged contention with their time's decay,
And of the past are all that can not pass away.

XLIX.

Go thou to Rome, — at once the Paradise,
The grave, the city, and the wilderness;
And where its wrecks like shattered mountains rise,
And flowering weeds, and fragrant copses dress
The bones of Desolation's nakedness
Pass, till the Spirit of the spot shall lead
Thy footsteps to a slope of green access

Where, like an infant's smile, over the dead
A light of laughing flowers along the grass is spread.

L.

And gray walls moulder round, on which dull Time
Feeds, like slow fire upon a hoary brand;
And one keen pyramid with wedge sublime,
Pavilioning the dust of him who planned
This refuge for his memory, doth stand
Like flame transformed to marble; and beneath,
A field is spread, on which a newer band
Have pitcht in Heaven's smile their camp of death
Welcoming him we lose with scarce extinguisht breath.

LI.

Here pause: these graves are all too young as yet
To have outgrown the sorrow which consigned
Its charge to each; and if the seal is set,
Here, on one fountain of a mourning mind,
Break it not thou! too surely shalt thou find
Thine own well full, if thou returnest home,
Of tears and gall. From the world's bitter wind
Seek shelter in the shadow of the tomb.
What Adonais is, why fear we to become?

LII.

The One remains, the many change and pass;
Heaven's light forever shines, Earth's shadows fly;
Life, like a dome of many-colored glass,
Stains the white radiance of Eternity,
Until Death tramples it to fragments. — Die,
If thou wouldst be with that which thou dost seek!
Follow where all is fled! — Rome's azure sky,
Flowers, ruins, statues, music, words, are weak
The glory they transfuse with fitting truth to speak.

LIII.

Why linger, why turn back, why shrink, my Heart?
Thy hopes are gone before: from all things here
They have departed; thou shouldst now depart!
A light is past from the revolving year.
And man, and woman; and what still is dear
Attracts to crush, repels to make thee wither.
The soft sky smiles, — the low wind whispers near;
'T is Adonais calls! oh, hasten thither,
No more let Life divide what Death can join together.

LIV.

That Light whose smile kindles the Universe,
That Beauty in which all things work and move,
That Benediction which the eclipsing Curse
Of birth can quench not, that sustaining Love
Which thro' the web of being blindly wove
By man and beast and earth and air and sea,
Burns bright or dim, as each are mirrors of
The fire for which all thirst; now beams on me,
Consuming the last clouds of cold mortality.

LV.

The breath whose might I have invoked in song

Descends on me; my spirit's bark is
driven,
Far from the shore, far from the trem-
bling throng
Whose sails were never to the tempest
given;
The massy earth and spherèd skies are
riven!
I am borne darkly, fearfully, afar;
Whilst burning thro' the inmost veil of
Heaven,
The soul of Adonais, like a star,
Beacons from the abode where the Eter-
nal are.

CANCELLED PASSAGES FROM ADONAIS.

Passages of the Preface.

. . . the expression of my indignation and sympathy. I will allow myself a first and last word on the subject of calumny as it relates to me. As an author I have dared and invited censure. If I understand myself, I have written neither for profit nor for fame. I have employed my poetical compositions and publications simply as the instruments of that sympathy between myself and others which the ardent and unbounded love I cherished for my kind incited me to acquire. I expected all sorts of stupidity and insolent contempt from those . . .

. . . These compositions (excepting the tragedy of the "Cenci," which was written rather to try my powers than to unburden my full heart) are insufficiently . . . commendation than perhaps they deserve, even from their bitterest enemies; but they have not attained any corresponding popularity. As a man, I shrink from notice and regard; the ebb and flow of the world vexes me; I desire to be left in peace. Persecution, contumely, and calumny, have been heaped upon me in profuse measure; and domestic conspiracy and legal oppression have violated in my person the most sacred rights of nature and humanity. The bigot will say it was the recompense of my errors; the man of the world will call it the result of my imprudence; but never upon one head . . .

. . . Reviewers, with some rare exceptions, are a most stupid and malignant race. As a bankrupt thief turns thief-taker in despair, so an unsuccessful author turns critic. But a young spirit panting for fame, doubtful of its powers, and certain only of its aspirations, is ill-qualified to assign its true value to the sneer of this world. He knows not that such stuff as this is of the abortive and monstrous births which time consumes as fast as it produces. He sees the truth and falsehood, the merits and demerits, of his case inextricably entangled . . . No personal offence should have drawn from me this public comment upon such stuff . . .

. . . The offence of this poor victim seems to have consisted solely in his intimacy with Leigh Hunt, Mr. Hazlitt, and some other enemies of despotism and superstition. My friend Hunt has a very hard skull to crack, and will take a deal of killing. I do not know much of Mr. Hazlitt, but . . .

. . . I knew personally but little of Keats; but on the news of his situation I wrote to him, suggesting the propriety of trying the Italian climate, and inviting him to join me. Unfortunately he did not allow me . . .

Passages of the Poem.

And ever as he went he swept a lyre
Of unaccustomed shape, and
strings
Now like the of impetuous
fire,
Which shakes the forest with its mur-
murings,
Now like the rush of the aërial wings
Of the enamoured wind among the
treen,
Whispering unimaginable things,
And dying on the streams of dew
serene,
Which feed the unmown meads with
ever-during green.
. . . . . .
And the green Paradise which western
waves

Embosom in their ever-wailing sweep,
Talking of freedom to their tongueless caves,
Or to the spirits which within them keep
A record of the wrongs which, tho' they sleep,
Die not, but dream of retribution, heard
His hymns, and echoing them from steep to steep,
Kept —

. . . .

And then came one of sweet and earnest looks,
Whose soft smiles to his dark and night-like eyes
Were as the clear and ever-living brooks
Are to the obscure fountains whence they rise,
Showing how pure they are: a Paradise
Of happy truth upon his forehead low
Lay, making wisdom lovely, in the guise
Of earth-awakening morn upon the brow
Of star-deserted heaven, while ocean gleams below.

His song, though very sweet, was low and faint,
A simple strain —

. . . .

A mighty Phantasm, half concealed
In darkness of his own exceeding light,
Which clothed his awful presence unrevealed,
Charioted on the night
Of thunder-smoke, whose skirts were chrysolite.

And like a sudden meteor, which outstrips
The splendor-wingèd chariot of the sun,
eclipse
The armies of the golden stars, each one
Pavilioned in its tent of light — all strewn
Over the chasms of blue night —

HELLAS.

A LYRICAL DRAMA.

ΜΑΝΤΙΣ 'ΕΙΜ' 'ΕΣΘΛΩΝ 'ΑΓΩΝΩΝ
Œdip. Colon.

TO

HIS EXCELLENCY

PRINCE ALEXANDER MAVROCORDATO

LATE SECRETARY FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS

TO THE HOSPODAR OF WALLACHIA

THE DRAMA OF HELLAS

IS INSCRIBED

AS AN IMPERFECT TOKEN

OF THE

ADMIRATION, SYMPATHY, AND FRIENDSHIP

OF

THE AUTHOR.

Pisa, *November* 1, 1821.

PREFACE.

The poem of "Hellas," written at the suggestion of the events of the moment, is a mere improvise, and derives its interest (should it be found to possess any) solely from the intense sympathy which the Author feels with the cause he would celebrate.

The subject, in its present state, is insusceptible of being treated otherwise than lyrically, and if I have called this poem a drama from the circumstance of its being composed in dialogue, the license is not greater than that which has been assumed by other poets who have called their productions epics, only because they have been divided into twelve or twenty-four books.

The "Persæ" of Æschylus afforded me the first model of my conception, although the decision of the glorious contest now waging in Greece being yet suspended forbids a catastrophe parallel to the return of Xerxes and the desolation of the Persians. I have, therefore, contented

myself with exhibiting a series of lyric pictures, and with having wrought upon the curtain of futurity, which falls upon the unfinished scene, such figures of indistinct and visionary delineation as suggest the final triumph of the Greek cause as a portion of the cause of civilization and social improvement.

The drama (if drama it must be called) is, however, so inartificial that I doubt whether, if recited on the Thespian wagon to an Athenian village at the Dionysiaca, it would have obtained the prize of the goat. I shall bear with equanimity any punishment, greater than the loss of such a reward which the Aristarchi of the hour may think fit to inflict.

The only *goat-song* which I have yet attempted has, I confess, in spite of the unfavorable nature of the subject, received a greater and a more valuable portion of applause than I expected or than it deserved.

Common fame is the only authority which I can allege for the details which form the basis of the poem, and I must trespass upon the forgiveness of my readers for the display of newspaper erudition to which I have been reduced. Undoubtedly, until the conclusion of the war, it will be impossible to obtain an account of it sufficiently authentic for historical materials; but poets have their privilege, and it is unquestionable that actions of the most exalted courage have been performed by the Greeks — that they have gained more than one naval victory, and that their defeat in Wallachia was signalized by circumstances of heroism more glorious even than victory.

The apathy of the rulers of the civilized world to the astonishing circumstance of the descendants of that nation to which they owe their civilization, rising as it were from the ashes of their ruin, is something perfectly inexplicable to a mere spectator of the shows of this mortal scene. We are all Greeks. Our laws, our literature, our religion, our arts have their root in Greece. But for Greece — Rome, the instructor, the conqueror, or the metropolis of our ancestors, would have spread no illumination with her arms, and we might still have been savages and idolaters; or, what is worse, might have arrived at such a stagnant and miserable state of social institution as China and Japan possess.

The human form and the human mind attained to a perfection in Greece which has impressed its image on those faultless productions, whose very fragments are the despair of modern art, and has propagated impulses which cannot cease, through a thousand channels of manifest or imperceptible operation, to ennoble and delight mankind until the extinction of the race.

The modern Greek is the descendant of those glorious beings whom the imagination almost refuses to figure to itself as belonging to our kind, and he inherits much of their sensibility, their rapidity of conception, their enthusiasm, and their courage. If in many instances he is degraded by moral and political slavery to the practice of the basest vices it engenders, and that below the level of ordinary degradation; let us reflect that the corruption of the best produces the worst, and that habits which subsist only in relation to a peculiar state of social institution may be expected to cease as soon as that relation is dissolved. In fact, the Greeks, since the admirable novel of "Anastasius" could have been a faithful picture of their manners, have undergone most important changes; the flower of their youth, returning to their country from the universities of Italy, Germany, and France, have communicated to their fellow-citizens the latest results of that social perfection of which their ancestors were the original source. The university of Chios contained before the breaking out of the revolution eight hundred students, and among them several Germans and Americans. The munificence and energy of many of the Greek princes and merchants, directed to the renovation of their country with a spirit and a wisdom which has few examples, is above all praise.

The English permit their own oppressors to act according to their natural sympathy with the Turkish tyrant, and to brand

upon their name the indelible blot of an alliance with the enemies of domestic happiness, of Christianity and civilization.

Russia desires to possess, not to liberate Greece; and is contented to see the Turks, its natural enemies, and the Greeks, its intended slaves, enfeeble each other until one or both fall into its net. The wise and generous policy of England would have consisted in establishing the independence of Greece, and in maintaining it both against Russia and the Turk;—but when was the oppressor generous or just?

The Spanish Peninsula is already free. France is tranquil in the enjoyment of a partial exemption from the abuses which its unnatural and feeble government are vainly attempting to revive. The seed of blood and misery has been sown in Italy, and a more vigorous race is arising to go forth to the harvest. The world waits only the news of a revolution of Germany to see the tyrants who have pinnacled themselves on its supineness precipitated into the ruin from which they shall never arise. Well do these destroyers of mankind know their enemy, when they impute the insurrection in Greece to the same spirit before which they tremble throughout the rest of Europe, and that enemy well knows the power and the cunning of its opponents, and watches the moment of their approaching weakness and inevitable division to wrest the bloody sceptres from their grasp.

HELLAS.

A LYRICAL DRAMA.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MAHMUD.
HASSAN.
DAOOD.
AHASUERUS, *a Jew.*
CHORUS *of Greek Captive Women.*
Messengers, Slaves, and Attendants.
SCENE, *Constantinople.* TIME, *Sunset.*

SCENE. — A TERRACE ON THE SERAGLIO.

MAHMUD *sleeping, an Indian Slave sitting beside his Couch.*

Chorus of Greek Captive Women.

WE strew these opiate flowers
On thy restless pillow,—
They were stript from Orient bowers,
By the Indian billow.
Be thy sleep
Calm and deep,
Like theirs who fell — not ours who weep!

Indian.

Away, unlovely dreams!
Away, false shapes of sleep!
Be his, as Heaven seems,
Clear, and bright, and deep!
Soft as love, and calm as death,
Sweet as a summer night without a breath.

Chorus.

Sleep, sleep! our song is laden
With the soul of slumber;
It was sung by a Samian maiden,
Whose lover was of the number
Who now keep
That calm sleep
Whence none may wake, where none shall weep.

Indian.

I touch thy temples pale!
I breathe my soul on thee!
And could my prayers avail,
All my joy should be
Dead, and I would live to weep,
So thou might'st win one hour of quiet sleep.

Chorus.

Breathe low, low
The spell of the mighty mistress now!
When Conscience lulls her sated snake,
And Tyrants sleep, let Freedom wake.
Breathe low — low
The words which, like secret fire, shall flow
Thro' the veins of the frozen earth — low, low!

Semichorus I.

Life may change, but it may fly not;
Hope may vanish, but can die not;
Truth be veiled, but still it burneth;
Love repulsed, — but it returneth!

Semichorus II.

Yet were life a charnel where
Hope lay coffined with Despair;
Yet were truth a sacred lie,
Love were lust —

Semichorus I.

If Liberty
Lent not life its soul of light,
Hope its iris of delight,
Truth its prophet's robe to wear,
Love its power to give and bear.

Chorus.

In the great morning of the world,
The spirit of God with might unfurled
The flag of Freedom over Chaos,
And all its banded anarchs fled,
Like vultures frighted from Imaus,
Before an earthquake's tread. —
So from Time's tempestuous dawn
Freedom's splendor burst and shone: —
Thermopylæ and Marathon
Caught, like mountains beacon-lighted,
The springing Fire. — The wingèd glory
On Philippi half-alighted,
Like an eagle on a promontory.
Its unwearied wings could fan
The quenchless ashes of Milan.
From age to age, from man to man,
It lived; and lit from land to land
Florence, Albion, Switzerland.

Then night fell; and, as from night,
Reassuming fiery flight,
From the West swift Freedom came,
Against the course of Heaven and doom,
A second sun arrayed in flame,
To burn, to kindle, to illume.
From far Atlantis its young beams
Chased the shadows and the dreams.
France, with all her sanguine steams,
Hid, but quencht it not; again
Through clouds its shafts of glory rain
From utmost Germany to Spain.
As an eagle fed with morning
Scorns the embattled tempests' warning,
When she seeks her aerie hanging
In the mountain-cedar's hair,
And her brood expect the clanging
Of her wings thro' the wild air,
Sick with famine: — Freedom, so
To what of Greece remaineth now
Returns; her hoary ruins glow
Like Orient mountains lost in day;
Beneath the safety of her wings
Her renovated nurslings prey,
And in the naked lightnings
Of truth they purge their dazzled eyes.
Let Freedom leave — where'er she flies,
A Desert, or a Paradise:
Let the beautiful and the brave
Share her glory, or a grave.

Semichorus I.

With the gifts of gladness
Greece did thy cradle strew;

Semichorus II.

With the tears of sadness
Greece did thy shroud bedew!

Semichorus I.

With an orphan's affection
She followed thy bier thro' Time;

Semichorus II.

And at thy resurrection
Reappeareth, like thou, sublime!

Semichorus I.

If Heaven should resume thee,
To Heaven shall her spirit ascend;

Semichorus II.

If Hell should entomb thee,
To Hell shall her high hearts bend.

Semichorus I.

If Annihilation —

Semichorus II.

Dust let her glories be!
And a name and a nation
Be forgotten, Freedom, with thee!

Indian.

His brow grows darker — breathe not — move not!
He starts — he shudders — ye that love not,

With your panting loud and fast,
Have awakened him at last.
Mahmud (starting from his sleep). Man
the Seraglio-guard! make fast the
gate.
What! from a cannonade of three short
hours?
'T is false! that breach towards the Bos-
phorus
Cannot be practicable yet — who stirs?
Stand to the match; that when the foe
prevails
One spark may mix in reconciling ruin
The conqueror and the conquered!
Heave the tower
Into the gap — wrench off the roof.
(*Enter* HASSAN.) Ha! what!
The truth of day lightens upon my dream
And I am Mahmud still.
Hassan. Your Sublime Highness
Is strangely moved.
Mahmud. The times do cast
strange shadows
On those who watch and who must rule
their course,
Lest they, being first in peril as in glory,
Be whelmed in the fierce ebb: — and these
are of them.
Thrice has a gloomy vision hunted me
As thus from sleep into the troubled day;
It shakes me as the tempest shakes the
sea,
Leaving no figure upon memory's glass.
Would that — no matter. Thou didst
say thou knewest
A Jew, whose spirit is a chronicle
Of strange and secret and forgotten
things.
I bade thee summon him: — 't is said his
tribe
Dream, and are wise interpreters of
dreams.
Hassan. The Jew of whom I spake is
old, — so old
He seems to have outlived a world's de-
cay;
The hoary mountains and the wrinkled
ocean
Seem younger still than he; — his hair and
beard
Are whiter than the tempest-sifted snow;
His cold pale limbs and pulseless arteries
Are like the fibres of a cloud instinct
With light, and to the soul that quickens
them
Are as the atoms of the mountain-drift
To the winter-wind; — but from his eye
looks forth
A life of unconsumèd thought which
pierces
The present, and the past, and the to-
come.
Some say that this is he whom the great
prophet
Jesus, the son of Joseph, for his mockery
Mockt with the curse of immortality.
Some feign that he is Enoch; others
dream
He was pre-adamite and has survived
Cycles of generation and of ruin.
The sage, in truth, by dreadful abstinence
And conquering penance of the mutinous
flesh,
Deep contemplation, and unwearied study,
In years outstretcht beyond the date of
man,
May have attained to sovereignty and
science
Over those strong and secret things and
thoughts
Which others fear and know not.
Mahmud. I would talk
With this old Jew.
Hassan. Thy will is even now
Made known to him, where he dwells in
a sea-cavern
Mid the Demonesi, less accessible
Than thou or God! He who would
question him
Must sail alone at sunset, where the
stream
Of Ocean sleeps around those foamless
isles,
When the young moon is westering as
now,
And evening airs wanders upon the wave;
And when the pines of that bee-pasturing
isle,
Green Erebinthus, quench the fiery
shadow
Of his gilt prow within the sapphire
water,
Then must the lonely helmsman cry aloud
"Ahasuerus!" and the caverns round
Will answer "Ahasuerus!" If his prayer
Be granted, a faint meteor will arise

Lighting him over Marmora, and a wind
Will rush out of the sighing pine-forest,
And with the wind a storm of harmony
Unutterably sweet, and pilot him
Thro' the soft twilight to the Bosphorus:
Thence at the hour and place and circumstance
Fit for the matter of their conference
The Jew appears. Few dare, and few who dare
Win the desired communion — but that shout
Bodes — [*A shout within.*
Mahmud. Evil, doubtless; like all human sounds.
Let me converse with spirits.
Hassan. That shout again.
Mahmud. This Jew whom thou hast summoned —
Hassan. Will be here —
Mahmud. When the omnipotent hour to which are yoked
He, I, and all things shall compel — enough.
Silence those mutineers — that drunken crew,
That crowd about the pilot in the storm.
Ay! strike the foremost shorter by a head!
They weary me, and I have need of rest.
Kings are like stars — they rise and set, they have
The worship of the world, but no repose.
[*Exeunt severally.*

Chorus.

Worlds on worlds are rolling ever
From creation to decay,
Like the bubbles on a river
Sparkling, bursting, borne away.
But they are still immortal
Who, thro' birth's Orient portal
And death's dark chasm hurrying to and fro,
Clothe their unceasing flight
In the brief dust and light
Gathered around their chariots as they go;
New shapes they still may weave,
New gods, new laws receive,
Bright or dim are they as the robes they last
On Death's bare ribs had cast.

A power from the unknown God,
A Promethean conqueror came;
Like a triumphal path he trod
The thorns of death and shame.
A mortal shape to him
Was like the vapor dim
Which the Orient planet animates with light;
Hell, Sin, and Slavery came,
Like bloodhounds mild and tame,
Nor preyed, until their Lord had taken flight;
The moon of Mahomet
Arose, and it shall set:
While blazoned as on heaven's immortal noon
The cross leads generations on.

Swift as the radiant shapes of sleep
From one whose dreams are Paradise
Fly, when the fond wretch wakes to weep,
And day peers forth with her blank eyes;
So fleet, so faint, so fair,
The Powers of earth and air
Fled from the folding star of Bethlehem:
Apollo, Pan, and Love,
And even Olympian Jove
Grew weak, for killing Truth had glared on them;
Our hills and seas and streams
Dispeopled of their dreams,
Their waters turned to blood, their dew to tears,
Wailed for the golden years.

Enter MAHMUD, HASSAN, DAOOD, *and others.*

Mahmud. More gold? our ancestors bought gold with victory,
And shall I sell it for defeat?
Daood. The Janizars
Clamor for pay.
Mahmud. Go! bid them pay themselves
With Christian blood! Are there no Grecian virgins
Whose shrieks and spasms and tears they may enjoy?
No infidel children to impale on spears?
No hoary priests after that Patriarch

Who bent the curse against his country's heart,
Which clove his own at last? Go! bid them kill;
Blood is the seed of gold.
Daood. It has been sown,
And yet the harvest to the sickle-men
Is as a grain to each.
Mahmud. Then, take this signet,
Unlock the seventh chamber in which lie
The treasures of victorious Solyman, —
An empire's spoil stored for a day of ruin.
O spirit of my sires! is it not come?
The prey-birds and the wolves are gorged and sleep;
But these, who spread their feast on the red earth,
Hunger for gold, which fills not. — See them fed;
Then, lead them to the rivers of fresh death. [*Exit* DAOOD.
O miserable dawn, after a night
More glorious than the day which it usurpt!
O faith in God! O power on earth! O word
Of the great prophet, whose o'ershadowing wings
Darkened the thrones and idols of the West,
Now bright! — For thy sake cursèd be the hour,
Even as a father by an evil child,
When the Orient moon of Islam rolled in triumph
From Caucasus to White Ceraunia!
Ruin above, and anarchy below;
Terror without, and treachery within;
The Chalice of destruction full, and all
Thirsting to drink; and who among us dares
To dash it from his lips? and where is Hope?
Hassan. The lamp of our dominion still rides high;
One God is God — Mahomet is his prophet.
Four hundred thousand Moslems from the limits
Of utmost Asia, irresistibly
Throng, like full clouds at the Sirocco's cry;
But not like them to weep their strength in tears:
They bear destroying lightning, and their step
Wakes earthquake to consume and overwhelm,
And reign in ruin. Phrygian Olympus,
Tmolus, and Latmos, and Mycale, roughen
With horrent arms; and lofty ships even now,
Like vapors anchored to a mountain's edge,
Freighted with fire and whirlwind, wait at Scala
The convoy of the ever-veering wind.
Samos is drunk with blood; — the Greek has paid
Brief victory with swift loss and long despair.
The false Moldavian serfs fled fast and far,
When the fierce shout of Allah-illa-Allah!
Rose like the war-cry of the northern wind
Which kills the sluggish clouds, and leaves a flock
Of wild swans struggling with the naked storm.
So were the lost Greeks on the Danube's day!
If night is mute, yet the returning sun
Kindles the voices of the morning birds;
Nor at thy bidding less exultingly
Than birds rejoicing in the golden day,
The Anarchies of Africa unleash
Their tempest-wingèd cities of the sea,
To speak in thunder to the rebel world.
Like sulphurous clouds, half-shattered by the storm,
They sweep the pale Ægean, while the Queen
Of Ocean, bound upon her island-throne,
Far in the West sits mourning that her sons
Who frown on Freedom spare a smile for thee:
Russia still hovers, as an eagle might
Within a cloud, near which a kite and crane
Hang tangled in inextricable fight,
To stoop upon the victor; — for she fears

The name of Freedom, even as she hates thine.
But recreant Austria loves thee as the Grave
Loves Pestilence, and her slow dogs of war
Flesht with the chase, come up from Italy,
And howl upon their limits; for they see
The panther, Freedom, fled to her old cover,
Amid seas and mountains, and a mightier brood
Crouch round. What Anarch wears a crown or mitre,
Or bears the sword, or grasps the key of gold,
Whose friends are not thy friends, whose foes thy foes?
Our arsenals and our armories are full;
Our forts defy assault; ten thousand cannon
Lie ranged upon the beach, and hour by hour
Their earth-convulsing wheels affright the city;
The galloping of fiery steeds makes pale
The Christian merchant; and the yellow Jew
Hides his hoard deeper in the faithless earth.
Like clouds, and like the shadows of the clouds,
Over the hills of Anatolia,
Swift in wide troops the Tartar chivalry
Sweep; — the far-flashing of their starry lances
Reverberates the dying light of day.
We have one God, one King, one Hope, one Law;
But many-headed Insurrection stands
Divided in itself, and soon must fall.

Mahmud. Proud words, when deeds come short, are seasonable;
Look, Hassan, on yon crescent moon, emblazoned
Upon that shattered flag of fiery cloud
Which leads the rear of the departing day;
Wan emblem of an empire fading now!
See how it trembles in the blood-red air,
And like a mighty lamp whose oil is spent
Shrinks on the horizon's edge, while, from above,
One star with insolent and victorious light
Hovers above its fall, and with keen beams,
Like arrows thro' a fainting antelope,
Strikes its weak form to death.

Hassan. Even as that moon
Renews itself —

Mahmud. Shall we be not renewed!
Far other bark than ours were needed now
To stem the torrent of descending time:
The spirit that lifts the slave before his lord
Stalks through the capitals of armèd kings,
And spreads his ensign in the wilderness:
Exults in chains; and, when the rebel falls,
Cries like the blood of Abel from the dust;
And the inheritors of the earth, like beasts
When earthquake is unleasht, with idiot fear
Cower in their kingly dens — as I do now.
What were Defeat when Victory must appal?
Or Danger, when Security looks pale? —
How said the messenger — who, from the fort
Islanded in the Danube, saw the battle
Of Bucharest? — that —

Hassan. Ibrahim's scimitar
Drew with its gleam swift victory from heaven,
To burn before him in the night of battle —
A light and a destruction.

Mahmud. Ay! the day
Was ours: but how? —

Hassan. The light Wallachians,
The Arnaut, Servian, and Albanian allies
Fled from the glance of our artillery
Almost before the thunder-stone alit.
One half the Grecian army made a bridge
Of safe and slow retreat, with Moslem dead
The other —

Mahmud. Speak — tremble not. —

Hassan. Islanded
By victor myriads, formed in hollow square
With rough and steadfast front, and thrice flung back
The deluge of our foaming cavalry;
Thrice their keen wedge of battle pierced our lines.
Our baffled army trembled like one man
Before a host, and gave them space; but soon,
From the surrounding hills, the batteries blazed,
Kneading them down with fire and iron rain:
Yet none approacht; till, like a field of corn
Under the hook of the swart sickle-man,
The band, intrencht in mounds of Turkish dead,
Grew weak and few. — Then said the Pacha, "Slaves,
Render yourselves — they have abandoned you —
What hope of refuge, or retreat, or aid?
We grant your lives." "Grant that which is thine own!"
Cried one, and fell upon his sword and died!
Another — "God, and man, and hope abandon me;
But I to them, and to myself, remain
Constant:" — he bowed his head and his heart burst.
A third exclaimed, "There is a refuge, tyrant,
Where thou darest not pursue, and canst not harm,
Should'st thou pursue; there we shall meet again."
Then held his breath, and, after a brief spasm,
The indignant spirit cast its mortal garment
Among the slain — dead earth upon the earth!
So these survivors, each by different ways,
Some strange, all sudden, none dishonorable,
Met in triumphant death; and when our army
Closed in, while yet wonder, and awe, and shame,
Held back the base hyenas of the battle
That feed upon the dead and fly the living,
One rose out of the chaos of the slain:
And if it were a corpse which some dread spirit
Of the old saviors of the land we rule
Had lifted in its anger wandering by; —
Or if there burned within the dying man
Unquenchable disdain of death, and faith
Creating what it feigned; — I cannot tell —
But he cried, "Phantoms of the free, we come!
Armies of the Eternal, ye who strike
To dust the citadels of sanguine kings,
And shake the souls throned on their stony hearts,
And thaw their frost-work diadems like dew; —
O ye who float around this clime, and weave
The garment of the glory which it wears,
Whose fame, tho' earth betray the dust it claspt,
Lies sepulchred in monumental thought;
Progenitors of all that yet is great,
Ascribe to your bright senate, O accept
In your high ministrations, us, your sons —
Us first, and the more glorious yet to come!
And ye, weak conquerors! giants who look pale
When the crusht worm rebels beneath your tread,
The vultures and the dogs, your pensioners tame,
Are overgorged; but, like oppressors, still
They crave the relic of Destruction's feast.
The exhalations and the thirsty winds
Are sick with blood; the dew is foul with death;
Heaven's light is quencht in slaughter: thus, where'er
Upon your camps, cities, or towers, or fleets,
The obscene birds the reeking remnants cast
Of these dead limbs, — upon your streams and mountains,

Upon your fields, your gardens, and your
housetops,
Where'er the winds shall creep, or the
clouds fly,
Or the dews fall, or the angry sun look
down
With poisoned light — Famine and Pesti-
lence,
And Panic, shall wage war upon our
side!
Nature from all her boundaries is moved
Against ye: Time has found ye light as
foam.
The Earth rebels; and Good and Evil
stake
Their empire o'er the unborn world of
men
On this one cast; — but ere the die be
thrown,
The renovated genius of our race,
Proud umpire of the impious game, de-
scends
A seraph-wingèd Victory, bestriding
The tempest of the Omnipotence of God,
Which sweeps all things to their ap-
pointed doom,
And you to oblivion!" — More he would
have said,
But —
Mahmud. Died — as thou
shouldst ere thy lips had painted
Their ruin in the hues of our success.
A rebel's crime gilt with a rebel's tongue!
Your heart is Greek, Hassan.
Hassan. It may be so:
A spirit not my own wrencht me within,
And I have spoken words I fear and hate:
Yet would I die for —
Mahmud. Live! oh live! outlive
Me and this sinking empire. But the
fleet —
Hassan. Alas! —
Mahmud. The fleet which,
like a flock of clouds
Chased by the wind, flies the insurgent
banner.
Our wingèd-castles from their merchant
ships!
Our myriads before their weak pirate
bands!
Our arms before their chains! our years
of empire
Before their centuries of servile fear!
Death is awake! Repulse is on the
waters!
They own no more the thunder-bearing
banner
Of Mahmud; but, like hounds of a base
breed,
Gorge from a stranger's hand, and rend
their master.
Hassan. Latmos, and Ampelos, and
Phanæ, saw
The wreck —
Mahmud. The caves of the
Icarian isles
Told each to the other in loud mockery,
And with the tongue as of a thousand
echoes,
First of the sea-convulsing fight — and,
then, —
Thou darest to speak — senseless are the
mountains:
Interpret thou their voice!
Hassan. My presence bore
A part in that day's shame. The Grecian
fleet
Bore down at daybreak from the North,
and hung
As multitudinous on the ocean line,
As cranes upon the cloudless Thracian
wind.
Our squadron, convoying ten thousand
men,
Was stretching towards Nauplia when the
battle
Was kindled. —
First thro' the hail of our artillery
The agile Hydriote barks with press of
sail
Dasht: — ship to ship, cannon to cannon,
man
To man were grappled in the embrace of
war,
Inextricable but by death or victory.
The tempest of the raging fight convulst
To its crystalline depths that stainless sea,
And shook Heaven's roof of golden morn-
ing clouds,
Poised on a hundred azure mountain
isles.
In the brief trances of the artillery
One cry from the destroyed and the de-
stroyer
Rose, and a cloud of desolation wrapt
The unforeseen event, till the north wind

Sprung from the sea, lifting the heavy veil
Of battle-smoke — then victory — victory!
For, as we thought, three frigates from Algiers
Bore down from Naxos to our aid, but soon
The abhorrèd cross glimmered behind, before,
Among, around us; and that fatal sign
Dried with its beams the strength in Moslem hearts,
As the sun drinks the dew. — What more? We fled! —
Our noonday path over the sanguine foam
Was beaconed, — and the glare struck the sun pale, —
By our consuming transports; the fierce light
Made all the shadows of our sails blood-red,
And every countenance blank. Some ships lay feeding
The ravening fire, even to the water's level;
Some were blown up; some, settling heavily,
Sunk; and the shrieks of our companions died
Upon the wind, that bore us fast and far,
Even after they were dead. Nine thousand perisht!
We met the vultures legioned in the air
Stemming the torrent of the tainted wind;
They, screaming from their cloudy mountain peaks,
Stoopt thro' the sulphurous battle-smoke and percht
Each on the weltering carcase that we loved,
Like its ill angel or its damnèd soul
Riding upon the bosom of the sea.
We saw the dog-fish hastening to their feast.
Joy waked the voiceless people of the sea,
And ravening Famine left his ocean cave
To dwell with War, with us, and with Despair.
We met night three hours to the west of Patmos,
And with night, tempest —

Mahmud. Cease!

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger. Your Sublime Highness,
That Christian hound, the Muscovite Ambassador
Has left the city. — If the rebel fleet
Had anchored in the port, had victory
Crowned the Greek legions in the Hippodrome,
Panic were tamer. — Obedience and Mutiny,
Like giants in contention planet-struck,
Stand gazing on each other. — There is peace
In Stamboul. —

Mahmud. Is the grave not calmer still?
Its ruins shall be mine.

Hassan. Fear not the Russian:
The tiger leagues not with the stag at bay
Against the hunter, — Cunning, base, and cruel,
He crouches, watching till the spoil be won,
And must be paid for his reserve in blood.
After the war is fought, yield the sleek Russian
That which thou canst not keep, his deserved portion
Of blood, which shall not flow thro' streets and fields,
Rivers and seas, like that which we may win,
But stagnate in the veins of Christian slaves!

Enter second Messenger.

Second Messenger. Nauplia, Tripolizza, Mothon, Athens,
Navarin, Artas, Monembasia,
Corinth, and Thebes are carried by assault,
And every Islamite who made his dogs
Fat with the flesh of Galilean slaves
Past at the edge of the sword: the lust of blood
Which made our warriors drunk is quencht in death;
But like a fiery plague breaks out anew
In deeds which make the Christian cause look pale
In its own light. The garrison of Patras
Has store but for ten days, nor is there hope

But from the Briton: at once slave and tyrant
His wishes still are weaker than his fears,
Or he would sell what faith may yet remain
From the oaths broke in Genoa and in Norway;
And if you buy him not, your treasury
Is empty even of promises — his own coin.
The freedman of a western poet chief
Holds Attica with seven thousand rebels,
And has beat back the Pacha of Negropont:
The agèd Ali sits in Yanina
A crownless metaphor of empire:
His name, that shadow of his withered might,
Holds our besieging army like a spell
In prey to famine, pest, and mutiny;
He, bastioned in his citadel, looks forth
Joyless upon the sapphire lake that mirrors
The ruins of the city where he reigned
Childless and sceptreless. The Greek has reapt
The costly harvest his own blood matured,
Not the sower, Ali — who has bought a truce
From Ypsilanti with ten camel loads
Of Indian gold.

Enter a third Messenger.

Mahmud. What more?

Third Messenger. The Christian tribes
Of Lebanon and the Syrian wilderness
Are in revolt; — Damascus, Hems, Aleppo
Tremble; — the Arab menaces Medina,
The Ethiop has intrencht himself in Sennaar,
And keeps the Egyptian rebel well employed,
Who denies homage, claims investiture
As price of tardy aid. Persia demands
The cities on the Tigris, and the Georgians
Refuse their living tribute. Crete and Cyprus,
Like mountain-twins that from each other's veins
Catch the volcano-fire and earthquake spasm,
Shake in the general fever. Thro' the city,
Like birds before a storm, the Santons shriek,
And prophesyings horrible and new
Are heard among the crowd: that sea of men
Sleeps on the wrecks it made, breathless and still.
A Dervise, learnèd in the Koran, preaches
That it is written how the sins of Islam
Must raise up a destroyer even now.
The Greeks expect a Saviour from the west,
Who shall not come, men say, in clouds and glory,
But in the omnipresence of that spirit
In which all live and are. Ominous signs
Are blazoned broadly on the noonday sky:
One saw a red cross stampt upon the sun;
It has rained blood; and monstrous births declare
The secret wrath of Nature and her Lord.
The army encampt upon the Cydaris,
Was roused last night by the alarm of battle,
And saw two hosts conflicting in the air,
The shadows doubtless of the unborn time
Cast on the mirror of the night. While yet
The fight hung balanced, there arose a storm
Which swept the phantoms from among the stars.
At the third watch the spirit of the plague
Was heard abroad flapping among the tents;
Those who relieved watch found the sentinels dead.
The last news from the camp is, that a thousand
Have sickened, and —

Enter a fourth Messenger.

Mahmud. And thou, pale ghost, dim shadow
Of some untimely rumor, speak!

Fourth Messenger. One comes
Fainting with toil, covered with foam and blood:
He stood, he says, upon Chelonites'
Promontory, which overlooks the isles that groan
Under the Briton's frown, and all their waters
Then trembling in the splendor of the moon,
When, as the wandering clouds unveiled or hid
Her boundless light, he saw two adverse fleets
Stalk through the night in the horizon's glimmer,
Mingling fierce thunders and sulphureous gleams,
And smoke which strangled every infant wind
That soothed the silver clouds thro' the deep air.
At length the battle slept, but the Sirocco
Awoke, and drove his flock of thunder-clouds
Over the sea-horizon, blotting out
All objects — save that in the faint moon-glimpse
He saw, or dreamed he saw, the Turkish admiral
And two the loftiest of our ships of war,
With the bright image of that Queen of Heaven
Who hid, perhaps, her face for grief, reverst;
And the abhorrèd cross —

Enter an Attendant.

Attendant. Your Sublime Highness,
The Jew, who —

Mahmud. Could not come more seasonably:
Bid him attend. I 'll hear no more! too long
We gaze on danger thro' the mist of fear,
And multiply upon our shattered hopes
The images of ruin. Come what will!
To-morrow and to-morrow are as lamps
Set in our path to light us to the edge
Thro' rough and smooth, nor can we suffer aught
Which he inflicts not in whose hand we are. [*Exeunt.*

Semichorus I.

Would I were the wingèd cloud
Of a tempest swift and loud!
I would scorn
The smile of morn
And the wave where the moonrise is born!
I would leave
The spirits of eve
A shroud for the corpse of the day to weave
From other threads than mine!
Bask in the deep blue noon divine
Who would? Not I.

Semichorus II.

Whither to fly?

Semichorus I.

Where the rocks that gird the Ægean
Echo to the battle pæan
Of the free —
I would flee
A tempestuous herald of victory!
My golden rain
For the Grecian slain
Should mingle in tears with the bloody main,
And my solemn thunder-knell
Should ring to the world the passing bell
Of tyranny.

Semichorus II.

Ah king! wilt thou chain
The rack and the rain?
Wilt thou fetter the lightning and hurricane?
The storms are free,
But we —

Chorus.

O Slavery! thou frost of the world's prime,
Killing its flowers and leaving its thorns bare!
Thy touch has stampt these limbs with crime,
These brows thy branding garland bear,

But the free heart, the impassive soul
Scorn thy control!

Semichorus I.

Let there be light! said Liberty,
And like sunrise from the sea,
Athens arose! — Around her born,
Shone like mountains in the morn
Glorious states; — and are they now
Ashes, wrecks, oblivion?

Semichorus II.

Go,
Where Thermæ and Asopus swallowed
Persia, as the sand does foam,
Deluge upon deluge followed,
Discord, Macedon, and Rome:
And lastly thou!

Semichorus I.

Temples and towers,
Citadels and marts, and they
Who live and die there, have been ours,
And may be thine, and must decay;
But Greece and her foundations are
Built below the tide of war,
Based on the crystalline sea
Of thought and its eternity;
Her citizens, imperial spirits,
Rule the present from the past,
On all this world of men inherits
Their seal is set.

Semichorus II.

Hear ye the blast,
Whose Orphic thunder thrilling calls
From ruin her Titanian walls?
Whose spirit shakes the sapless bones
Of Slavery! Argos, Corinth, Crete
Hear, and from their mountain thrones
The dæmons and the nymphs repeat
The harmony.

Semichorus I.

I hear! I hear!

Semichorus II.

The world's eyeless charioteer,
Destiny, is hurrying by!
What faith is crusht, what empire bleeds
Beneath her earthquake-footed steeds?
What eagle-wingèd victory sits
At her right hand? what shadow flits
Before? what splendor rolls behind?
Ruin and renovation cry
Who but We?

Semichorus I.

I hear! I hear!
The hiss as of a rushing wind,
The roar as of an ocean foaming,
The thunder as of earthquake coming.
I hear! I hear!
The crash as of an empire falling,
The shrieks as of a people calling
Mercy! mercy! — How they thrill!
Then a shout of "kill! kill! kill!"
And then a small still voice, thus —

Semichorus II.

Fear,
Revenge and Wrong bring forth their kind,
The foul cubs like their parents are,
Their den is in the guilty mind,
And Conscience feeds them with despair.

Semichorus I.

In sacred Athens, near the fane
Of Wisdom, Pity's altar stood:
Serve not the unknown God in vain,
But pay that broken shrine again,
Love for hate and tears for blood.

Enter MAHMUD *and* AHASUERUS.

Mahmud. Thou art a man, thou sayest, even as we.

Ahasuerus. No more!

Mahmud. But raised above thy fellow-men
By thought, as I by power.

Ahasuerus. Thou sayest so.

Mahmud. Thou art an adept in the difficult lore
Of Greek and Frank philosophy; thou numberest
The flowers and thou measurest the stars;
Thou severest element from element;
Thy spirit is present in the past, and sees
The birth of this old world thro' all its cycles
Of desolation and of loveliness,
And when man was not, and how man became

The monarch and the slave of this low sphere,
And all its narrow circles — it is much —
I honor thee, and would be what thou art
Were I not what I am; but the unborn hour,
Cradled in fear and hope, conflicting storms,
Who shall unveil? Nor thou, nor I, nor any
Mighty or wise. I apprehended not
What thou hast taught me, but I now perceive
That thou art no interpreter of dreams;
Thou dost not own that art, device, or God,
Can make the future present — let it come!
Moreover thou disdainest us and ours;
Thou art as God, whom thou contemplatest.

Ahasuerus. Disdain thee? — not the worm beneath my feet!
The Fathomless has care for meaner things
Than thou canst dream, and has made pride for those
Who would be what they may not, or would seem
That which they are not. Sultan! talk no more
Of thee and me, the future and the past;
But look on that which cannot change — the One,
The unborn and the undying. Earth and ocean,
Space, and the isles of life or light that gem
The sapphire floods of interstellar air,
This firmament pavilioned upon chaos,
With all its cressets of immortal fire,
Whose outwall, bastionèd impregnably
Against the escape of boldest thoughts, repels them
As Calpe the Atlantic clouds — this Whole
Of suns, and worlds, and men, and beasts, and flowers,
With all the silent or tempestuous workings
By which they have been, are, or cease to be,
Is but a vision; — all that it inherits
Are motes of a sick eye, bubbles and dreams;
Thought is its cradle and its grave, nor less
The future and the past are idle shadows
Of thought's eternal flight — they have no being:
Naught is but that which feels itself to be.

Mahmud. What meanest thou? Thy words stream like a tempest
Of dazzling mist within my brain — they shake
The earth on which I stand, and hang like night
On Heaven above me. What can they avail?
They cast on all things surest, brightest, best,
Doubt, insecurity, astonishment.

Ahasuerus. Mistake me not! All is contained in each.
Dodona's forest to an acorn's cup
Is that which has been, or will be, to that
Which is — the absent to the present. Thought
Alone, and its quick elements, Will, Passion,
Reason, Imagination, cannot die;
They are, what that which they regard appears,
The stuff whence mutability can weave
All that it hath dominion o'er, worlds, worms,
Empires, and superstitions. What has thought
To do with time, or place, or circumstance?
Wouldst thou behold the future? — ask and have!
Knock and it shall be opened — look and, lo!
The coming age is shadowed on the past
As on a glass.

Mahmud. Wild, wilder thoughts convulse
My spirit — Did not Mahomet the Second
Win Stamboul?

Ahasuerus. Thou wouldst ask that giant spirit
The written fortunes of thy house and faith.

Thou wouldst cite one out of the grave to tell
How what was born in blood must die.
Mahmud. Thy words
Have power on me! I see —
Ahasuerus. What hearest thou?
Mahmud. A far whisper —
Terrible silence.
Ahasuerus. What succeeds?
Mahmud. The sound
As of the assault of an imperial city,
The hiss of inextinguishable fire,
The roar of giant cannon; the earthquaking
Fall of vast bastions and precipitous towers,
The shock of crags shot from strange enginery,
The clash of wheels, and clang of armèd hoofs,
And crash of brazen mail as of the wreck
Of adamantine mountains — the mad blast
Of trumpets, and the neigh of raging steeds,
And shrieks of women whose thrill jars the blood,
And one sweet laugh, most horrible to hear,
As of a joyous infant waked and playing
With its dead mother's breast, and now more loud
The mingled battle-cry, — ha! hear I not
"'Εν τούτῳ νίκη." "Allah-illah-Allah!"
Ahasuerus. The sulphurous mist is raised — thou seest —
Mahmud. A chasm,
As of two mountains in the wall of Stamboul;
And in that ghastly breach the Islamites,
Like giants on the ruins of a world,
Stand in the light of sunrise. In the dust
Glimmers a kingless diadem, and one
Of regal port has cast himself beneath
The stream of war. Another proudly clad
In golden arms spurs a Tartarian barb
Into the gap, and with his iron mace
Directs the torrent of that tide of men,
And seems — he is — Mahomet!

Ahasuerus. What thou seest
Is but the ghost of thy forgotten dream.
A dream itself, yet less, perhaps, than that
Thou call'st reality. Thou mayst behold
How cities, on which Empire sleeps enthroned,
Bow their towered crests to mutability.
Poised by the flood, e'en on the height thou holdest,
Thou mayst now learn how the full tide of power
Ebbs to its depths. — Inheritor of glory,
Conceived in darkness, born in blood, and nourisht
With tears and toil, thou seest the mortal throes
Of that whose birth was but the same. The Past
Now stands before thee like an Incarnation
Of the To-come; yet wouldst thou commune with
That portion of thyself which was ere thou
Didst start for this brief race whose crown is death,
Dissolve with that strong faith and fervent passion
Which called it from the uncreated deep,
Yon cloud of war, with its tempestuous phantoms
Of raging death; and draw with mighty will
The imperial shade hither.
[*Exit* AHASUERUS.
Mahmud. Approach!
Phantom. I come
Thence whither thou must go! The grave is fitter
To take the living than give up the dead;
Yet has thy faith prevailed, and I am here.
The heavy fragments of the power which fell
When I arose, like shapeless crags and clouds,
Hang round my throne on the abyss, and voices
Of strange lament soothe my supreme repose,
Wailing for glory never to return. —

A later Empire nods in its decay:
The autumn of a greener faith is come,
And wolfish change, like winter, howls to strip
The foliage in which Fame, the eagle, built
Her aerie, while Dominion whelpt below.
The storm is in its branches, and the frost
Is on its leaves, and the blank deep expects
Oblivion on oblivion, spoil on spoil,
Ruin on ruin: — Thou art slow, my son;
The Anarchs of the world of darkness keep
A throne for thee, round which thine empire lies
Boundless and mute; and for thy subjects thou,
Like us, shalt rule the ghosts of murdered life,
The phantoms of the powers who rule thee now —
Mutinous passions, and conflicting fears,
And hopes that sate themselves on dust and die! —
Stript of their mortal strength, as thou of thine.
Islam must fall, but we will reign together
Over its ruins in the world of death: —
And if the trunk be dry, yet shall the seed
Unfold itself even in the shape of that
Which gathers birth in its decay. Wo! wo!
To the weak people tangled in the grasp
Of its last spasms.

Mahmud. Spirit, wo to all!
Wo to the wronged and the avenger! Wo
To the destroyer, wo to the destroyed!
Wo to the dupe, and wo to the deceiver!
Wo to the opprest, and wo to the oppressor!
Wo both to those that suffer and inflict;
Those who are born and those who die! But say,
Imperial shadow of the thing I am,
When, how, by whom, Destruction must accomplish
Her consummation?

Phantom. Ask the cold pale Hour,
Rich in reversion of impending death,
When *he* shall fall upon whose ripe gray hairs
Sit Care, and Sorrow, and Infirmity —
The weight which Crime, whose wings are plumed with years,
Leaves in his flight from ravaged heart to heart
Over the heads of men, under which burden
They bow themselves unto the grave: fond wretch!
He leans upon his crutch, and talks of years
To come, and how in hours of youth renewed
He will renew lost joys, and —

Voice without. Victory! Victory!

[*The Phantom vanishes.*

Mahmud. What sound of the importunate earth has broken
My mighty trance?

Voice without. Victory! Victory!

Mahmud. Weak lightning before darkness! poor faint smile
Of dying Islam! Voice which art the response
Of hollow weakness! Do I wake and live?
Were there such things, or may the unquiet brain,
Vext by the wise mad talk of the old Jew,
Have shaped itself these shadows of its fear?
It matters not! — for naught we see or dream,
Possess, or lose, or grasp at, can be worth
More than it gives or teaches. Come what may,
The future must become the past, and I
As they were to whom once this present hour,
This gloomy crag of time to which I cling,
Seemed an Elysian isle of peace and joy
Never to be attained. — I must rebuke
This drunkenness of triumph ere it die,
And dying, bring despair. Victory! poor slaves!

[*Exit* MAHMUD.

Voice without. Shout in the jubilee of death! The Greeks
Are as a brood of lions in the net
Round which the kingly hunters of the earth
Stand smiling. Anarchs, ye whose daily food
Are curses, groans, and gold, the fruit of death
From Thule to the girdle of the world,
Come, feast! the board groans with the flesh of men;
The cup is foaming with a nation's blood,
Famine and Thirst await! eat, drink, and die!

Semichorus I.

Victorious Wrong, with vulture scream,
Salutes the risen sun, pursues the flying day!
I saw her, ghastly as a tyrant's dream,
Perch on the trembling pyramid of night,
Beneath which earth and all her realms pavilioned lay
In visions of the dawning undelight.
Who shall impede her flight?
Who rob her of her prey?
Voice without. Victory! Victory!
Russia's famisht eagles
Dare not to prey beneath the crescent's light.
Impale the remnant of the Greeks! despoil!
Violate! make their flesh cheaper than dust!

Semichorus II.

Thou voice which art
The herald of the ill in splendor hid!
Thou echo of the hollow heart
Of monarchy, bear me to thine abode
When desolation flashes o'er a world destroyed:
Oh, bear me to those isles of jaggèd cloud
Which float like mountains on the earthquake, mid
The momentary oceans of the lightning,
Or to some toppling promontory proud
Of solid tempest whose black pyramid,
Riven, overhangs the founts intensely brightning
Of those dawn-tinted deluges of fire
Before their waves expire,
When heaven and earth are light, and only light
In the thunder night!
Voice without. Victory! Victory!
Austria, Russia, England,
And that tame serpent, that poor shadow, France,
Cry peace, and that means death when monarchs speak.
Ho, there! bring torches, sharpen those red stakes,
These chains are light, fitter for slaves and poisoners
Than Greeks. Kill! plunder! burn! let none remain.

Semichorus I.

Alas! for Liberty!
If numbers, wealth, or unfulfilling years,
Or fate, can quell the free!
Alas! for Virtue, when
Torments, or contumely, or the sneers
Of erring judging men
Can break the heart where it abides.
Alas! if Love, whose smile makes this obscure world splendid,
Can change with its false times and tides,
Like hope and terror, —
Alas for Love!
And Truth, who wanderest lone and unbefriended,
If thou canst veil thy lie-consuming mirror
Before the dazzled eyes of Error,
Alas for thee! Image of the Above.

Semichorus II.

Repulse, with plumes from conquest torn,
Led the ten thousand from the limits of the morn
Thro' many an hostile Anarchy!
At length they wept aloud, and cried,
"The Sea! the Sea!"
Thro' exile, persecution, and despair,
Rome was, and young Atlantis shall become
The wonder, or the terror, or the tomb

Of all whose step wakes Power lulled in
her savage lair:
But Greece was as a hermit child,
Whose fairest thoughts and limbs
were built
To woman's growth, by dreams so mild,
She knew not pain or guilt;
And now, O Victory, blush! and Empire
tremble
When ye desert the free —
If Greece must be
A wreck, yet shall its fragments re-
assemble,
And build themselves again impregnably
In a diviner clime,
To Amphionic music on some Cape sub-
lime,
Which frowns above the idle foam of
Time.

Semichorus I.

Let the tyrants rule the desert they have
made;
Let the free possess the paradise they
claim;
Be the fortune of our fierce oppressors
weighed
With our ruin, our resistance, and
our name!

Semichorus II.

Our dead shall be the seed of their
decay,
Our survivors be the shadow of their
pride,
Our adversity a dream to pass away —
Their dishonor a remembrance to
abide!
Voice without. Victory! Victory!
The bought Briton sends
The keys of ocean to the Islamite. —
Now shall the blazon of the cross be
veiled,
And British skill directing Othman might,
Thunder-strike rebel victory. Oh, keep
holy
This jubilee of unrevengèd blood!
Kill! crush! despoil! Let not a Greek
escape!

Semichorus I.

Darkness has dawned in the East
On the noon of time:
The death-birds descend to their feast,
From the hungry clime.
Let Freedom and Peace flee far
To a sunnier strand,
And follow Love's folding star
To the Evening land!

Semichorus II.

The young moon has fed
Her exhausted horn,
With the sunset's fire:
The weak day is dead,
But the night is not born;
And, like loveliness panting with wild de-
sire
While it trembles with fear and delight,
Hesperus flies from awakening night,
And pants in its beauty and speed with
light
Fast flashing, soft, and bright.
Thou beacon of love! thou lamp of the
free!
Guide us far, far away,
To climes where now veiled by the ardor
of day
Thou art hidden
From waves on which weary Noon,
Faints in her summer swoon,
Between kingless continents sinless
as Eden,
Around mountains and islands in-
violably
Prankt on the sapphire sea.

Semichorus I.

Thro' the sunset of hope,
Like the shapes of a dream,
What Paradise islands of glory
gleam!
Beneath Heaven's cope,
Their shadows more clear float by —
The sound of their oceans, the light
of their sky,
The music and fragrance their soli-
tudes breathe
Burst, like morning on dream, or like
Heaven on death
Thro' the walls of our prison;
And Greece, which was dead, is arisen!

Chorus.

The world's great age begins anew,
The golden years return,

The earth doth like a snake renew
Her winter weeds outworn:
Heaven smiles, and faiths and empires gleam,
Like wrecks of a dissolving dream.

A brighter Hellas rears its mountains
From waves serener far;
A new Peneus rolls his fountains
Against the morning star.
Where fairer Tempes bloom, there sleep
Young Cyclads on a sunnier deep.

A loftier Argo cleaves the main,
Fraught with a later prize;
Another Orpheus sings again,
And loves, and weeps, and dies.
A new Ulysses leaves once more
Calypso for his native shore.

Oh, write no more the tale of Troy,
If earth Death's scroll must be!
Nor mix with Laian rage the joy
Which dawns upon the free:
Altho' a subtler Sphinx renew
Riddles of death Thebes never knew.

Another Athens shall arise,
And to remoter time
Bequeath, like sunset to the skies,
The splendor of its prime;
And leave, if naught so bright may live,
All earth can take or Heaven can give.

Saturn and Love their long repose
Shall burst, more bright and good
Than all who fell, than One who rose,
Than many unsubdued:
Not gold, not blood, their altar dowers,
But votive tears and symbol flowers.

Oh, cease! must hate and death return?
Cease! must men kill and die?
Cease! drain not to its dregs the urn
Of bitter prophecy.
The world is weary of the past,
Oh, might it die or rest at last!

NOTES.

(1) *The quenchless ashes of Milan* [p. 437].

MILAN was the centre of the resistance of the Lombard league against the Austrian tyrant. Frederic Barbarossa burnt the city to the ground, but liberty lived in its ashes, and it rose like an exhalation from its ruin. See Sismondi's "Histoire des Républiques Italiennes," a book which has done much towards awakening the Italians to an imitation of their great ancestors.

(2) *The Chorus* [p. 437].

The popular notions of Christianity are represented in this chorus as true in their relation to the worship they superseded, and that which in all probability they will supersede, without considering their merits in a relation more universal. The first stanza contrasts the immortality of the living and thinking beings which inhabit the planets, and to use a common and inadequate phrase, *clothe themselves in matter*, with the transience of the noblest manifestations of the external world.

The concluding verses indicate a progressive state of more or less exalted existence, according to the degree of perfection which every distinct intelligence may have attained. Let it not be supposed that I mean to dogmatize upon a subject, concerning which all men are equally ignorant, or that I think the Gordian knot of the origin of evil can be disentangled by that or any similar assertions. The received hypothesis of a Being resembling men in the moral attributes of his nature, having called us out of non-existence, and after inflicting on us the misery of the commission of error, should superadd that of the punishment and the privations consequent upon it, still would remain inexplicable and incredible. That there is a true solution of the riddle, and that in our present state that solution is unattainable by us, are propositions which may be regarded as equally certain: meanwhile, as it is the province of the poet to attach himself to

those ideas which exalt and ennoble humanity, let him be permitted to have conjectured the condition of that futurity towards which we are all impelled by an inextinguishable thirst for immortality. Until better arguments can be produced than sophisms which disgrace the cause, this desire itself must remain the strongest and the only presumption that eternity is the inheritance of every thinking being.

(3) *No hoary priests after that patriarch* [p. 439].

The Greek Patriarch after having been compelled to fulminate an anathema against the insurgents was put to death by the Turks.

Fortunately the Greeks have been taught that they cannot buy security by degradation, and the Turks, though equally cruel, are less cunning than the smooth-faced tyrants of Europe. As to the anathema, his Holiness might as well have thrown his mitre at Mount Athos for any effect that it produced. The chiefs of the Greeks are almost all men of comprehension and enlightened views on religion and politics.

(4) *The freedman of a western poet chief* [p. 445].

A Greek who had been Lord Byron's servant commands the insurgents in Attica. This Greek, Lord Byron informs me, though a poet and an enthusiastic patriot, gave him rather the idea of a timid and unenterprising person. It appears that circumstances make men what they are, and that we all contain the germ of a degree of degradation or of greatness whose connection with our character is determined by events.

(5) *The Greeks expect a Saviour from the west* [p. 445].

It is reported that this Messiah had arrived at a seaport near Lacedæmon in an American brig. The association of names and ideas is irresistibly ludicrous, but the prevalence of such a rumor strongly marks the state of popular enthusiasm in Greece.

(6) *The sound as of the assault of an Imperial city* [p. 449].

For the vision of Mahmud of the taking of Constantinople in 1453, see Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," vol. xii. p. 223.

The manner of the invocation of the spirit of Mahomet the Second will be censured as over subtle. I could easily have made the Jew a regular conjurer, and the Phantom an ordinary ghost. I have preferred to represent the Jew as disclaiming all pretension, or even belief, in supernatural agency, and as tempting Mahmud to that state of mind in which ideas may be supposed to assume the force of sensations through the confusion of thought with the objects of thought, and the excess of passion animating the creations of imagination.

It is a sort of natural magic, susceptible of being exercised in a degree by any one who should have made himself master of the secret associations of another's thoughts.

(7) *The Chorus* [p. 452].

The final chorus is indistinct and obscure, as the event of the living drama whose arrival it foretells. Prophecies of wars, and rumors of wars, etc., may safely be made by poet or prophet in any age, but to anticipate however darkly a period of regeneration and happiness is a more hazardous exercise of the faculty which bards possess or feign. It will remind the reader "magno *nec* proximus intervallo" of Isaiah and Virgil, whose ardent spirits overleaping the actual reign of evil which we endure and bewail, already saw the possible and perhaps approaching state of society in which the "*lion shall lie down with the lamb*," and "omnis feret omnia tellus." Let these great names be my authority and my excuse.

(8) *Saturn and Love their long repose shall burst* [p. 453].

Saturn and Love were among the deities of a real or imaginary state of inno-

cence and happiness. *All* those *who fell*, or the Gods of Greece, Asia, and Egypt; the *One who rose*, or Jesus Christ, at whose appearance the idols of the Pagan World were amerced of their worship; and *the many unsubdued*, or the monstrous objects of the idolatry of China, India, the Antarctic islands, and the native tribes of America, certainly have reigned over the understandings of men in conjunction or in succession, during periods in which all we know of evil has been in a state of portentous, and, until the revival of learning and the arts, perpetually increasing activity. The Grecian gods seem indeed to have been personally more innocent, although it cannot be said, that as far as temperance and chastity are concerned, they gave so edifying an example as their successor. The sublime human character of Jesus Christ was deformed by an imputed identification with a power, who tempted, betrayed, and punished the innocent beings who were called into existence by his sole will; and for the period of a thousand years, the spirit of this most just, wise, and benevolent of men, has been propitiated with myriads of hecatombs of those who approached the nearest to his innocence and wisdom, sacrificed under every aggravation of atrocity and variety of torture. The horrors of the Mexican, the Peruvian, and the Indian superstitions are well known.

NOTE ON HELLAS, BY MRS. SHELLEY.

THE South of Europe was in a state of great political excitement at the beginning of the year 1821. The Spanish Revolution had been a signal to Italy; secret societies were formed; and, when Naples rose to declare the Constitution, the call was responded to from Brundusium to the foot of the Alps. To crush these attempts to obtain liberty, early in 1821 the Austrians poured their armies into the Peninsula: at first their coming rather seemed to add energy and resolution to a people long enslaved. The Piedmontese asserted their freedom; Genoa threw off the yoke of the King of Sardinia; and, as if in playful imitation, the people of the little state of Massa and Carrara gave the *congé* to their sovereign, and set up a republic.

Tuscany alone was perfectly tranquil. It was said that the Austrian minister presented a list of sixty Carbonari to the Grand Duke, urging their imprisonment; and the Grand Duke replied, "I do not know whether these sixty men are Carbonari, but I know, if I imprison them, I shall directly have sixty thousand start up." But, though the Tuscans had no desire to disturb the paternal government beneath whose shelter they slumbered, they regarded the progress of the various Italian revolutions with intense interest, and hatred for the Austrian was warm in every bosom. But they had slender hopes; they knew that the Neapolitans would offer no fit resistance to the regular German troops, and that the overthrow of the constitution in Naples would act as a decisive blow against all struggles for liberty in Italy.

We have seen the rise and progress of reform. But the Holy Alliance was alive and active in those days, and few could dream of the peaceful triumph of liberty. It seemed then that the armed assertion of freedom in the South of Europe was the only hope of the liberals, as, if it prevailed, the nations of the north would imitate the example. Happily the reverse has proved the fact. The countries accustomed to the exercise of the privileges of freemen, to a limited extent, have extended, and are extending, these limits. Freedom and knowledge have now a chance of proceeding hand in hand; and, if it continue thus, we may hope for the durability of both. Then, as I have said — in 1821 — Shelley, as well as every other lover of liberty, looked upon the struggles in Spain and Italy as decisive of the destinies of the world, probably for centuries to come. The interest he took in the progress of affairs was intense. When Genoa declared itself free, his hopes were at their highest. Day after day he read the bulletins of the Austrian

army, and sought eagerly to gather tokens of its defeat. He heard of the revolt of Genoa with emotions of transport. His whole heart and soul were in the triumph of the cause. We were living at Pisa at that time; and several well-informed Italians, at the head of whom we may place the celebrated Vaccà, were accustomed to seek for sympathy in their hopes from Shelley: they did not find such for the despair they too generally experienced, founded on contempt for their southern countrymen.

While the fate of the progress of the Austrian armies then invading Naples was yet in suspense, the news of another revolution filled him with exultation. We had formed the acquaintance at Pisa of several Constantinopolitan Greeks, of the family of Prince Caradja, formerly Hospodar of Wallachia; who, hearing that the bowstring, the accustomed finale of his viceroyalty, was on the road to him, escaped with his treasures, and took up his abode in Tuscany. Among these was the gentleman to whom the drama of "Hellas" is dedicated. Prince Mavrocordato was warmed by those aspirations for the independence of his country which filled the hearts of many of his countrymen. He often intimated the possibility of an insurrection in Greece; but we had no idea of its being so near at hand, when, on the 1st of April, 1821, he called on Shelley, bringing the proclamation of his cousin, Prince Ypsilanti, and, radiant with exultation and delight, declared that henceforth Greece would be free.

Shelley had hymned the dawn of liberty in Spain and Naples, in two odes dictated by the warmest enthusiasm; he felt himself naturally impelled to decorate with poetry the uprise of the descendants of that people whose works he regarded with deep admiration, and to adopt the vaticinatory character in prophesying their success. "Hellas" was written in a moment of enthusiasm. It is curious to remark how well he overcomes the difficulty of forming a drama out of such scant materials. His prophecies, indeed, came true in their general, not their particular, purport. He did not foresee the death of Lord Londonderry, which was to be the epoch of a change in English politics, particularly as regarded foreign affairs; nor that the navy of his country would fight for instead of against the Greeks, and by the battle of Navarino secure their enfranchisement from the Turks. Almost against reason, as it appeared to him, he resolved to believe that Greece would prove triumphant; and in this spirit, auguring utimate good, yet grieving over the vicissitudes to be endured in the interval, he composed his drama.

"Hellas" was among the last of his compositions, and is among the most beautiful. The choruses are singularly imaginative, and melodious in their versification. There are some stanzas that beautifully exemplify Shelley's peculiar style; as, for instance, the assertion of the intellectual empire which must be forever the inheritance of the country of Homer, Sophocles, and Plato:

> "But Greece and her foundations are
> Built below the tide of war;
> Based on the crystalline sea
> Of thought and its eternity."

And again, that philosophical truth felicitously imaged forth —

> "Revenge and Wrong bring forth their kind:
> The foul cubs like their parents are;
> Their den is in the guilty mind,
> And Conscience feeds them with despair."

The conclusion of the last chorus is among the most beautiful of his lyrics. The imagery is distinct and majestic; the prophecy, such as poets love to dwell upon, the Regeneration of Mankind — and that regeneration reflecting back splendor on the foregone time, from which it inherits so much of intellectual wealth, and memory of past virtuous deeds, as must render the possession of happiness and peace of tenfold value.

FRAGMENTS OF AN UNFINISHED DRAMA.

THE following fragments are part of a Drama undertaken for the amusement of the individuals who composed our intimate society, but left unfinished. I have

preserved a sketch of the story as far as it had been shadowed in the poet's mind.

An Enchantress, living in one of the islands of the Indian Archipelago, saves the life of a Pirate, a man of savage but noble nature. She becomes enamoured of him; and he, inconstant to his mortal love, for a while returns her passion; but at length, recalling the memory of her whom he left, and who laments his loss, he escapes from the Enchanted Island, and returns to his lady. His mode of life makes him again go to sea, and the Enchantress seizes the opportunity to bring him, by a spirit-brewed tempest, back to her Island. M. W. S.

SCENE, BEFORE THE CAVERN OF THE INDIAN ENCHANTRESS. *The* ENCHANTRESS *comes forth.*

Enchantress.

He came like a dream in the dawn of life,
He fled like a shadow before its noon;
He is gone, and my peace is turned to strife,
And I wander and wane like the weary moon.
Oh, sweet Echo, wake,
And for my sake
Make answer the while my heart shall break!

But my heart has a music which Echo's lips,
Though tender and true, yet can answer not,
And the shadow that moves in the soul's eclipse
Can return not the kiss by his now forgot;
Sweet lips! he who hath
On my desolate path
Cast the darkness of absence, worse than death!

The ENCHANTRESS *makes her spell: she is answered by a Spirit.*

Spirit. Within the silent centre of the earth
My mansion is; where I have lived insphered
From the beginning, and around my sleep
Have woven all the wondrous imagery
Of this dim spot, which mortals call the world;
Infinite depths of unknown elements
Massed into one impenetrable mask;
Sheets of immeasurable fire, and veins
Of gold and stone, and adamantine iron.
And as a veil in which I walk thro' Heaven
I have wrought mountains, seas, and waves, and clouds,
And lastly light, whose interfusion dawns
In the dark space of interstellar air.

A good Spirit, who watches over the Pirate's fate, leads, in a mysterious manner, the lady of his love to the Enchanted Isle; and has also led thither a Youth, who loves the lady, but whose passion she returns only with a sisterly affection. The ensuing scene takes place between them on their arrival at the Isle, where they meet, but without distinct mutual recognition.

[ANOTHER SCENE]

INDIAN YOUTH *and* LADY.

Indian. And, if my grief should still be dearer to me
Than all the pleasures in the world beside,
Why would you lighten it? —
Lady. I offer only
That which I seek, some human sympathy
In this mysterious island.
Indian. Oh! my friend,
My sister, my beloved! — What do I say?
My brain is dizzy, and I scarce know whether
I speak to thee or her.
Lady. Peace, perturbed heart!
I am to thee only as thou to mine,
The passing wind which heals the brow at noon,
And may strike cold into the breast at night,

Yet cannot linger where it soothes the most,
Or long soothe, could it linger.
Indian. But you said
You also loved?
Lady. Loved! Oh, I love.
Methinks
This word of love is fit for all the world,
And that for gentle hearts another name
Would speak of gentler thoughts than the world owns.
I have loved.
Indian. And thou lovest not? if so
Young as thou art thou canst afford to weep.
Lady. Oh! would that I could claim exemption
From all the bitterness of that sweet name.
I loved, I love, and when I love no more
Let joys and grief perish, and leave despair
To ring the knell of youth. He stood beside me,
The embodied vision of the brightest dream,
Which like a dawn heralds the day of life;
The shadow of his presence made my world
A paradise. All familiar things he toucht,
All common words he spoke, became to me
Like forms and sounds of a diviner world.
He was as is the sun in his fierce youth,
As terrible and lovely as a tempest;
He came, and went, and left me what I am.
Alas! Why must I think how oft we two
Have sat together near the river springs,
Under the green pavilion which the willow
Spreads on the floor of the unbroken fountain,
Strewn by the nurslings that linger there,
Over that islet paved with flowers and moss,
While the musk-rose leaves, like flakes of crimson snow,
Showered on us, and the dove mourned in the pine,
Sad prophetess of sorrows not her own?
The crane returned to her unfrozen haunt,
And the false cuckoo bade the Spring good morn;
And on a wintry bough the widowed bird,
Hid in the deepest night of ivy-leaves,
Renewed the vigils of a sleepless sorrow.
I, left like her, and leaving one like her,
Alike abandoned and abandoning
(Oh! unlike her in this!) the gentlest youth,
Whose love had made my sorrows dear to him,
Even as my sorrow made his love to me!
Indian. One curse of Nature stamps in the same mould
The features of the wretched; and they are
As like as violet to violet,
When memory, the ghost, their odors keeps
Mid the cold relics of abandoned joy. —
Proceed.
Lady. He was a simple innocent boy.
I loved him well, but not as he desired;
Yet even thus he was content to be: —
A short content, for I was —
Indian [*aside*]. God of heaven!
From such an islet, such a river-spring! —
I dare not ask her if there stood upon it
A pleasure-dome surmounted by a crescent,
With steps to the blue water. [*Aloud.*]
It may be
That Nature masks in life several copies
Of the same lot, so that the sufferers
May feel another's sorrow as their own,
And find in friendship what they lost in love.
That cannot be: yet it is strange that we,
From the same scene, by the same path to this

Realm of abandonment — But speak! your breath —
Your breath is like soft music, your words are
The echoes of a voice which on my heart
Sleeps like a melody of early days.
But as you said —
Lady. He was so awful, yet
So beautiful in mystery and terror,
Calming me as the loveliness of heaven
Soothes the unquiet sea: — and yet not so,
For he seemed stormy, and would often seem
A quenchless sun maskt in portentous clouds;
For such his thoughts, and even his actions were;
But he was not of them, nor they of him,
But as they hid his splendor from the earth.
Some said he was a man of blood and peril,
And steept in bitter infamy to the lips.
More need was there I should be innocent,
More need that I should be most true and kind,
And much more need that there should be found one
To share remorse and scorn and solitude,
And all the ills that wait on those who do
The tasks of ruin in the world of life.
He fled, and I have followed him.
Indian. Such a one
Is he who was the winter of my peace.
But, fairest stranger, when didst thou depart
From the far hills where rise the springs of India,
How didst thou pass the intervening sea?
Lady. If I be sure I am not dreaming now,
I should not doubt to say it was a dream.
Methought a star came down from heaven,
And rested mid the plants of India,
Which I had given a shelter from the frost
Within my chamber. There the meteor lay,
Panting forth light among the leaves and flowers,
As if it lived, and was outworn with speed;
Or that it loved, and passion made the pulse
Of its bright life throb like an anxious heart,
Till it diffused itself, and all the chamber
And walls seemed melted into emerald fire
That burned not; in the midst of which appeared
A spirit like a child, and laught aloud
A thrilling peal of such sweet merriment
As made the blood tingle in my warm feet:
Then bent over a vase, and murmuring
Low, unintelligible melodies,
Placed something in the mould like melon seeds,
And slowly faded, and in place of it
A soft hand issued from the veil of fire,
Holding a cup like a magnolia flower,
And poured upon the earth within the vase
The element with which it overflowed,
Brighter than morning light, and purer than
The water of the springs of Himalah.
Indian. You waked not?
Lady. Not until my dream became
Like a child's legend on the tideless sand,
Which the first foam erases half, and half
Leaves legible. At length I rose, and went,
Visiting my flowers from pot to pot, and thought
To set new cuttings in the empty urns,
And when I came to that beside the lattice,
I saw two little dark-green leaves
Lifting the light mould at their birth, and then
I half-remembered my forgotten dream.
And day by day, green as a gourd in June,
The plant grew fresh and thick, yet no one knew

What plant it was; its stem and tendrils seemed
Like emerald snakes, mottled and diamonded
With azure mail and streaks of woven silver;
And all the sheaths that folded the dark buds
Rose like the crest of cobra-di-capel,
Until the golden eye of the bright flower,
Through the dark lashes of those veinèd lids,
Disencumbered of their silent sleep,
Gazed like a star into the morning light.
Its leaves were delicate, you almost saw
The pulses
With which the purple velvet flower was fed
To overflow, and like a poet's heart
Changing bright fancy to sweet sentiment,
Changed half the light to fragrance. It soon fell,
And to a green and dewy embryo-fruit
Left all its treasured beauty. Day by day
I nurst the plant, and on the double flute
Played to it on the sunny winter days
Soft melodies, as sweet as April rain
On silent leaves, and sang those words in which
Passion makes Echo taunt the sleeping strings;
And I would send tales of forgotten love
Late into the lone night, and sing wild songs
Of maids deserted in the olden time,
And weep like a soft cloud in April's bosom
Upon the sleeping eyelids of the plant,
So that perhaps it dreamed that Spring was come,
And crept abroad into the moonlight air,
And loosened all its limbs, as, noon by noon,
The sun averted less his oblique beam.

Indian. And the plant died not in the frost?

Lady. It grew;
And went out of the lattice which I left
Half open for it, trailing its quaint spires
Along the garden and across the lawn,
And down the slope of moss and thro' the tufts
Of wild-flower roots, and stumps of trees o'ergrown
With simple lichens, and old hoary stones,
On to the margin of the glassy pool,
Even to a nook of unblown violets
And lilies-of-the-valley yet unborn,
Under a pine with ivy overgrown.
And there its fruit lay like a sleeping lizard
Under the shadows; but when Spring indeed
Came to unswathe her infants, and the lilies
Peept from their bright green masks to wonder at
This shape of Autumn couched in their recess,
Then it dilated, and it grew until
One half lay floating on the fountain wave,
Whose pulse, elapst in unlike sympathies,
Kept time
Among the snowy water-lily buds.
Its shape was such as Summer melody
Of the south wind in spicy vales might give
To some light cloud bound from the golden dawn
To fairy isles of evening, and it seemed
In hue and form that it had been a mirror
Of all the hues and forms around it and
Upon it pictured by the sunny beams
Which, from the bright vibrations of the pool,
Were thrown upon the rafters and the roof
Of boughs and leaves, and on the pillared stems
Of the dark sylvan temple, and reflections
Of every infant flower and star of moss
And veined leaf in the azure odorous air.
And thus it lay in the Elysian calm
Of its own beauty, floating on the line
Which, like a film in purest space, divided
The heaven beneath the water from the heaven

Above the clouds; and every day I went
Watching its growth and wondering;
And as the day grew hot, methought I saw
A glassy vapor dancing on the pool,
And on it little quaint and filmy shapes,
With dizzy motion, wheel and rise and fall,
Like clouds of gnats with perfect lineaments.
. . . . . .
O friend, sleep was a veil uplift from heaven —
As if heaven dawned upon the world of dream —
When darkness rose on the extinguished day
Out of the eastern wilderness.
Indian. I too
Have found a moment's paradise in sleep
Half compensate a hell of waking sorrow.

CHARLES THE FIRST.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING CHARLES I.
QUEEN HENRIETTA.
LAUD, *Archbishop of Canterbury.*
WENTWORTH, *Earl of Strafford.*
LORD COTTINGTON.
LORD WESTON.
LORD COVENTRY.
WILLIAMS, *Bishop of Lincoln.*
Secretary LYTTELTON.
JUXON.
ST. JOHN.
ARCHY, *the Court Fool.*
HAMPDEN.
PYM.
CROMWELL.
CROMWELL'S DAUGHTER.
SIR HARRY VANE *the younger.*
LEIGHTON.
BASTWICK.
PRYNNE.

Gentlemen of the Inns of Court, Citizens, Pursuivants, Marshalsmen, Law Students, Judges, Clerk.

SCENE I. — THE MASK OF THE INNS OF COURT.

A Pursuivant. Place, for the Marshal of the Mask!

First Citizen. What thinkest thou of this quaint mask which turns,
Like morning from the shadow of the night,
The night to day, and London to a place
Of peace and joy?
Second Citizen. And Hell to Heaven.
Eight years are gone,
And they seem hours, since in this populous street
I trod on grass made green by summer's rain,
For the red plague kept state within that palace
Where now reigns vanity. In nine years more
The roots will be refresht with civil blood;
And thank the mercy of insulted Heaven
That sin and wrongs wound as an orphan's cry,
The patience of the great Avenger's ear.
A Youth. Yet, father, 't is a happy sight to see,
Beautiful, innocent, and unforbidden
By God or man; — 't is like the bright procession
Of skyey visions in a solemn dream
From which men wake as from a paradise,
And draw new strength to tread the thorns of life.
If God be good, wherefore should this be evil?
And if this be not evil, dost thou not draw
Unseasonable poison from the flowers
Which bloom so rarely in this barren world?
Oh, kill these bitter thoughts which make the present
Dark as the future! —
. . . . . .
When Avarice and Tyranny, vigilant Fear,
And open-eyed Conspiracy lie sleeping
As on Hell's threshold; and all gentle thoughts
Waken to worship Him who giveth joys
With his own gift.

Second Citizen.. How young art thou in this old age of time!
How green in this gray world! Canst thou discern
The signs of seasons, yet perceive no hint
Of change in that stage-scene in which thou art
Not a spectator but an actor? or
Art thou a puppet moved by [enginery]?
The day that dawns in fire will die in storms,
Even tho' the noon be calm. My travel 's done, —
Before the whirlwind wakes I shall have found
My inn of lasting rest; but thou must still
Be journeying on in this inclement air.
Wrap thy old cloak about thy back;
Nor leave the broad and plain and beaten road,
Altho' no flowers smile on the trodden dust,
For the violet paths of pleasure. This Charles the First
Rose like the equinoctial sun, . . .
By vapors, thro' whose threatening ominous veil
Darting his altered influence he has gained
This height of noon — from which he must decline
Amid the darkness of conflicting storms,
To dank extinction and to latest night . . .
There goes the apostate Strafford; he whose titles
whispered aphorisms
From Machiavel and Bacon: and, if Judas
Had been as brazen and as bold as he —
First Citizen. That is the Archbishop.
Second Citizen. Rather say the Pope:
London will be soon his Rome: he walks
As if he trod upon the heads of men:
He looks elate, drunken with blood and gold; —
Beside him moves the Babylonian woman
Invisibly, and with her as with his shadow,
Mitred adulterer! he is joined in sin,
Which turns Heaven's milk of mercy to revenge.

Third Citizen (*lifting up his eyes*).

Good Lord! rain it down upon him! . . .
Amid her ladies walks the papist queen,
As if her nice feet scorned our English earth.
The Canaanitish Jezebel! I would be
A dog if I might tear her with my teeth!
There 's old Sir Henry Vane, the Earl of Pembroke,
Lord Essex, and Lord Keeper Coventry,
And others who make base their English breed
By vile participation of their honors
With papists, atheists, tyrants, and apostates.
When lawyers mask 't is time for honest men
To strip the vizor from their purposes.
A seasonable time for maskers this!
When Englishmen and Protestants should sit
dust on their dishonored heads,
To avert the wrath of him whose scourge is felt
For the great sins which have drawn down from Heaven
and foreign overthrow.
The remnant of the martyred saints in Rochefort
Have been abandoned by their faithless allies
To that idolatrous and adulterous torturer
Lewis of France, — the Palatinate is lost —

Enter LEIGHTON (*who has been branded in the face*) *and* BASTWICK.

Canst thou be — art thou —?
Leighton. I *was* Leighton: what I *am* thou seest. And yet turn thine eyes,
And with thy memory look on thy friend's mind,
Which is unchanged, and where is written deep
The sentence of my judge.
Third Citizen. Are these the marks with which
Laud thinks to improve the image of his Maker

Stampt on the face of man? Curses upon him,
The impious tyrant!
Second Citizen. It is said besides
That lewd and papist drunkards may profane
The Sabbath with their . . .
And has permitted that most heathenish custom
Of dancing round a pole drest up with wreaths
On May-day.
A man who thus twice crucifies his God
May well his brother. — In my mind, friend,
The root of all this ill is prelacy.
I would cut up the root.
Third Citizen. And by what means?
Second Citizen. Smiting each Bishop under the fifth rib.
Third Citizen. You seem to know the vulnerable place
Of these same crocodiles.
Second Citizen. I learnt it in
Egyptian bondage, sir. Your worm of Nile
Betrays not with its flattering tears like they;
For, when they cannot kill, they whine and weep.
Nor is it half so greedy of men's bodies
As they of soul and all; nor does it wallow
In slime as they in simony and lies
And close lusts of the flesh.
A Marshalsman. Give place, give place!
You torch-bearers, advance to the great gate,
And then attend the Marshal of the Mask
Into the royal presence.
A Law Student. What thinkest thou
Of this quaint show of ours, my agèd friend?
Even now we see the redness of the torches
Inflame the night to the eastward, and the clarions
Gasp to us on the wind's wave. It comes!
And their sounds, floating hither round the pageant,
Rouse up the astonished air.
First Citizen. I will not think but that our country's wounds
May yet be healed. The king is just and gracious,
Tho' wicked counsels now pervert his will:
These once cast off —
Second Citizen. As adders cast their skins
And keep their venom, so kings often change;
Councils and counsellors hang on one another,
Hiding the loathsome . . .
Like the base patchwork of a leper's rags.
The Youth. O, still those dissonant thoughts! — List how the music
Grows on the enchanted air! And see, the torches
Restlessly flashing, and the crowd divided
Like waves before an admiral's prow!
A Marshalsman. Give place
To the Marshal of the Mask!
A Pursuivant. Room for the King!
The Youth. How glorious! See those thronging chariots
Rolling, like painted clouds before the wind,
Behind their solemn steeds: how some are shaped
Like curvèd shells dyed by the azure depths
Of Indian seas; some like the new-born moon;
And some like cars in which the Romans climbed
(Canopied by Victory's eagle-wings outspread)
The Capitolian! — See how gloriously
The mettled horses in the torchlight stir
Their gallant riders, while they check their pride,
Like shapes of some diviner element
Than English air, and beings nobler than
The envious and admiring multitude.
Second Citizen. Ay, there they are —
Nobles, and sons of nobles, patentees,

Monopolists, and stewards of this poor farm,
On whose lean sheep sit the prophetic crows.
Here is the pomp that strips the houseless orphan,
Here is the pride that breaks the desolate heart.
These are the lilies glorious as Solomon,
Who toil not, neither do they spin, — unless
It be the webs they catch poor rogues withal.
Here is the surfeit which to them who earn
The niggard wages of the earth, scarce leaves
The tithe that will support them till they crawl
Back to her cold hard bosom. Here is health
Followed by grim disease, glory by shame,
Waste by lame famine, wealth by squalid want,
And England's sin by England's punishment.
And, as the effect pursues the cause foregone,
Lo, giving substance to my words, behold
At once the sign and the thing signified —
A troop of cripples, beggars, and lean outcasts,
Horst upon stumbling jades, carted with dung,
Dragged for a day from cellars and low cabins
And rotten hiding-holes, to point the moral
Of this presentment, and bring up the rear
Of painted pomp with misery!
The Youth. 'T is but
The anti-mask, and serves as discords do
In sweetest music. Who would love May flowers
If they succeeded not to Winter's flaw;
Or day unchanged by night; or joy itself
Without the touch of sorrow?
Second Citizen. I and thou —
A Marshalsman. Place, give place!

SCENE II. — A CHAMBER IN WHITEHALL. *Enter the* KING, QUEEN, LAUD, LORD STRAFFORD, LORD COTTINGTON, *and other Lords;* ARCHY; *also* ST. JOHN, *with some Gentlemen of the Inns of Court.*

King. Thanks, gentlemen. I heartily accept
This token of your service: your gay mask
Was performed gallantly. And it shows well
When subjects twine such flowers of observance
With the sharp thorns that deck the English crown.
A gentle heart enjoys what it confers,
Even as it suffers that which it inflicts,
Tho' Justice guides the stroke.
Accept my hearty thanks.
Queen. And, gentlemen,
Call your poor Queen your debtor. Your quaint pageant
Rose on me like the figures of past years,
Treading their still path back to infancy,
More beautiful and mild as they draw nearer
The quiet cradle. I could have almost wept
To think I was in Paris, where these shows
Are well devised — such as I was ere yet
My young heart shared a portion of the burden,
The careful weight, of this great monarchy.
There, gentlemen, between the sovereign's pleasure
And that which it regards, no clamor lifts
Its proud interposition.
In Paris ribald censurers dare not move
Their poisonous tongues against these sinless sports;
And *his* smile
Warms those who bask in it, as ours would do
If . . . Take my heart's thanks: add them, gentlemen,
To those good words which, were he King of France,

My royal lord would turn to golden deeds.

St. John. Madam, the love of Englishmen can make
The lightest favor of their lawful king
Outweigh a despot's. — We humbly take our leaves,
Enricht by smiles which France can never buy.

[*Exeunt* ST. JOHN *and the Gentlemen of the Inns of Court.*

King. My Lord Archbishop,
Mark you what spirit sits in St. John's eyes?
Methinks it is too saucy for this presence.

Archy. Yes, pray your Grace look: for, like an unsophisticated [eye] sees everything upside down, you who are wise will discern the shadow of an idiot in lawn sleeves and a rochet setting springes to catch woodcocks in hay-making time. Poor Archy, whose owl-eyes are tempered to the error of his age, and because he is a fool, and by special ordinance of God forbidden ever to see himself as he is, sees now in that deep eye a blindfold devil sitting on the ball, and weighing words out between king and subjects. One scale is full of promises, and the other full of protestations: and then another devil creeps behind the first out of the dark windings [of a] pregnant lawyer's brain, and takes the bandage from the other's eyes, and throws a sword into the left-hand scale, for all the world like my Lord Essex's there.

Strafford. A rod in pickle for the Fool's back!

Archy. Ay, and some are now smiling whose tears will make the brine; for the Fool sees —

Strafford. Insolent! You shall have your coat turned and be whipt out of the palace for this.

Archy. When all the fools are whipt, and all the Protestant writers, while the knaves are whipping the fools ever since a thief was set to catch a thief. If all turncoats were whipt out of palaces, poor Archy would be disgraced in good company. Let the knaves whip the fools, and all the fools laugh at it. [Let the] wise and goodly slit each other's noses and ears (having no need of any sense of discernment in their craft); and the knaves, to marshal them, join in a procession to Bedlam, to entreat the madmen to omit their sublime Platonic contemplations, and manage the state of England. Let all the honest men who lie pinched up at the prisons or the pillories, in custody of the pursuivants of the High-Commission Court, marshal them.

Enter Secretary LYTTELTON, *with papers.*

King (*looking over the papers*). These stiff Scots
His Grace of Canterbury must take order
To force under the Church's yoke. — You, Wentworth,
Shall be myself in Ireland, and shall add
Your wisdom, gentleness, and energy,
To what in me were wanting. — My Lord Weston,
Look that those merchants draw not without loss
Their bullion from the Tower; and, on the payment
Of shipmoney, take fullest compensation
For violation of our royal forests,
Whose limits, from neglect, have been o'ergrown
With cottages and cornfields. The uttermost
Farthing exact from those who claim exemption
From knighthood: that which once was a reward
Shall thus be made a punishment, that subjects
May know how majesty can wear at will
The rugged mood. — My Lord of Coventry,
Lay my command upon the Courts below
That bail be not accepted for the prisoners
Under the warrant of the Star Chamber.
The people shall not find the stubbornness
Of Parliament a cheap or easy method
Of dealing with their rightful sovereign:
And doubt not this, my Lord of Coventry,
We will find time and place for fit rebuke. —
My Lord of Canterbury.

Archy. The fool is here.
Laud. I crave permission of your Majesty
To order that this insolent fellow be
Chastised: he mocks the sacred character,
Scoffs at the state, and —
King. What, my Archy?
He mocks and mimics all he sees and hears,
Yet with a quaint and graceful license — Prithee
For this once do not as Prynne would, were he
Primate of England. With your Grace's leave,
He lives in his own world; and, like a parrot
Hung in his gilded prison from the window
Of a queen's bower over the public way,
Blasphemes with a bird's mind: — his words, like arrows
Which know no aim beyond the archer's wit,
Strike sometimes what eludes philosophy. —
(*To* ARCHY.) Go, sirrah, and repent of your offence
Ten minutes in the rain: be it your penance
To bring news how the world goes there.
[*Exit* ARCHY.
Poor Archy!
He weaves about himself a world of mirth
Out of the wreck of ours.
Laud. I take with patience, as my Master did,
All scoffs permitted from above.
King. My lord,
Pray overlook these papers. Archy's words
Had wings, but these have talons.
Queen. And the lion
That wears them must be tamed. My dearest lord,
I see the new-born courage in your eye
Armed to strike dead the spirit of the time,
Which spurs to rage the many-headed beast.
Do thou persist: for, faint but in resolve,
And it were better thou hadst still remained
The slave of thine own slaves, who tear like curs
The fugitive, and flee from the pursuer;
And Opportunity, that empty wolf,
Flies at his throat who falls. Subdue thy actions
Even to the disposition of thy purpose,
And be that tempered as the Ebro's steel;
And banish weak-eyed Mercy to the weak,
Whence she will greet thee with a gift of peace,
And not betray thee with a traitor's kiss,
As when she keeps the company of rebels,
Who think that she is Fear. This do, lest we
Should fall as from a glorious pinnacle
In a bright dream, and wake as from a dream
Out of our worshipt state.
King. Belovèd friend,
God is my witness that this weight of power,
Which he sets me my earthly task to wield
Under his law, is my delight and pride
Only because thou lovest that and me.
For a king bears the office of a God
To all the under world; and to his God
Alone he must deliver up his trust,
Unshorn of its permitted attributes.
[It seems] now as the baser elements
Had mutinied against the golden sun
That kindles them to harmony, and quells
Their self-destroying rapine. The wild million
Strike at the eye that guides them; like as humors
Of the distempered body that conspire
Against the spirit of life throned in the heart, —
And thus become the prey of one another,
And last of death —
Strafford. That which would be ambition in a subject
Is duty in a sovereign; for on him,
As on a keystone, hangs the arch of life,

Whose safety is its strength. Degree and form,
And all that makes the age of reasoning man
More memorable than a beast's, depend
On this — that Right should fence itself inviolably
With power; in which respect the state of England
From usurpation by the insolent commons
Cries for reform.
Get treason, and spare treasure. Fee with coin
The loudest murmurers; feed with jealousies
Opposing factions, — be thyself of none;
And borrow gold of many, for those who lend
Will serve thee till thou payest them; and thus
Keep the fierce spirit of the hour at bay,
Till time, and its coming generations
Of nights and days unborn, bring some one chance,
. . . . . .
Or war, or pestilence, or Nature's self,
By some distemperature or terrible sign,
Be as an arbiter betwixt themselves.
Nor let your Majesty
Doubt here the peril of the unseen event.
How did your brother kings, coheritors
In your high interest in the subject earth,
Rise past such troubles to that height of power
Where now they sit, and awfully serene
Smile on the trembling world? Such popular storms
Philip the Second of Spain, this Lewis of France,
And late the German head of many bodies,
And every petty lord of Italy,
Quelled or by arts or arms. Is England poorer
Or feebler? or art thou who wield'st her power
Tamer than they? or shall this island be —
[Girdled] by its inviolable waters —
To the world present and the world to come
Sole pattern of extinguisht monarchy?
Not if thou dost as I would have thee do.

King. Your words shall be my deeds:
You speak the image of my thought. My friend
(If kings can have a friend, I call thee so),
Beyond the large commission which belongs
Under the great seal of the realm, take this:
And, for some obvious reasons, let there be
No seal on it, except my kingly word
And honor as I am a gentleman.
Be — as thou art within my heart and mind —
Another self, here and in Ireland:
Do what thou judgest well, take amplest license,
And stick not even at questionable means.
Hear me, Wentworth. My word is as a wall
Between thee and this world thine enemy —
That hates thee, for thou lovest me.
Strafford. I own
No friend but thee, no enemies but thine:
Thy lightest thought is my eternal law.
How weak, how short, is life to pay —
King. Peace, peace!
Thou ow'st me nothing yet.
(*To* LAUD.) My lord, what say
Those papers?
Laud. Your Majesty has ever interposed,
In lenity towards your native soil,
Between the heavy vengeance of the Church
And Scotland. Mark the consequence of warming
This brood of northern vipers in your bosom.
The rabble, instructed no doubt
By Loudon, Lindsay, Hume, and false Argyll
(For the waves never menace heaven until
Scourged by the wind's invisible tyranny),
Have in the very temple of the Lord
Done outrage to his chosen ministers.
They scorn the liturgy of the holy Church,

Refuse to obey her canons, and deny
The apostolic power with which the Spirit
Has filled its elect vessels, even from him
Who held the keys with power to loose and bind,
To him who now pleads in this royal presence. —
Let ampler powers and new instructions be
Sent to the High Commissioners in Scotland.
To death, imprisonment, and confiscation,
Add torture, add the ruin of the kindred
Of the offender, add the brand of infamy,
Add mutilation: and if this suffice not,
Unleash the sword and fire, and in their thirst
They may lick up that scum of schismatics.
I laugh at those weak rebels who, desiring
What we possess, still prate of Christian peace,
As if those dreadful arbitrating messengers
Which play the part of God 'twixt right and wrong,
Should be let loose against the innocent sleep
Of templed cities and the smiling fields,
For some poor argument of policy
Which touches our own profit or our pride,
(Where it indeed were Christian charity
To turn the cheek even to the smiter's hand:)
And, when our great Redeemer, when our God,
When he who gave, accepted, and retained,
Himself in propitiation of our sins,
Is scorned in his immediate ministry,
With hazard of the inestimable loss
Of all the truth and discipline which is
Salvation to the extremest generation
Of men innumerable, they talk of peace!
Such peace as Canaan found, let Scotland now:
For, by that Christ who came to bring a sword,
Not peace, upon the earth, and gave command
To his disciples at the passover
That each should sell his robe and buy a sword, —
Once strip that minister of naked wrath,
And it shall never sleep in peace again
Till Scotland bend or break.

King. My Lord Archbishop,
Do what thou wilt and what thou canst in this.
Thy earthly even as thy heavenly King
Gives thee large power in his unquiet realm.
But we want money, and my mind misgives me
That for so great an enterprise, as yet,
We are unfurnisht.

Strafford. Yet it may not long
Rest on our wills.

Cottington. The expenses
Of gathering shipmoney, and of distraining
For every petty rate (for we encounter
A desperate opposition inch by inch
In every warehouse and on every farm)
Have swallowed up the gross sum of the imposts;
So that, tho' felt as a most grievous scourge
Upon the land, they stand us in small stead
As touches the receipt.

Strafford. 'T is a conclusion
Most arithmetical: and thence you infer
Perhaps the assembling of a parliament.
Now, if a man should call his dearest enemies
To sit in licensed judgment on his life,
His Majesty might wisely take that course.

[*Aside to* COTTINGTON.

It is enough to expect from these lean imposts
That they perform the office of a scourge,
Without more profit. (*Aloud.*) Fines and confiscations,
And a forced loan from the refractory city,
Will fill our coffers: and the golden love

Of loyal gentlemen and noble friends
For the worshipt father of our common country,
With contributions from the Catholics,
Will make Rebellion pale in our excess.
Be these the expedients until time and wisdom
Shall frame a settled state of government.
Laud. And weak expedients they! Have we not drained
All, till the which seemed
A mine exhaustless?
Strafford. And the love which *is*,
If loyal hearts could turn their blood to gold.
Laud. Both now grow barren: and I speak it not
As loving parliaments, which, as they have been
In the right hand of bold bad mighty kings
The scourges of the bleeding Church, I hate.
Methinks they scarcely can deserve our fear.
Strafford. Oh! my dear liege, take back the wealth thou gavest:
With that, take all I held, but as in trust
For thee, of mine inheritance: leave me but
This unprovided body for thy service,
And a mind dedicated to no care
Except thy safety: — but assemble not
A parliament. Hundreds will bring, like me,
Their fortunes, as they would their blood, before —
King. No! thou who judgest them art but one. Alas!
We should be too much out of love with Heaven,
Did this vile world show many such as thee,
Thou perfect, just, and honorable man!
Never shall it be said that Charles of England
Stript those he loved for fear of those he scorns;
Nor will he so much misbecome his throne
As to impoverish those who most adorn
And best defend it. That you urge, dear Strafford,
Inclines me rather —
Queen. To a parliament?
Is this thy firmness? and thou wilt preside
Over a knot of censurers,
To the unswearing of thy best resolves,
And choose the worst, when the worst comes too soon?
Plight not the worst before the worst must come.
Oh, wilt thou smile whilst our ribald foes,
Drest in their own usurpt authority,
Sharpen their tongues on Henrietta's fame?
It is enough! Thou lovest me no more!
[*Weeps.*
King. Oh, Henrietta!
[*They talk apart.*
Cottington (*to* LAUD). Money we have none:
And all the expedients of my Lord of Strafford
Will scarcely meet the arrears.
Laud. Without delay
An army must be sent into the north;
Followed by a Commission of the Church,
With amplest power to quench in fire and blood,
And tears and terror, and the pity of hell,
The intenser wrath of Heresy. God will give
Victory; and victory over Scotland give
The lion England tamed into our hands.
That will lend power, and power bring gold.
Cottington. Meanwhile
We must begin first where your Grace leaves off.
Gold must give power, or —
Laud. I am not averse
From the assembling of a parliament.
Strong actions and smooth words might teach them soon
The lesson to obey. And are they not
A bubble fashioned by the monarch's mouth,
The birth of one light breath? If they serve no purpose,
A word dissolves them.

Strafford. The engine of parliaments
Might be deferred until I can bring over
The Irish regiments: they will serve to assure
The issue of the war against the Scots.
And, this game won — which if lost, all is lost —
Gather these chosen leaders of the rebels,
And call them, if you will, a parliament.
King. Oh, be our feet still tardy to shed blood,
Guilty tho' it may be! I would still spare
The stubborn country of my birth, and ward
From countenances which I loved in youth
The wrathful Church's lacerating hand.
(*To* LAUD). Have you o'erlookt the other articles?
[*Re-enter* ARCHY.
Laud. Hazlerig, Hampden, Pym, young Harry Vane,
Cromwell, and other rebels of less note,
Intend to sail with the next favoring wind
For the Plantations.
Archy. Where they think to found
A commonwealth like Gonzalo's in the play,
Gynæcocœnic and pantisocratic.
King. What's that, sirrah?
Archy. New devil's politics.
Hell is the pattern of all commonwealths:
Lucifer was the first republican.
Will you hear Merlin's prophecy, how three posts
"In one brainless skull, when the whitethorn is full,
Shall sail round the world, and come back again:
Shall sail round the world in a brainless skull,
And come back again when the moon is at full:" —
When, in spite of the Church,
They will hear homilies of whatever length
Or form they please.
Cottington. So please your Majesty to sign this order
For their detention.

Archy. If your Majesty were tormented night and day by fever, gout, rheumatism, and stone, and asthma, etc., and you found these diseases had secretly entered into a conspiracy to abandon you, should you think it necessary to lay an embargo on the port by which they meant to dispeople your unquiet kingdom of man?
King. If fear were made for kings, the Fool mocks wisely;
But in this case — (*writing*). Here, my lord, take the warrant,
And see it duly executed forthwith. —
That imp of malice and mockery shall be punisht.
[*Exeunt all but* KING, QUEEN, *add* ARCHY.
Archy. Ay, I am the physician of whom Plato prophesied, who was to be accused by the confectioner before a jury of children, who found him guilty without waiting for the summing-up, and hanged him without benefit of clergy. Thus Baby Charles, and the Twelfth-night Queen of Hearts, and the overgrown schoolboy Cottington, and that little urchin Laud — who would reduce a verdict of "guilty, death," by famine, if it were impregnable by composition — all impanelled against poor Archy for presenting them bitter physic the last day of the holidays.
Queen. Is the rain over, sirrah?
King. When it rains
And the sun shines, 't will rain again tomorrow:
And therefore never smile till you 've done crying.
Archy. But 't is all over now: like the April anger of woman, the gentle sky has wept itself serene.
Queen. What news abroad? how looks the world this morning?
Archy. Gloriously as a grave covered with virgin flowers. There 's a rainbow in the sky. Let your Majesty look at it, for

> "A rainbow in the morning
> Is the shepherd's warning;"

and the flocks of which you are the pastor are scattered among the mountain-

tops, where every drop of water is a flake of snow, and the breath of May pierces like a January blast.

King. The sheep have mistaken the wolf for their shepherd, my poor boy; and the shepherd, the wolves for their watchdogs.

Queen. But the rainbow was a good sign, Archy: it says that the waters of the deluge are gone, and can return no more.

Archy. Ay, the salt-water one: but that of tears and blood must yet come down, and that of fire follow, if there be any truth in lies. — The rainbow hung over the city with all its shops, . . . and churches, from north to south, like a bridge of congregated lightning pieced by the masonry of heaven — like a balance in which the angel that distributes the coming hour was weighing that heavy one whose poise is now felt in the lightest hearts, before it bows the proudest heads under the meanest feet.

Queen. Who taught you this trash, sirrah?

Archy. A torn leaf out of an old book trampled in the dirt. — But for the rainbow. It moved as the sun moved, and . . . until the top of the Tower . . . of a cloud through its left-hand tip, and Lambeth Palace look as dark as a rock before the other. Methought I saw a crown figured upon one tip, and a mitre on the other. So, as I had heard treasures were found where the rainbow quenches its points upon the earth, I set off, and at the Tower — But I shall not tell your Majesty what I found close to the closet-window on which the rainbow had glimmered.

King. Speak: I will make my Fool my conscience.

Archy. Then conscience is a fool. — I saw there a cat caught in a rat-trap. I heard the rats squeak behind the wainscots: it seemed to me that the very mice were consulting on the manner of her death.

Queen. Archy is shrewd and bitter.

Archy. Like the season, so blow the winds. — But at the other end of the rainbow, where the gray rain was tempered along the grass and leaves by a tender interfusion of violet and gold in the meadows beyond Lambeth, what think you that I found instead of a mitre?

King. Vane's wits perhaps.

Archy. Something as vain. I saw a gross vapor hovering in a stinking ditch over the carcass of a dead ass, some rotten rags, and broken dishes — the wrecks of what once administered to the stuffing-out and the ornament of a worm of worms. His Grace of Canterbury expects to enter the New Jerusalem some Palm Sunday in triumph on the ghost of this ass.

Queen. Enough, enough! Go desire Lady Jane
She place my lute, together with the music
Mari received last week from Italy,
In my boudoir, and — [*Exit* ARCHY.

King. I 'll go in.

Queen. My beloved lord,
Have you not noted that the Fool of late
Has lost his careless mirth, and that his words
Sound like the echoes of our saddest fears?
What can it mean? I should be loath to think
Some factious slave had tutored him.

King. Oh, no!
He is but Occasion's pupil. Partly 't is
That our minds piece the vacant intervals
Of his wild words with their own fashioning, —
As in the imagery of summer clouds,
Or coals of the winter fire, idlers find
The perfect shadows of their teeming thoughts:
And partly, that the terrors of the time
Are sown by wandering Rumor in all spirits;
And in the lightest and the least, may best
Be seen the current of the coming wind.

Queen. Your brain is overwrought with these deep thoughts.
Come, I will sing to you; let us go try
These airs from Italy; and, as we pass
The gallery, we 'll decide where that Correggio
Shall hang — the Virgin Mother

With her child, born the King of heaven and earth,
Whose reign is men's salvation. And you shall see
A cradled miniature of yourself asleep,
Stampt on the heart by never-erring love;
Liker than any Vandyke ever made,
A pattern to the unborn age of thee,
Over whose sweet beauty I have wept for joy
A thousand times, and now should weep for sorrow,
Did I not think that after we were dead
Our fortunes would spring high in him, and that
The cares we waste upon our heavy crown
Would make it light and glorious as a wreath
Of Heaven's beams for his dear innocent brow.

King. Dear Henrietta!

SCENE III. — THE STAR CHAMBER. LAUD, JUXON, STRAFFORD, *and others, as Judges.* PRYNNE *as a Prisoner, and then* BASTWICK.

Laud. Bring forth the prisoner Bastwick: let the clerk
Recite his sentence.

Clerk. "That he pay five thousand
Pounds to the king, lose both his ears, be branded
With red-hot iron on the cheek and forehead,
And be imprisoned within Lancaster Castle
During the pleasure of the Court."

Laud. Prisoner,
If you have aught to say wherefore this sentence
Should not be put into effect, now speak.

Juxon. If you have aught to plead in mitigation,
Speak.

Bastwick. Thus, my lords. If, like the prelates, I
Were an invader of the royal power,
A public scorner of the word of God,
Profane, idolatrous, popish, superstitious,
Impious in heart and in tyrannic act,
Void of wit, honesty, and temperance;
If Satan were my lord, as theirs, — our God
Pattern of all I should avoid to do;
Were I an enemy of my God and King
And of good men, as ye are; — I should merit
Your fearful state and gilt prosperity,
Which, when ye wake from the last sleep, shall turn
To cowls and robes of everlasting fire.
But, as I am, I bid ye grudge me not
The only earthly favor ye can yield,
Or I think worth acceptance at your hands, —
Scorn, mutilation, and imprisonment.
Even as my Master did,
Until Heaven's kingdom shall descend on earth,
Or earth be like a shadow in the light
Of heaven absorbed — some few tumultuous years
Will pass, and leave no wreck of what opposes
His will whose will is power.

Laud. Officer, take the prisoner from the bar,
And be his tongue slit for his insolence.

Bastwick. While this hand holds a pen —

Laud. Be his hands —

Juxon. Stop!
Forbear, my lord! The tongue, which now can speak
No terror, would interpret, being dumb,
Heaven's thunder to our harm; . . .
And hands, which now write only their own shame,
With bleeding stumps might sign our blood away.

Laud. Much more such "mercy" among men would be,
Did all the ministers of Heaven's revenge
Flinch thus from earthly retribution. I
Could suffer what I would inflict.
[*Exit* BASTWICK *guarded.*
Bring up
The Lord Bishop of Lincoln. —
(*To Strafford*). Know you not
That, in distraining for ten thousand pounds
Upon his books and furniture at Lincoln,

Were found these scandalous and seditious letters
Sent from one Osbaldistone, who is fled?
I speak it not as touching this poor person;
But of the office which should make it holy,
Were it as vile as it was ever spotless.
Mark too, my lord, that this expression strikes
His Majesty, if I misinterpret not.

Enter BISHOP WILLIAMS *guarded.*

Strafford. 'T were politic and just that Williams taste
The bitter fruit of his connection with
The schismatics. But you, my Lord Archbishop,
Who owed your first promotion to his favor,
Who grew beneath his smile —

Laud. Would therefore beg
The office of his judge from this High Court, —
That it shall seem, even as it is, that I,
In my assumption of this sacred robe,
Have put aside all worldly preference,
All sense of all distinction of all persons,
All thoughts but of the service of the Church. —
Bishop of Lincoln!

Williams. Peace, proud hierarch!
I know my sentence, and I own it just.
Thou wilt repay me less than I deserve,
In stretching to the utmost

. . . . . .

SCENE IV. — HAMPDEN, PYM, CROMWELL, *his Daughter, and young* SIR HARRY VANE.

Hampden. England, farewell, thou who hast been my cradle,
Shalt never be my dungeon or my grave!
I held what I inherited in thee,
As pawn for that inheritance of freedom
Which thou hast sold for thy despoiler's smile:
How can I call thee England, or my country? —
Does the wind hold?

Vane. The vanes sit steady
Upon the Abbey towers. The silver lightnings
Of the evening star, spite of the city's smoke,
Tell that the north wind reigns in the upper air.
Mark too that flock of fleecy-wingèd clouds
Sailing athwart St. Margaret's.

Hampden. Hail, fleet herald
Of tempest! that rude pilot who shall guide
Hearts free as his, to realms as pure as thee,
Beyond the shot of tyranny,
Beyond the webs of that swoln spider. . .
Beyond the curses, calumnies, and lies
Of atheist priests! And thou
Fair star, whose beam lies on the wide Atlantic,
Athwart its zones of tempest and of calm,
Bright as the path to a belovèd home,
Oh, light us to the isles of the evening land!
Like floating Edens cradled in the glimmer
Of sunset, through the distant mist of years
Toucht by departing hope, they gleam! lone regions,
Where power's poor dupes and victims yet have never
Propitiated the savage fear of kings
With purest blood of noblest hearts; whose dew
Is yet unstained with tears of those who wake
To weep each day the wrongs on which it dawns;
Whose sacred silent air owns yet no echo
Of formal blasphemies; nor impious rites
Wrest man's free worship, from the God who loves,
To the poor worm who envies us his love!
Receive, thou young of Paradise,
These exiles from the old and sinful world!

. . . . . .

This glorious clime, this firmament, whose lights
Dart mitigated influence thro' their veil

Of pale blue atmosphere; whose tears keep green
The pavement of this moist all-feeding earth;
This vaporous horizon, whose dim round
Is bastioned by the circumfluous sea,
Repelling invasion from the sacred towers,
Presses upon me like a dungeon's grate,
A low dark roof, a damp and narrow wall.
The boundless universe
Becomes a cell too narrow for the soul
That owns no master; while the loathliest ward
Of this wide prison, England, is a nest
Of cradling peace built on the mountain tops, —
To which the eagle spirits of the free,
Which range thro' heaven and earth, and scorn the storm
Of time, and gaze upon the light of truth,
Return to brood on thoughts that cannot die
And cannot be repelled.
Like eaglets floating in the heaven of time,
They soar above their quarry, and shall stoop
Thro' palaces and temples thunder-proof.

SCENE V.

Archy. I'll go live under the ivy that overgrows the terrace, and count the tears shed on its old roots as the [wind] plays the song of

" A widow bird sate mourning
Upon a wintry bough."

[*Sings.*]

Heigho! the lark and the owl!
One flies the morning, and one lulls the night: —
Only the nightingale, poor fond soul,
Sings like the fool through darkness and light.

"A widow bird sate mourning for her love
Upon a wintry bough;
The frozen wind crept on above,
The freezing stream below.

"There was no leaf upon the forest bare,
No flower upon the ground,
And little motion in the air
Except the mill-wheel's sound."

THE TRIUMPH OF LIFE.

SWIFT as a spirit hastening to his task
Of glory and of good, the Sun sprang forth
Rejoicing in his splendor, and the mask

Of darkness fell from the awakened Earth —
The smokeless altars of the mountain snows
Flamed above crimson clouds, and at the birth

Of light, the Ocean's orison arose,
To which the birds tempered their matin lay.
All flowers in field or forest which unclose

Their trembling eyelids to the kiss of day,
Swinging their censers in the element,
With orient incense lit by the new ray

Burned slow and inconsumably, and sent
Their odorous sighs up to the smiling air;
And, in succession due, did continent,

Isle, ocean, and all things that in them wear
The form and character of mortal mould,
Rise as the Sun their father rose, to bear

Their portion of the toil, which he of old
Took as his own, and then imposed on them:
But I, whom thoughts which must remain untold

Had kept as wakeful as the stars that gem
The cone of night, now they were laid asleep
Stretcht my faint limbs beneath the hoary stem

Which an old chestnut flung athwart the steep
Of a green Apennine: before me fled
The night; behind me rose the day; the deep

Was at my feet, and Heaven above my head,
When a strange trance over my fancy grew
Which was not slumber, for the shade it spread

Was so transparent, that the scene came thro'
As clear as when a veil of light is drawn
O'er evening hills they glimmer; and I knew

That I had felt the freshness of that dawn,
Bathed in the same cold dew my brow and hair,
And sat as thus upon that slope of lawn

Under the self-same bough, and heard as there
The birds, the fountains and the ocean hold
Sweet talk in music thro' the enamoured air,
And then a vision on my brain was rolled.

As in that trance of wondrous thought I lay,
This was the tenor of my waking dream: —
Methought I sate beside a public way

Thick strewn with summer dust, and a great stream
Of people there was hurrying to and fro,
Numerous as gnats upon the evening gleam,

All hastening onward, yet none seemed to know
Whither he went, or whence he came, or why
He made one of the multitude, and so

Was borne amid the crowd, as thro' the sky
One of the million leaves of summer's bier;
Old age and youth, manhood and infancy

Mixt in one mighty torrent did appear,
Some flying from the thing they feared, and some
Seeking the object of another's fear;

And others as with steps towards the tomb,
Pored on the trodden worms that crawled beneath,
And others mournfully within the gloom

Of their own shadow walkt and called it death;
And some fled from it as it were a ghost,
Half fainting in the affliction of vain breath:

But more, with motions which each other crost,
Pursued or shunned the shadows the clouds threw,
Or birds within the noonday ether lost,

Upon that path where flowers never grew, —
And, weary with vain toil and faint for thirst,
Heard not the fountains, whose melodious dew

Out of their mossy cells forever burst;
Nor felt the breeze which from the forest told
Of grassy paths and wood-lawns interspersed

With overarching elms and caverns cold,
And violet banks where sweet dreams brood, but they
Pursued their serious folly as of old.

And as I gazed, methought that in the way
The throng grew wilder, as the woods of June
When the south wind shakes the extinguisht day,

And a cold glare, intenser than the noon,
But icy cold, obscured with blinding light
The sun, as he the stars. Like the young moon —

When on the sunlit limits of the night
Her white shell trembles amid crimson air,
And whilst the sleeping tempest gathers might

Doth, as the herald of its coming, bear
The ghost of its dead mother, whose dim form
Bends in dark ether from her infant's chair, —

So came a chariot on the silent storm
Of its own rushing splendor, and a Shape
So sat within, as one whom years deform,

Beneath a dusky hood and double cape,
Crouching within the shadow of a tomb;
And o'er what seemed the head a cloud-like crape

Was bent, a dun and faint ethereal gloom
Tempering the light. Upon the chariot beam
A Janus-visaged Shadow did assume

The guidance of that wonder-wingèd team;
The shapes which drew it in thick lightnings
Were lost: — I heard alone on the air's soft stream

The music of their ever-moving wings.
All the four faces of that charioteer
Had their eyes banded; little profit brings

Speed in the van and blindness in the rear,
Nor then avail the beams that quench the sun
Or that with banded eyes could pierce the sphere

Of all that is, has been or will be done;
So ill was the car guided — but it past
With solemn speed majestically on.

The crowd gave way, and I arose aghast,
Or seemed to rise, so mighty was the trance,
And saw, like clouds upon the thunder blast,

The million with fierce song and maniac dance
Raging around — such seemed the jubilee
As when to greet some conqueror's advance

Imperial Rome poured forth her living sea
From senate-house, and forum, and theatre,
When upon the free

Had bound a yoke, which soon they stoopt to bear.
Nor wanted here the just similitude
Of a triumphal pageant, for where'er

The chariot rolled, a captive multitude
Was driven; — all those who had grown old in power
Or misery, — all who had their age subdued

By action or by suffering, and whose hour
Was drained to its last sand in weal or woe,
So that the trunk survived both fruit and flower; —

All those whose fame or infamy must grow

Till the great winter lay the form and name
Of this green earth with them forever low;—

All but the sacred few who could not tame
Their spirits to the conquerors — but as soon
As they had toucht the world with living flame,

Fled back like eagles to their native noon,
Or those who put aside the diadem
Of earthly thrones or gems . . .

Were there, of Athens or Jerusalem,
Were neither mid the mighty captives seen
Nor mid the ribald crowd that followed them,

Nor those who went before fierce and obscene.
The wild dance maddens in the van, and those
Who lead it — fleet as shadows on the green,

Outspeed the chariot, and without repose
Mix with each other in tempestuous measure
To savage music, wilder as it grows,

They, tortured by their agonizing pleasure,
Convulst and on the rapid whirlwinds spun
Of that fierce spirit, whose unholy leisure

Was soothed by mischief since the world begun,
Throw back their heads and loose their streaming hair;
And in their dance round her who dims the sun,

Maidens and youths fling their wild arms in air
As their feet twinkle; they recede, and now
Bending within each other's atmosphere,

Kindle invisibly — and as they glow,
Like moths by light attracted and repelled,
Oft to their bright destruction come and go,

Till like two clouds into one vale impelled,
That shake the mountains when their lightnings mingle
And die in rain — the fiery band which held

Their natures, snaps — while the shock still may tingle;
One falls and then another in the path
Senseless — nor is the desolation single,

Yet ere I can say *where* — the chariot hath
Past over them — nor other trace I find
But as of foam after the ocean's wrath

Is spent upon the desert shore; — behind,
Old men and women foully disarrayed,
Shake their gray hairs in the insulting wind,

And follow in the dance, with limbs decayed,
Seeking to reach the light which leaves them still
Farther behind and deeper in the shade.

But not the less with impotence of will
They wheel, though ghastly shadows interpose
Round them and round each other, and fulfil

Their work, and in the dust from whence they rose
Sink, and corruption veils them as they lie,
And past in these performs what in those.

Struck to the heart by this sad pageantry,
Half to myself I said — And what is this?
Whose shape is that within the car? And why —

I would have added — is all here amiss?—
But a voice answered — "Life!" — I
turned, and knew
(O Heaven, have mercy on such wretch-
edness!)

That what I thought was an old root
which grew
To strange distortion out of the hillside,
Was indeed one of those deluded crew,

And that the grass, which methought
hung so wide
And white, was but his thin discolored
hair,
And that the holes he vainly sought to
hide,

Were or had been eyes: — "If thou
canst, forbear
To join the dance, which I had well for-
borne!"
Said the grim Feature (of my thought
aware).

"I will unfold that which to this deep
scorn
Led me and my companions, and relate
The progress of the pageant since the
morn;

"If thirst of knowledge shall not then
abate,
Follow it thou even to the night, but I
Am weary." — Then like one who with
the weight

Of his own words is staggered, wearily
He paused; and ere he could resume, I
cried:
"First, who art thou?" — "Before thy
memory,

"I feared, loved, hated, suffered, did
and died,
And if the spark with which Heaven lit
my spirit
Had been with purer nutriment supplied,

"Corruption would not now thus much
inherit
Of what was once Rousseau, — nor this
disguise
Stain that which ought to have disdained
to wear it;

"If I have been extinguisht, yet there
rise
A thousand beacons from the spark I
bore" —
"And who are those chained to the
car?" — "The wise,

"The great, the unforgotten, — they
who wore
Mitres and helms and crowns, or wreaths
of light,
Signs of thought's empire over thought
— their lore

"Taught them not this, to know them-
selves; their might
Could not repress the mystery within,
And for the morn of truth they feigned,
deep night

"Caught them ere evening." — "Who
is he with chin
Upon his breast, and hands crost on his
chain?" —
"The child of a fierce hour; he sought
to win

"The world, and lost all that it did con-
tain
Of greatness, in its hope destroyed; and
more
Of fame and peace than virtue's self can
gain

"Without the opportunity which bore
Him on its eagle pinions to the peak
From which a thousand climbers have
before

"Fallen, as Napoleon fell." I felt my
cheek
Alter, to see the shadow pass away,
Whose grasp had left the giant world so
weak,

That every pygmy kickt it as it lay;
And much I grieved to think how power
and will
In opposition rule our mortal day,

And why God made irreconcilable
Good and the means of good; and for despair
I half disdained mine eyes' desire to fill

With the spent vision of the times that were
And scarce have ceast to be. "Dost thou behold,"
Said my guide, "those spoilers spoiled, Voltaire,

"Frederick, and Paul, Catherine, and Leopold,
And hoary anarchs, demagogues, and sage —
names which the world thinks always old,

"For in the battle Life and they did wage,
She remained conqueror. I was overcome
By my own heart alone, which neither age,

"Nor tears, nor infamy, nor now the tomb
Could temper to its object." — "Let them pass,"
I cried, "the world and its mysterious doom

"Is not so much more glorious than it was,
That I desire to worship those who drew
New figures on its false and fragile glass

"As the old faded." — "Figures ever new
Rise on the bubble, paint them as you may;
We have but thrown, as those before us threw,

"Our shadows on it as it past away.
But mark how chained to the triumphal chair
The mighty phantoms of an elder day;

"All that is mortal of great Plato there
Expiates the joy and woe his master knew not;
The star that ruled his doom was far too fair,

"And life, where long that flower of Heaven grew not,
Conquered that heart by love, which gold, or pain,
Or age, or sloth, or slavery could subdue not.

"And near him walk the twain,
The tutor and his pupil, whom Dominion
Followed as tame as vulture in a chain.

"The world was darkened beneath either pinion
Of him whom from the flock of conquerors
Fame singled out for her thunder-bearing minion;

"The other long outlived both woes and wars,
Throned in the thoughts of men, and still had kept
The jealous key of truth's eternal doors.

"If Bacon's eagle spirit had not leapt
Like lightning out of darkness — he compelled
The Proteus shape of Nature as it slept

"To wake, and lead him to the caves that held
The treasure of the secrets of its reign.
See the great bards of elder time, who quelled

"The passions which they sung, as by their strain
May well be known: their living melody
Tempers its own contagion to the vein

"Of those who were infected with it — I
Have suffered what I wrote, or viler pain!
And so my words have seeds of misery —

"Even as the deeds of others, not as theirs."
And then he pointed to a company,

Midst whom I quickly recognized the heirs
Of Cæsar's crime, from him to Constantine;
The anarch chiefs, whose force and murderous snares

Had founded many a sceptre-bearing line,
And spread the plague of gold and blood abroad:
And Gregory and John, and men divine,

Who rose like shadows between man and God;
Till that eclipse, still hanging over heaven,
Was worshipt by the world o'er which they strode,

For the true sun it quencht — "Their power was given
But to destroy," replied the leader: — "I
Am one of those who have created, even

"If it be but a world of agony." —
"Whence camest thou? and whither goest thou?
How did thy course begin?" I said, "and why?

"Mine eyes are sick of this perpetual flow
Of people, and my heart sick of one sad thought —
Speak!" — "Whence I am, I partly seem to know,

"And how and by what paths I have been brought
To this dread pass, methinks even thou mayst guess; —
Why this should be, my mind can compass not;

"Whither the conqueror hurries me still less; —
But follow thou, and from spectator turn
Actor or victim in this wretchedness,

"And what thou wouldst be taught I then may learn
From thee. Now listen: — In the April prime,
When all the forest tips began to burn

"With kindling green, toucht by the azure clime
Of the young season, I was laid asleep
Under a mountain, which from unknown time

"Had yawned into a cavern, high and deep;
And from it came a gentle rivulet,
Whose water, like clear air, in its calm sweep

"Bent the soft grass, and kept forever wet
The stems of the sweet flowers, and filled the grove
With sounds, which whoso hears must needs forget

"All pleasure and all pain, all hate and love,
Which they had known before that hour of rest;
A sleeping mother then would dream not of

"Her only child who died upon the breast
At eventide — a king would mourn no more
The crown of which his brows were dispossest

"When the sun lingered o'er his ocean floor,
To gild his rival's new prosperity.
Thou wouldst forget thus vainly to deplore

"Ills, which if ills can find no cure from thee,
The thought of which no other sleep will quell,
Nor other music blot from memory,

"So sweet and deep is the oblivious spell;
And whether life had been before that sleep
The heaven which I imagine, or a hell

"Like this harsh world in which I wake to weep,

I know not. I arose, and for a space
The scene of woods and waters seemed to keep,

"Tho' it was now broad day, a gentle trace
Of light diviner than the common sun
Sheds on the common earth, and all the place

"Was filled with magic sounds woven into one
Oblivious melody, confusing sense
Amid the gliding waves and shadows dun;

"And, as I lookt, the bright omnipresence
Of morning thro' the orient cavern flowed,
And the sun's image radiantly intense

"Burned on the waters of the well that glowed
Like gold, and threaded all the forest's maze
With winding paths of emerald fire; there stood

"Amid the sun, as he amid the blaze
Of his own glory, on the vibrating
Floor of the fountain, paved with flashing rays,

"A Shape all light, which with one hand did fling
Dew on the earth, as if she were the dawn,
And the invisible rain did ever sing

"A silver music on the mossy lawn;
And still before me on the dusky grass,
Iris her many-colored scarf had drawn:

"In her right hand she bore a crystal glass,
Mantling with bright Nepenthe; the fierce splendor
Fell from her as she moved under the mass

"Of the deep cavern, and with palms so tender,
Their tread broke not the mirror of its billow,
Glided along the river, and did bend her

"Head under the dark boughs, till like a willow,
Her fair hair swept the bosom of the stream
That whispered with delight to be its pillow.

"As one enamoured is upborne in dream
O'er lily-paven lakes mid silver mist,
To wondrous music, so this shape might seem

"Partly to tread the waves with feet which kist
The dancing foam; partly to glide along
The air which roughened the moist amethyst,

"Or the faint morning beams that fell among
The trees, or the soft shadows of the trees;
And her feet, ever to the ceaseless song

"Of leaves, and winds, and waves, and birds, and bees,
And falling drops, moved in a measure new
Yet sweet, as on the summer evening breeze,

"Up from the lake a shape of golden dew
Between two rocks, athwart the rising moon,
Dances i' the wind, where never eagle flew;

"And still her feet, no less than the sweet tune
To which they moved, seemed as they moved to blot
The thoughts of him who gazed on them; and soon

"All that was, seemed as if it had been not;
And all the gazer's mind was strewn beneath

Her feet like embers; and she, thought
by thought,

"Trampled its sparks into the dust of
death;
As day upon the threshold of the east
Treads out the lamps of night, until the
breath

"Of darkness re-illumine even the least
Of heaven's living eyes — like day she
came,
Making the night a dream; and ere she
ceast

"To move, as one between desire and
shame
Suspended, I said — If, as it doth seem,
Thou comest from the realm without a
name,

"Into this valley of perpetual dream,
Show whence I came, and where I am,
and why —
Pass not away upon the passing stream.

"Arise and quench thy thirst, was her
reply.
And as a shut lily stricken by the wand
Of dewy morning's vital alchemy,

"I rose; and, bending at her sweet com-
mand,
Toucht with faint lips the cup she
raised,
And suddenly my brain became as sand

"Where the first wave had more than
half erased
The track of deer on desert Labrador;
Whilst the wolf, from which they fled
amazed,

"Leaves his stamp visibly upon the
shore,
Until the second bursts; — so on my sight
Burst a new vision, never seen before,

"And the fair shape waned in the com-
ing light,
As veil by veil the silent splendor drops
From Lucifer, amid the chrysolite

"Of sunrise, ere it tinge the mountain
tops;
And as the presence of that fairest
planet,
Altho' unseen, is felt by one who
hopes

"That his day's path may end as he be-
gan it,
In that star's smile, whose light is like
the scent
Of a jonquil when evening breezes fan
it,

"Or the soft note in which his dear
lament
The Brescian shepherd breathes, or the
caress
That turned his weary slumber to con-
tent;

"So knew I in that light's severe excess
The presence of that shape which on the
stream
Moved, as I moved along the wilderness

"More dimly than a day-appearing
dream,
The ghost of a forgotten form of sleep;
A light of heaven, whose half-extin-
guisht beam

"Thro' the sick day in which we
wake to weep,
Glimmers, forever sought, forever lost;
So did that shape its obscure tenor keep

"Beside my path, as silent as a ghost;
But the new Vision, and the cold bright
car,
With solemn speed and stunning music,
crost

"The forest, and as if from some dread
war
Triumphantly returning, the loud million
Fiercely extolled the fortune of her star.

"A moving arch of victory, the ver-
milion
And green and azure plumes of Iris had
Built high over her wind-wingèd pavilion,

"And underneath ethereal glory clad
The wilderness, and far before her flew
The tempest of the splendor, which forbade

"Shadow to fall from leaf and stone; the crew
Seemed in that light, like atomies to dance
Within a sunbeam;—some upon the new

"Embroidery of flowers, that did enhance
The grassy vesture of the desert, played,
Forgetful of the chariot's swift advance;

"Others stood gazing, till within the shade
Of the great mountain its light left them dim;
Others outspeeded it; and others made

"Circles around it, like the clouds that swim
Round the high moon in a bright sea of air;
And more did follow, with exulting hymn,

"The chariot and the captives fettered there:—
But all like bubbles on an eddying flood
Fell into the same track at last, and were

"Borne onward. I among the multitude
Was swept—me, sweetest flowers delayed not long;
Me, not the shadow nor the solitude;

"Me, not that falling stream's Lethean song;
Me, not the phantom of that early form,
Which moved upon its motion—but among

"The thickest billows of that living storm
I plunged, and bared my bosom to the clime
Of that cold light, whose airs too soon deform.

"Before the chariot had begun to climb
The opposing steep of that mysterious dell,
Behold a wonder worthy of the rhyme

"Of him who from the lowest depths of hell,
Thro' every paradise and through all glory,
Love led serene, and who returned to tell

"The words of hate and awe; the wondrous story
How all things are transfigured except Love;
For deaf as is a sea, which wrath makes hoary,

"The world can hear not the sweet notes that move
The sphere whose light is melody to lovers—
A wonder worthy of his rhyme. The grove

"Grew dense with shadows to its inmost covers,
The earth was gray with phantoms, and the air
Was peopled with dim forms, as when there hovers

"A flock of vampire-bats before the glare
Of the tropic sun, bringing, ere evening,
Strange night upon some Indian isle;—thus were

"Phantoms diffused around; and some did fling
Shadows of shadows, yet unlike themselves,
Behind them; some like eaglets on the wing

"Were lost in the white day; others like elves
Danced in a thousand unimagined shapes
Upon the sunny streams and grassy shelves;

"And others sate chattering like restless apes
On vulgar hands, . . .
Some made a cradle of the ermined capes

"Of kingly mantles; some across the tiar
Of pontiffs sate like vultures; others played
Under the crown which girt with empire

"A baby's or an idiot's brow, and made
Their nests in it. The old anatomies
Sate hatching their bare broods under the shade

"Of demon wings, and laught from their dead eyes
To reassume the delegated power,
Arrayed in which those worms did monarchize,

"Who made this earth their charnel. Others more
Humble, like falcons, sate upon the fist
Of common men, and round their heads did soar;

"Or like small gnats and flies, as thick as mist
On evening marshes, thronged about the brow
Of lawyers, statesmen, priest and theorist;—

"And others, like discolored flakes of snow
On fairest bosoms and the sunniest hair,
Fell, and were melted by the youthful glow

"Which they extinguisht; and, like tears, they were
A veil to those from whose faint lids they rained
In drops of sorrow. I became aware

"Of whence those forms proceeded which thus stained
The track in which we moved. After brief space,
From every form the beauty slowly waned;

"From every firmest limb and fairest face
The strength and freshness fell like dust, and left
The action and the shape without the grace

"Of life. The marble brow of youth was cleft
With care; and in those eyes where once hope shone,
Desire, like a lioness bereft

"Of her last cub, glared ere it died; each one
Of that great crowd sent forth incessantly
These shadows, numerous as the dead leaves blown

"In autumn evening from a poplar-tree.
Each like himself and like each other were
At first; but some distorted seemed to be

"Obscure clouds, moulded by the casual air;
And of this stuff the car's creative ray
Wrought all the busy phantoms that were there,

"As the sun shapes the clouds; thus on the way
Mask after mask fell from the countenance
And form of all; and long before the day

"Was old, the joy which waked like heaven's glance
The sleepers in the oblivious valley, died;
And some grew weary of the ghastly dance,

"And fell, as I have fallen, by the wayside;—
Those soonest from whose forms most shadows past,
And least of strength and beauty did abide.

"Then, what is life? I cried."

CANCELLED OPENING OF "THE TRIUMPH OF LIFE."

Out of the eastern shadow of the Earth,
Amid the clouds upon its margin gray
Scattered by Night to swathe in its bright birth

In gold and fleecy snow the infant Day,
The glorious Sun uprose: beneath his light,
The earth and all . . .

EARLY POEMS.

STANZA, WRITTEN AT BRACKNELL.

Thy dewy looks sink in my breast;
Thy gentle words stir poison there;
Thou hast disturbed the only rest
That was the portion of despair!
Subdued to Duty's hard control,
I could have borne my wayward lot:
The chains that bind this ruined soul
Had cankered then — but crusht it not.

STANZAS. — April, 1814.

Away! the moor is dark beneath the moon,
Rapid clouds have drunk the last pale beam of even:
Away! the gathering winds will call the darkness soon,
And profoundest midnight shroud the serene lights of heaven.

Pause not! The time is past! Every voice cries, Away!
Tempt not with one last tear thy friend's ungentle mood:
Thy lover's eye, so glazed and cold, dares not entreat thy stay:
Duty and dereliction guide thee back to solitude.

Away, away! to thy sad and silent home;
Pour bitter tears on its desolated hearth;
Watch the dim shades as like ghosts they go and come,
And complicate strange webs of melancholy mirth.

The leaves of wasted autumn woods shall float around thine head:
The blooms of dewy spring shall gleam beneath thy feet:
But thy soul or this world must fade in the frost that binds the dead,
Ere midnight's frown and morning's smile, ere thou and peace may meet.

The cloud — shadows of midnight possess their own repose,
For the weary winds are silent, or the moon is in the deep:
Some respite to its turbulence unresting ocean knows;
Whatever moves, or toils, or grieves, hath its appointed sleep.

Thou in the grave shalt rest — yet till the phantoms flee
Which that house and heath and garden made dear to thee erewhile,
Thy remembrance, and repentance, and deep musings are not free
From the music of two voices and the light of one sweet smile.

TO MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT GODWIN.

I.

Mine eyes were dim with tears unshed;
Yes, I was firm — thus wert not thou;—
My baffled looks did fear yet dread
To meet thy looks —I could not know
How anxiously they sought to shine
With soothing pity upon mine.

II.

To sit and curb the soul's mute rage
Which prays upon itself alone;
To curse the life which is the cage
Of fettered grief that dares not groan,

Hiding from many a careless eye
The scornèd load of agony.

III.

Whilst thou alone, then not regarded,
The thou alone should be,
To spend years thus, and be rewarded,
As thou, sweet love, requited me
When none were near — Oh! I did wake
From torture for that moment's sake.

IV.

Upon my heart thy accents sweet
Of peace and pity fell like dew
On flowers half dead; — thy lips did meet
Mine tremblingly; thy dark eyes threw
Their soft persuasion on my brain,
Charming away its dream of pain.

V.

We are not happy, sweet! our state
Is strange and full of doubt and fear;
More need of words that ills abate; —
Reserve or censure come not near
Our sacred friendship, lest there be
No solace left for thee and me.

VI.

Gentle and good and mild thou art,
Nor can I live if thou appear
Aught but thyself, or turn thine heart
Away from me, or stoop to wear
The mask of scorn, altho' it be
To hide the love thou feel'st for me.

TO ———

YET look on me — take not thine eyes away,
Which feed upon the love within mine own,
Which is indeed but the reflected ray
Of thine own beauty from my spirit thrown.
Yet speak to me — thy voice is as the tone
Of my heart's echo, and I think I hear
That thou yet lovest me; yet thou alone
Like one before a mirror, without care
Of aught but thine own features, imaged there;
And yet I wear out life in watching thee;
A toil so sweet at times, and thou indeed
Art kind when I am sick, and pity me.

MUTABILITY.

WE are as clouds that veil the midnight moon;
How restlessly they speed, and gleam, and quiver,
Streaking the darkness radiantly! — yet soon
Night closes round, and they are lost forever;

Or like forgotten lyres, whose dissonant strings
Give various response to each varying blast,
To whose frail frame no second motion brings
One mood or modulation like the last.

We rest. A dream has power to poison sleep;
We rise. One wandering thought pollutes the day;
We feel, conceive or reason, laugh or weep;
Embrace fond woe or cast our cares away:

It is the same! For, be it joy or sorrow,
The path of its departure still is free:
Man's yesterday may ne'er be like his morrow;
Naught may endure but Mutability.

ON DEATH.

THERE IS NO WORK, NOR DEVICE, NOR KNOWLEDGE, NOR WISDOM, IN THE GRAVE, WHITHER THOU GOEST. *Ecclesiastes.*

THE pale, the cold, and the moony smile
Which the meteor beam of a starless night

Sheds on a lonely and sea-girt isle,
Ere the dawning of morn's undoubted light,
Is the flame of life so fickle and wan
That flits round our steps till their strength is gone.

O man! hold thee on in courage of soul
Thro' the stormy shades of thy wordly way,
And the billows of cloud that around thee roll
Shall sleep in the light of a wondrous day,
Where hell and heaven shall leave thee free
To the universe of destiny.

This world is the nurse of all we know,
This world is the mother of all we feel,
And the coming of death is a fearful blow
To a brain unencompast with nerves of steel;
When all that we know, or feel, or see,
Shall pass like an unreal mystery.

The secret things of the grave are there,
Where all but this frame must surely be,
Tho' the fine-wrought eye and the wondrous ear
No longer will live to hear or to see
All that is great and all that is strange
In the boundless realm of unending change.

Who telleth a tale of unspeaking death?
Who lifteth the veil of what is to come?
Who painteth the shadows that are beneath
The wide-winding caves of the peopled tomb?
Or uniteth the hopes of what shall be
With the fears and the love for that which we see?

A SUMMER EVENING CHURCH-YARD.

LECHLADE, GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

THE wind has swept from the wide atmosphere
Each vapor that obscured the sunset's ray;
And pallid Evening twines its beaming hair
In duskier braids around the languid eyes of Day:
Silence and Twilight, unbeloved of men,
Creep hand in hand from yon obscurest glen.

They breathe their spells towards the departing day,
Encompassing the earth, air, stars, and sea;
Light, sound, and motion own the potent sway,
Responding to the charm with its own mystery.
The winds are still, or the dry church-tower grass
Knows not their gentle motions as they pass.

Thou too, aërial Pile! whose pinnacles
Point from one shrine like pyramids of fire,
Obeyest in silence their sweet solemn spells,
Clothing in hues of heaven thy dim and distant spire,
Around whose lessening and invisible height
Gather among the stars the clouds of night.

The dead are sleeping in their sepulchres:
And, mouldering as they sleep, a thrilling sound
Half sense, half thought, among the darkness stirs,
Breathed from their wormy beds all living things around,
And mingling with the still night and mute sky
Its awful hush is felt inaudibly.

Thus solemnized and softened, death is mild
And terrorless as this serenest night:
Here could I hope, like some inquiring child
Sporting on graves, that death did hide from human sight

Sweet secrets, or beside its breathless sleep
That loveliest dreams perpetual watch did keep.

TO COLERIDGE.

ΔΑΚΡΥΣΙ ΔΙΟΙΣΩ ΠΟΤΜΟΝ 'ΑΠΟΤΜΟΝ·

Oh! there are spirits of the air,
And genii of the evening breeze,
And gentle ghosts, with eyes as fair
As star-beams among twilight trees:—
Such lovely ministers to meet
Oft hast thou turned from men thy lonely feet.

With mountain winds, and babbling springs,
And moonlight seas, that are the voice
Of these inexplicable things
Thou didst hold commune, and rejoice
When they did answer thee; but they
Cast, like a worthless boon, thy love away.

And thou hast sought in starry eyes
Beams that were never meant for thine,
Another's wealth:— tame sacrifice
To a fond faith! still dost thou pine?
Still dost thou hope that greeting hands,
Voice, looks, or lips, may answer thy demands?

Ah! wherefore didst thou build thine hope
On the false earth's inconstancy?
Did thine own mind afford no scope
Of love, or moving thoughts to thee?
That natural scenes or human smiles
Could steal the power to wind thee in their wiles.

Yes, all the faithless smiles are fled
Whose falsehood left thee broken-hearted;
The glory of the moon is dead;
Night's ghosts and dreams have now departed;
Thine own soul still is true to thee,
But changed to a foul fiend thro' misery.

This fiend, whose ghastly presence ever
Beside thee like thy shadow hangs,
Dream not to chase; — the mad endeavor
Would scourge thee to severer pangs.
Be as thou art. Thy settled fate,
Dark as it is, all change would aggravate.

TO WORDSWORTH.

Poet of Nature, thou hast wept to know
That things depart which never may return:
Childhood and youth, friendship and love's first glow,
Have fled like sweet dreams, leaving thee to mourn.
These common woes I feel. One loss is mine
Which thou too feel'st, yet I alone deplore.
Thou wert as a lone star, whose light did shine
On some frail bark in winter's midnight roar:
Thou hast like to a rock-built refuge stood
Above the blind and battling multitude:
In honored poverty thy voice did weave
Songs consecrate to truth and liberty, —
Deserting these, thou leavest me to grieve,
Thus having been, that thou shouldst cease to be.

FEELINGS OF A REPUBLICAN ON THE FALL OF BONAPARTE.

I hated thee, fallen tyrant! I did groan
To think that a most unambitious slave,
Like thou, shouldst dance and revel on the grave
Of Liberty. Thou mightst have built thy throne
Where it had stood even now: thou didst prefer
A frail and bloody pomp which time has swept
In fragments towards oblivion. Massacre,
For this I prayed, would on thy sleep have crept,

Treason and Slavery, Rapine, Fear, and Lust,
And stifled thee, their minister. I know
Too late, since thou and France are in the dust,
That virtue owns a more eternal foe
Than force or fraud: old Custom, legal Crime,
And bloody Faith the foulest birth of time.

LINES.

I.

THE cold earth slept below,
Above the cold sky shone;
And all around, with a chilling sound,
From caves of ice and fields of snow,
The breath of night like death did flow
Beneath the sinking moon.

II.

The wintry hedge was black,
The green grass was not seen,
The birds did rest on the bare thorn's breast,
Whose roots, beside the pathway track,
Had bound their folds o'er many a crack,
Which the frost had made between.

III.

Thine eyes glowed in the glare
Of the moon's dying light;
As a fen-fire's beam on a sluggish stream,
Gleams dimly, so the moon shone there,
And it yellowed the strings of thy raven hair,
That shook in the wind of night.

IV.

The moon made thy lips pale, beloved —
The wind made thy bosom chill —
The night did shed on thy dear head
Its frozen dew, and thou didst lie
Where the bitter breath of the naked sky
Might visit thee at will.

NOTE ON THE EARLY POEMS, BY MRS. SHELLEY.

THE remainder of Shelley's Poems will be arranged in the order in which they were written. Of course, mistakes will occur in placing some of the shorter ones; for, as I have said, many of these were thrown aside, and I never saw them till I had the misery of looking over his writings after the hand that traced them was dust; and some were in the hands of others, and I never saw them till now. The subjects of the poems are often to me an unerring guide; but on other occasions I can only guess, by finding them in the pages of the same manuscript book that contains poems with the date of whose composition I am fully conversant. In the present arrangement all his poetical translations will be placed together at the end.

The loss of his early papers prevents my being able to give any of the poetry of his boyhood. Of the few I give as Early Poems, the greater part were published with *Alastor;* some of them were written previously, some at the same period. The poem beginning "Oh, there are spirits in the air" was addressed in idea to Coleridge, whom he never knew; and at whose character he could only guess imperfectly, through his writings, and accounts he heard of him from some who knew him well. He regarded his change of opinions as rather an act of will than conviction, and believed that in his inner heart he would be haunted by what Shelley considered the better and holier aspirations of his youth. The summer evening that suggested to him the poem written in the churchyard of Lechlade occurred during his voyage up the Thames in 1815 He had been advised by a physician to live as much as possible in the open air; and a fortnight of a bright warm July was spent in tracing the Thames to its source. He never spent a season more tranquilly than the summer of 1815. He had just recovered from a severe pulmonary attack; the weather was warm and pleasant. He

lived near Windsor Forest; and his life was spent under its shades or on the water, meditating subjects for verse. Hitherto, he had chiefly aimed at extending his political doctrines, and attempted so to do by appeals in prose essays to the people, exhorting them to claim their rights; but he had now begun to feel that the time for action was not ripe in England, and that the pen was the only instrument wherewith to prepare the way for better things.

In the scanty journals kept during those years I find a record of the books that Shelley read during several years. During the years of 1814 and 1815 the list is extensive. It includes, in Greek, Homer, Hesiod, Theocritus, the histories of Thucydides and Herodotus, and Diogenes Laertius. In Latin, Petronius, Suetonius, some of the works of Cicero, a large proportion of those of Seneca and Livy. In English, Milton's Poems, Wordsworth's "Excursion," Southey's "Madoc" and "Thalaba," Locke "On Human Understanding," Bacon's "Novum Organum. In Italian, Ariosto, Tasso, and Alfieri. In French, the "Rêveries d'un Solitaire" of Rousseau. To these may be added several modern books of travels. He read few novels.

POEMS WRITTEN IN 1816.

THE SUNSET.

THERE late was One within whose subtle being,
As light and wind within some delicate cloud
That fades amid the blue noon's burning sky,
Genius and death contended. None may know
The sweetness of the joy which made his breath
Fail, like the trances of the summer air,
When, with the Lady of his love, who then
First knew the unreserve of mingled being,
He walked along the pathway of a field
Which to the east a hoar wood shadowed o'er,
But to the west was open to the sky.
There now the sun had sunk, but lines of gold
Hung on the ashen clouds, and on the points
Of the far level grass and nodding flowers
And the old dandelion's hoary beard,
And, mingled with the shades of twilight, lay
On the brown massy woods; — and in the east
The broad and burning moon lingeringly rose
Between the black trunks of the crowded trees,
While the faint stars were gathering overhead. —
"Is it not strange, Isabel," said the youth,
"I never saw the sun? We will walk here
To-morrow; thou shalt look on it with me."

That night the youth and lady mingled lay
In love and sleep — but when the morning came
The lady found her lover dead and cold.
Let none believe that God in mercy gave
That stroke. The lady died not, nor grew wild,
But year by year lived on — in truth I think
Her gentleness and patience and sad smiles,
And that she did not die, but lived to tend
Her aged father, were a kind of madness,
If madness 't is to be unlike the world.
For but to see her were to read the tale
Woven by some subtlest bard, to make hard hearts
Dissolve away in wisdom-working grief; —
Her eyes were black and lustreless and wan:
Her eyelashes were worn away with tears,

Her lips and cheeks were like things dead — so pale;
Her hands were thin, and thro' their wandering veins
And weak articulations might be seen
Day's ruddy light. The tomb of thy dead self
Which one vext ghost inhabits, night and day,
Is all, lost child, that now remains of thee!

"Inheritor of more than earth can give,
Passionless calm and silence unreproved,
Whether the dead find, oh, not sleep! but rest,
And are the uncomplaining things they seem,
Or live, or drop in the deep sea of Love;
Oh, that like thine, mine epitaph were — Peace!"
This was the only moan she ever made.

HYMN TO INTELLECTUAL BEAUTY.

I.

THE awful shadow of some unseen Power
Floats tho' unseen amongst us, — visiting
This various world with as inconstant wing
As summer winds that creep from flower to flower, —
Like moonbeams that behind some piny mountain shower,
It visits with inconstant glance
Each human heart and countenance;
Like hues and harmonies of evening, —
Like clouds in starlight widely spread, —
Like memory of music fled, —
Like aught that for its grace may be
Dear, and yet dearer for its mystery.

II.

Spirit of BEAUTY, that dost consecrate
With thine own hues all thou dost shine upon
Of human thought or form, — where art thou gone?
Why dost thou pass away and leave our state,
This dim vast vale of tears, vacant and desolate?
Ask why the sunlight not forever
Weaves rainbows o'er yon mountain river,
Why aught should fail and fade that once is shown,
Why fear and dream and death and birth
Cast on the daylight of this earth
Such gloom, — why man has such a scope
For love and hate, despondency and hope?

III.

No voice from some sublimer world hath ever
To sage or poet these responses given —
Therefore the names of Demon, Ghost, and Heaven,
Remain the records of their vain endeavor,
Frail spells — whose uttered charm might not avail to sever,
From all we hear and all we see,
Doubt, chance, and mutability.
Thy light alone — like mist o'er mountains driven,
Or music by the night wind sent,
Thro' strings of some still instrument,
Or moonlight on a midnight stream,
Gives grace and truth to life's unquiet dream.

IV.

Love, Hope, and Self-esteem, like clouds depart
And come, for some uncertain moments lent,
Man were immortal, and omnipotent,
Didst thou, unknown and awful as thou art,
Keep with thy glorious train firm state within his heart.
Thou messenger of sympathies,
That wax and wane in lovers' eyes —
Thou — that to human thought art nourishment,

Like darkness to a dying flame!
Depart not as thy shadow came,
Depart not—lest the grave should be,
Like life and fear, a dark reality.

V.

While yet a boy I sought for ghosts, and sped
Thro' many a listening chamber, cave and ruin,
And starlight wood, with fearful steps pursuing
Hopes of high talk with the departed dead.
I called on poisonous names with which our youth is fed;
I was not heard — I saw them not —
When musing deeply on the lot
Of life, at the sweet time when winds are wooing
All vital things that wake to bring
News of birds and blossoming,—
Sudden, thy shadow fell on me;
I shriekt, and clasped my hands in ecstasy!

VI.

I vowed that I would dedicate my powers
To thee and thine — have I not kept the vow?
With beating heart and streaming eyes, even now
I call the phantoms of a thousand hours
Each from his voiceless grave: they have in visioned bowers
Of studious zeal or love's delight
Outwatcht with me the envious night —
They know that never joy illumed my brow
Unlinkt with hope that thou wouldst free
This world from its dark slavery,
That thou — O awful LOVELINESS,
Wouldst give whate'er these words cannot express.

VII.

The day becomes more solemn and serene
When noon is past — there is a harmony
In autumn, and a lustre in its sky,
Which thro' the summer is not heard or seen,
As if it could not be, as if it had not been!
Thus let thy power, which like the truth
Of nature on my passive youth
Descended, to my onward life supply
Its calm — to one who worships thee,
And every form containing thee,
Whom, SPIRIT fair, thy spells did bind
To fear himself, and love all human kind.

MONT BLANC.

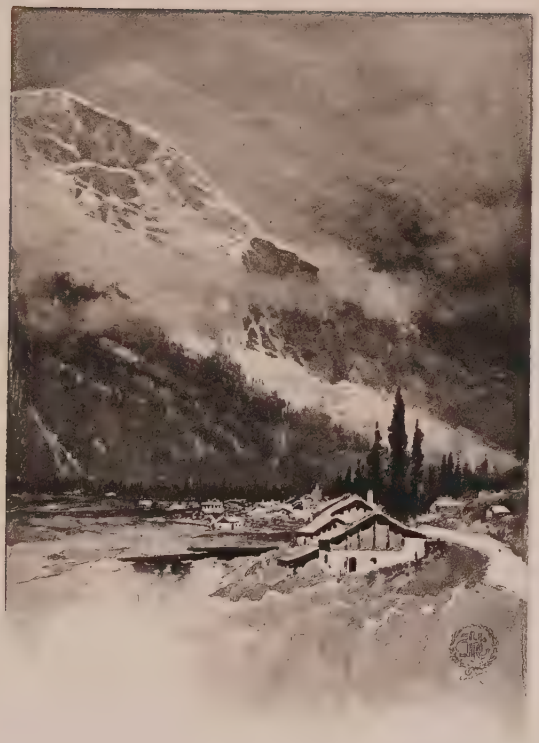
LINES WRITTEN IN THE VALE OF CHAMOUNI.

I.

THE everlasting universe of things
Flows thro' the mind, and rolls its rapid waves,
Now dark — now glittering — now reflecting gloom —
Now lending splendor, where from secret springs
The source of human thought its tribute brings
Of waters, — with a sound but half its own,
Such as a feeble brook will oft assume
In the wild woods, among the mountains lone,
Where waterfalls around it leap for ever,
Where woods and winds contend, and a vast river
Over its rocks ceaselessly bursts and raves.

II.

Thus thou, Ravine of Arve — dark, deep Ravine —
Thou many-colored, many-voicèd vale,
Over whose pines, and crags, and caverns sail
Fast cloud-shadows and sunbeams: awful scene,
Where Power in likeness of the Arve comes down



From the ice gulfs that gird his secret throne,
Bursting thro' these dark mountains like the flame
Of lightning thro' the tempest; — thou dost lie,
Thy giant brood of pines around thee clinging,
Children of elder time, in whose devotion
The chainless winds still come and ever came
To drink their odors, and their mighty swinging
To hear — an old and solemn harmony;
Thine earthly rainbows stretcht across the sweep
Of the ethereal waterfall, whose veil
Robes some unsculptured image; the strange sleep
Which when the voices of the desert fail
Wraps all in its own deep eternity; —
Thy caverns echoing to the Arve's commotion,
A loud, lone sound no other sound can tame;
Thou art pervaded with that ceaseless motion,
Thou art the path of that unresting sound —
Dizzy Ravine! and when I gaze on thee
I seem as in a trance sublime and strange
To muse on my own separate fantasy,
My own, my human mind, which passively
Now renders and receives fast influencings,
Holding an unremitting interchange
With the clear universe of things around;
One legion of wild thoughts, whose wandering wings
Now float above thy darkness, and now rest
Where that or thou art no unbidden guest,
In the still cave of the witch Poesy,
Seeking among the shadows that pass by
Ghosts of all things that are, some shade of thee,
Some phantom, some faint image; till the breast
From which they fled recalls them, thou art there!

III.

Some say that gleams of a remoter world
Visit the soul in sleep, — that death is slumber,
And that its shapes the busy thoughts outnumber
Of those who wake and live. — I look on high;
Has some unknown omnipotence unfurled
The veil of life or death? or do I lie
In dream, and does the mightier world of sleep
Spread far around and inaccessibly
Its circles? For the very spirit fails,
Driven like a homeless cloud from steep to steep
That vanishes among the viewless gales!
Far, far above, piercing the infinite sky,
Mont Blanc appears, — still, snowy, and serene —
Its subject mountains their unearthly forms
Pile around it, ice and rock; broad vales between
Of frozen floods, unfathomable deeps,
Blue as the overhanging heaven, that spread
And wind among the accumulated steeps;
A desert peopled by the storms alone,
Save when the eagle brings some hunter's bone,
And the wolf tracks her there — how hideously
Its shapes are heapt around! rude, bare, and high,
Ghastly, and scarred, and riven. — Is this the scene
Where the old Earthquake-dæmon taught her young
Ruin? Were these their toys? or did a sea
Of fire, envelop once this silent snow?
None can reply — all seems eternal now.
The wilderness has a mysterious tongue
Which teaches awful doubt, or faith so mild,
So solemn, so serene, that man may be
But for such faith with Nature reconciled;
Thou hast a voice, great Mountain, to repeal

Large codes of fraud and woe; not understood
By all, but which the wise, and great, and good
Interpret, or make felt, or deeply feel.

IV.

The fields, the lakes, the forests, and the streams,
Ocean, and all the living things that dwell
Within the dædal earth; lightning and rain,
Earthquake, and fiery flood, and hurricane,
The torpor of the year when feeble dreams
Visit the hidden buds, or dreamless sleep
Holds every future leaf and flower ;—the bound
With which from that detested trance they leap;
The works and ways of man, their death and birth,
And that of him and all that his may be;
All things that move and breathe with toil and sound
Are born and die; revolve, subside, and swell.
Power dwells apart in its tranquillity
Remote, serene, and inaccessible:
And *this*, the naked countenance of earth,
On which I gaze, even these primeval mountains
Teach the adverting mind. The glaciers creep
Like snakes that watch their prey, from their far fountains,
Slow rolling on; there, many a precipice,
Frost and the Sun in scorn of mortal power
Have piled: dome, pyramid, and pinnacle,
A city of death, distinct with many a tower
And wall impregnable of beaming ice.
Yet not a city, but a flood of ruin
Is there, that from the boundaries of the sky
Rolls its perpetual stream; vast pines are strewing
Its destined path, or in the mangled soil
Branchless and shattered stand; the rocks, drawn down
From yon remotest waste, have overthrown
The limits of the dead and living world,
Never to be reclaimed. The dwelling-place
Of insects, beasts, and birds, becomes its spoil;
Their food and their retreat for ever gone,
So much of life and joy is lost. The race
Of man, flies far in dread; his work and dwelling
Vanish, like smoke before the tempest's stream,
And their place is not known. Below, vast caves
Shine in the rushing torrents' restless gleam.
Which from those secret chasms a tumult welling
Meet in the vale, and one majestic River,
The breath and blood of distant lands, forever
Rolls its loud waters to the ocean waves,
Breathes its swift vapors to the circling air.

V.

Mount Blanc yet gleams on high:—the power is there,
The still and solemn power of many sights,
And many sounds, and much of life and death.
In the calm darkness of the moonless nights.
In the lone glare of day, the snows descend
Upon that Mountain; none beholds them there,
Nor when the flakes burn in the sinking sun,
Or the star-beams dart thro' them:—Winds contend
Silently there, and heap the snow with breath
Rapid and strong, but silently! Its home
The voiceless lightning in these solitudes
Keeps innocently, and like vapor broods

Over the snow. The secret strength of
things
Which governs thought, and to the in-
finite dome
Of heaven is as a law, inhabits thee!
And what were thou, and earth, and
stars, and sea,
If to the human mind's imaginings
Silence and solitude were vacancy?

July 23, 1816.

CANCELLED PASSAGE OF MONT BLANC.

THERE is a voice, not understood by all,
Sent from these desert-caves. It is the
roar
Of the rent ice-cliff which the sunbeams
call,
Plunging into the vale — it is the blast
Descending on the pines — the torrents
pour. . . .

FRAGMENT: HOME.

DEAR home, thou scene of earliest hopes
and joys,
The least of which wronged Memory
ever makes
Bitterer than all thine unremembered
tears.

FRAGMENT: HELEN AND HENRY.

A SHOVEL of his ashes took
From the hearth's obscurest nook,
Muttering mysteries as she went.
Helen and Henry knew that Granny
Was as much afraid of ghosts as any,
And so they followed hard —
But Helen clung to her brother's arm,
And her own spasm made her shake.

NOTE ON POEMS OF 1816, BY MRS. SHELLEY.

SHELLEY wrote little during this year. The poem entitled "The Sunset" was written in the Spring of the year, while still residing at Bishopgate. He spent the summer on the shores of the Lake of Geneva. "The Hymn to Intellectual Beauty" was conceived during his voyage round the lake with Lord Byron. He occupied himself during this voyage reading the "Nouvelle Héloïse" for the first time. The reading it on the very spot where the scenes are laid added to the interest; and he was at once surprised and charmed by the passionate eloquence and earnest enthralling interest that pervade this work. There was something in the character of Saint-Preux, in his abnegation of self, and in the worship he paid to Love, that coincided with Shelley's own disposition; and, though differing in many of the views and shocked by others, yet the effect of the whole was fascinating and delightful.

"Mont Blanc" was inspired by a view of that mountain and its surrounding peaks and valleys, as he lingered on the Bridge of Arve on his way through the Valley of Chamouni. Shelley makes the following mention of this poem in his publication of the "History of Six Weeks' Tour, and Letters from Switzerland": "The poem entitled "Mont Blanc" is wrttten by the author of the two letters from Chamouni and Vevai. It was composed under the immediate impression of the deep and powerful feelings excited by the objects which it attempts to describe; and, as an undisciplined overflowing of the soul, rests its claim to approbation on an attempt to imitate the untamable wildness and inaccessible solemnity from which those feelings sprang."

This was an eventful year, and less time was given to study than usual. In the list of his reading I find, in Greek, Theocritus, the "Prometheus" of Æsychlus, several of Plutarch's Lives' and the works of Lucian. In Latin, Lucretius, Pliny's Letters, the "Annals" and "Germany" of Tacitus. In French, the "History of the French Revolution" by Lacretelle. He read for the first time, this year, Montaigne's Essays, and regarded them ever after as one of the most delightful and instructive books in the world. The list is scanty in English works: Locke's Essay, "Political Jus-

tice," and Coleridge's "Lay Sermon," form nearly the whole. It was his frequent habit to read aloud to me in the evening; in this way we read, this year, the New Testament, "Paradise Lost," Spenser's "Faëry Queen," and "Don Quixote."

POEMS WRITTEN IN 1817.

MARIANNE'S DREAM.

I.

A PALE dream came to a Lady fair,
And said, "A boon, a boon, I pray!
I know the secrets of the air,
And things are lost in the glare of day,
Which I can make the sleeping see,
If they will put their trust in me.

II.

And thou shalt know of things unknown,
If thou wilt let me rest between
The veiny lids, whose fringe is thrown
Over thine eyes so dark and sheen:"
And half in hope, and half in fright,
The Lady closed her eyes so bright.

III.

At first all deadly shapes were driven
Tumultuously across her sleep,
And o'er the vast cope of bending heaven
All ghastly-visaged clouds did sweep;
And the Lady ever looked to spy
If the golden sun shone forth on high.

IV.

And as towards the east she turned,
She saw aloft in the morning air,
Which now with hues of sunrise burned,
A great black Anchor rising there;
And wherever the Lady turned her eyes,
It hung before her in the skies.

V.

The sky was blue as the summer sea,
The depths were cloudless overhead,
The air was calm as it could be,
There was no sight or sound of dread,
But that black Anchor floating still
Over the piny eastern hill.

VI.

The Lady grew sick with a weight of fear,
To see that Anchor ever hanging,
And veiled her eyes; she then did hear
The sound as of a dim low clanging,
And looked abroad if she might know
Was it aught else, or but the flow
Of the blood in her own veins, to and fro.

VII.

There was a mist in the sunless air,
Which shook as it were with an earthquake's shock,
But the very weeds that blossomed there
Were moveless, and each mighty rock
Stood on its basis steadfastly;
The Anchor was seen no more on high.

VIII.

But piled around, with summits hid
In lines of cloud at intervals,
Stood many a mountain pyramid
Among whose everlasting walls
Two mighty cities shone, and ever
Thro' the red mist their domes did quiver.

IX.

On two dread mountains, from whose crest,
Might seem, the eagle, for her brood,
Would ne'er have hung her dizzy nest,
Those tower-encircled cities stood.
A vision strange such towers to see,
Sculptured and wrought so gorgeously,
Where human art could never be.

X.

And columns framed of marble white.
And giant fanes, dome over dome
Piled, and triumphant gates, all bright
With workmanship, which could not come
From touch of mortal instrument
Shot o'er the vales, or lustre lent
From its own shapes magnificent.

XI.

But still the Lady heard that clang
Filling the wide air far away;
And still the mist whose light did hang
Among the mountains shook alway
So that the Lady's heart beat fast,
As half in joy, and half aghast,
On those high domes her look she cast.

XII.

Sudden, from out that city sprung
A light that made the earth grow red;
Two flames that each with quivering tongue
Licked its high domes, and overhead
Among those mighty towers and fanes
Dropt fire, as a volcano rains
Its sulphurous ruin on the plains.

XIII.

And hark! a rush as if the deep
Had burst its bonds; she lookt behind
And saw over the western steep
A raging flood descend, and wind
Thro' that wild vale; she felt no fear,
But said within herself, 'T is clear
These towers are Nature's own, and she
To save them has sent forth the sea.

XIV.

And now those raging billows came
Where that fair Lady sate, and she
Was borne towards the showering flame
By the wild waves heapt tumultuously
And on a little plank, the flow
Of the whirlpool bore her to and fro.

XV.

The flames were fiercely vomited
From every tower and every dome,
And dreary light did widely shed
O'er that vast flood's suspended foam,
Beneath the smoke which hung its night
On the stained cope of heaven's light.

XVI.

The plank whereon the lady sate
Was driven thro' the chasms, about and about,
Between the peaks so desolate
Of the drowning mountains, in and out,
As the thistle-beard on a whirlwind sails —
While the flood was filling those hollow vales.

XVII.

At last her plank an eddy crost,
And bore her to the city's wall,
Which now the flood had reacht almost;
It might the stoutest heart appal
To hear the fire roar and hiss
Thro' the domes of those mighty palaces.

XVIII.

The eddy whirled her round and round
Before a gorgeous gate, which stood
Piercing the clouds of smoke which bound
Its aëry arch with light like blood;
She lookt on that gate of marble clear
With wonder that extinguisht fear.

XIX.

For it was filled with sculptures rarest,
Of forms most beautiful and strange,
Like nothing human, but the fairest
Of wingèd shapes, whose legions range
Throughout the sleep of those that are,
Like this same Lady, good and fair.

XX.

And as she lookt, still lovelier grew
Those marble forms; — the sculptor sure
Was a strong spirit, and the hue
Of his own mind did there endure
After the touch, whose power had braided
Such grace, was in some sad change faded.

XXI.

She lookt, the flames were dim, the flood
Grew tranquil as a woodland river
Winding thro' hills in solitude;

Those marble shapes then seemed to quiver
And their fair limbs to float in motion,
Like weeds unfolding in the ocean.

XXII.

And their lips moved; one seemed to speak,
When suddenly the mountains crackt,
And thro' the chasm the flood did break
With an earth-uplifting cataract:
The statues gave a joyous scream,
And on its wings the pale thin dream
Lifted the Lady from the stream.

XXIII.

The dizzy flight of that phantom pale
Waked the fair Lady from her sleep,
And she arose, while from the veil
Of her dark eyes the dream did creep,
And she walkt about as one who knew
That sleep has sights as clear and true
As any waking eyes can view.

TO CONSTANTIA, SINGING.

I.

THUS to be lost and thus to sink and die,
Perchance were death indeed! — Constantia, turn!
In thy dark eyes a power like light doth lie,
Even tho' the sounds which were thy thy voice, which burn
Between thy lips, are laid to sleep;
Within thy breath, and on thy hair, like odor it is yet,
And from thy touch like fire doth leap.
Even while I write, my burning cheeks are wet,
Alas, that the torn heart can bleed, but not forget!

II.

A breathless awe, like the swift change
Unseen, but felt in youthful slumbers,
Wild, sweet, but uncommunicably strange,
Thou breathest now in fast ascending numbers.
The cope of heaven seems rent and cloven
By the enchantment of thy strain,
And on my shoulders wings are woven,
To follow its sublime career,
Beyond the mighty moons that wane
Upon the verge of nature's utmost sphere,
Till the world's shadowy walls are past and disappear.

III.

Her voice is hovering o'er my soul — it lingers
O'ershadowing it with soft and lulling wings,
The blood and life within those snowy fingers
Teach witchcraft to the instrumental strings.
My brain is wild, my breath comes quick —
The blood is listening in my frame,
And thronging shadows, fast and thick,
Fall on my overflowing eyes;
My heart is quivering like a flame;
As morning dew, that in the sunbeam dies,
I am dissolved in these consuming ecstasies.

IV.

I have no life, Constantia, now, but thee,
Whilst, like the world-surrounding air, thy song
Flows on, and fills all things with melody. —
Now is thy voice a tempest swift and strong,
On which, like one in trance upborne,
Secure o'er rocks and waves I sweep,
Rejoicing like a cloud of morn.
Now 't is the breath of summer night,
Which when the starry waters sleep,
Round western isles, with incense-blossoms bright,
Lingering, suspends my soul in its voluptuous flight.

TO CONSTANTIA.

I.

THE rose that drinks the fountain dew
In the pleasant air of noon,
Grows pale and blue with altered hue—
In the gaze of the nightly moon;
For the planet of frost, so cold and bright,
Makes it wan with her borrowed light.

II.

Such is my heart—roses are fair,
And that at best a withered blossom;
But thy false care did idyl wear
Its withered leaves in a faithless bosom;
And fed with love, like air and dew,
Its growth——

FRAGMENT: TO ONE SINGING.

MY spirit like a charmèd bark doth swim
Upon the liquid waves of thy sweet singing,
Far away into the regions dim
Of rapture—as a boat, with swift sails winging
Its way adown some many-winding river.

A FRAGMENT: TO MUSIC.

SILVER key of the fountain of tears,
Where the spirit drinks till the brain is wild;
Softest grave of a thousand fears,
Where their mother, Care, like a drowsy child,
Is laid asleep in flowers.

ANOTHER FRAGMENT TO MUSIC.

No, Music, thou art not the "food of Love,"
Unless Love feeds upon its own sweet self,
Till it becomes all Music murmurs of.

"MIGHTY EAGLE."

SUPPOSED TO BE ADDRESSED TO WILLIAM GODWIN.

MIGHTY eagle! thou that soarest
O'er the misty mountain forest
And amid the light of morning
Like a cloud or glory hiest,
And when night descends defiest
The embattled tempests' warning!

TO THE LORD CHANCELLOR.

I.

THY country's curse is on thee, darkest crest
Of that foul, knotted, many-headed worm
Which rends our Mother's bosom—Priestly Pest!
Maskt Resurrection of a buried Form!

II.

Thy country's curse is on thee! Justice sold,
Truth trampled, Nature's landmarks overthrown,
And heaps of fraud-accumulated gold,
Plead, loud as thunder, at Destruction's throne.

III.

And, whilst that sure slow Angel which aye stands
Watching the beck of Mutability
Delays to execute her high commands,
And, tho' a nation weeps, spares thine and thee,

IV.

O let a father's curse be on thy soul,
And let a daughter's hope be on thy tomb;
Be both, on thy gray head, a leaden cowl
To weigh thee down to thine approaching doom!

V.

I curse thee! By a parent's outraged love,
By hopes long cherisht and too lately lost,
By gentle feelings thou couldst never prove,
By griefs which thy stern nature never crost;

VI.

By those infantine smiles of happy light,
Which were a fire within a stranger's hearth,
Quencht even when kindled, in untimely night,
Hiding the promise of a lovely birth;

VII.

By those unpractised accents of young speech,
Which he who is a father thought to frame
To gentlest lore, such as the wisest teach —
Thou strike the lyre of mind! O grief and shame!

VIII.

By all the happy see in children's growth —
That undevelopt flower of budding years —
Sweetness and sadness interwoven both,
Source of the sweetest hopes and saddest fears —

IX.

By all the days under an hireling's care,
Of dull constraint and bitter heaviness, —
O wretched ye if ever any were, —
Sadder than orphans, yet not fatherless!

X.

By the false cant which on their innocent lips
Must hang like poison on an opening bloom,
By the dark creeds which cover with eclipse
Their pathway from the cradle to the tomb —

XI.

By thy most impious Hell, and all its terror;
By all the grief, the madness, and the guilt
Of thine impostures, which must be their error —
That sand on which thy crumbling power is built —

XII.

By thy complicity with lust and hate —
Thy thirst for tears — thy hunger after gold —
The ready frauds which ever on thee wait —
The servile arts in which thou hast grown old —

XIII.

By thy most killing sneer, and by thy smile —
By all the arts and snares of thy black den,
And — for thou canst outweep the crocodile —
By thy false tears — those millstones braining men —

XIV.

By all the hate which checks a father's love —
By all the scorn which kills a father's care —
By those most impious hands which dared remove
Nature's high bounds — by thee — and by despair —

XV.

Yes, the despair which bids a father groan,
And cry, "My children are no longer mine —

The blood within those veins may be
mine own,
But — Tyrant — their polluted souls
are thine; — "

XVI.

I curse thee — though I hate thee not —
O slave!
If thou couldst quench the earth-con-
suming Hell
Of which thou art a dæmon, on thy grave
This curse should be a blessing. Fare
thee well!

TO WILLIAM SHELLEY.

I.

THE billows on the beach are leaping
around it,
The bark is weak and frail,
The sea looks black, and the clouds that
bound it
Darkly strew the gale.
Come with me, thou delightful child,
Come with me, tho' the wave is wild,
And the winds are loose, we must not
stay,
Or the slaves of the law may rend thee
away.

II.

They have taken thy brother and sister
dear,
They have made them unfit for thee;
They have withered the smile and dried
the tear
Which should have been sacred to me.
To a blighting faith and a cause of crime
They have bound them slaves in youthly
prime,
And they will curse my name and thee
Because we are fearless and free.

III.

Come thou, belovèd as thou art;
Another sleepeth still
Near thy sweet mother's anxious heart,
Which thou with joy shalt fill,
With fairest smiles of wonder thrown
On that which is indeed our own,
And which in distant lands will be
The dearest playmate unto thee.

IV.

Fear not the tyrants will rule for ever,
Or the priests of the evil faith:
They stand on the brink of that raging
river,
Whose waves they have tainted with
death.
It is fed from the depth of a thousand
dells,
Around them it foams and rages and
swells;
And their swords and their sceptres I
floating see,
Like wrecks on the surge of eternity.

V.

Rest, rest, and shriek not, thou gentle
child!
The rocking of the boat thou fearest,
And the cold spray and the clamor
wild? —
There sit between us two, thou dear-
est —
Me and thy mother — well we know
The storm at which thou tremblest so,
With all its dark and hungry graves,
Less cruel than the savage slaves
Who hunt us o'er these sheltering waves.

VI.

This hour will in thy memory
Be a dream of days forgotten long,
We soon shall dwell by the azure sea
Of serene and golden Italy,
Or Greece, the Mother of the free;
And I will teach thine infant tongue
To call upon those heroes old
In their own language, and will mould
Thy growing spirit in the flame
Of Grecian lore, that by such name
A patriot's birthright thou mayst claim!

FROM THE ORIGINAL DRAFT OF THE POEM TO WILLIAM SHELLEY.

I.

THE world is now our dwelling-place;
Where'er the earth one fading trace
Of what was great and free does keep,
That is our home! . . .
Mild thoughts of man's ungentle race
Shall our contented exile reap;
For who that in some happy place
His own free thoughts can freely chase
By woods and waves can clothe his face
In cynic smiles? Child! we shall weep.

II.

This lament,
The memory of thy grievous wrong
Will fade . . .
But genius is omnipotent
To hallow . . .

ON FANNY GODWIN.

HER voice did quiver as we parted,
Yet knew I not that heart was broken
From which it came, and I departed
Heeding not the words then spoken.
Misery — O Misery,
This world is all too wide for thee.

LINES.

I.

THAT time is dead for ever, child,
Drowned, frozen, dead for ever!
We look on the past
And stare aghast
At the spectres wailing, pale and ghast,
Of hopes which thou and I beguiled
To death on life's dark river.

II.

The stream we gazed on then, rolled by;
Its waves are unreturning;
But we yet stand
In a lone land,
Like tombs to mark the memory
Of hopes and fears, which fade and flee
In the light of life's dim morning.

DEATH.

I.

THEY die — the dead return not — Misery
Sits near an open grave and calls them over,
A Youth with hoary hair and haggard eye —
They are the names of kindred, friend and lover,
Which he so feebly calls — they all are gone!
Fond wretch, all dead, those vacant names alone,
This most familiar scene, my pain —
These tombs alone remain.

II.

Misery, my sweetest friend — oh! weep no more!
Thou wilt not be consoled — I wonder not!
For I have seen thee from thy dwelling's door
Watch the calm sunset with them, and this spot
Was even as bright and calm, but transitory,
And now thy hopes are gone, thy hair is hoary;
This most familiar scene, my pain —
These tombs alone remain.

OTHO.

I.

THOU wert not, Cassius, and thou couldst not be,
Last of the Romans, tho' thy memory claim
From Brutus his own glory — and on thee
Rests the full splendor of his sacred fame;

Nor he who dared make the foul tyrant quail
Amid his cowering senate with thy name,
Tho' thou and he were great — it will avail
To thine own fame that Otho's should not fail.

II.

'T will wrong thee not — thou wouldst, if thou couldst feel,
Abjure such envious fame — great Otho died
Like thee — he sanctified his country's steel,
At once the tyrant and tyrannicide,
In his own blood — a deed it was to bring
Tears from all men — tho' full of gentle pride,
Such pride as from impetuous love may spring,
That will not be refused its offering.

FRAGMENTS SUPPOSED TO BE PARTS OF OTHO.

I.

THOSE whom nor power, nor lying faith, nor toil,
Nor custom, queen of many slaves, makes blind,
Have ever grieved that man should be the spoil
Of his own weakness, and with earnest mind
Fed hopes of its redemption, these recur
Chastened by earthful victory now, and find
Foundations in this foulest age, and stir
Me whom they cheer to be their minister.

II.

Dark is the realm of grief: but human things
Those may not know who cannot weep for them.
. . . .

III.

Once more descend
The shadows of my soul upon mankind,
For to those hearts with which they never blend,
Thoughts are but shadows which the flashing mind
From the swift clouds which track its flight of fire,
Casts on the gloomy world it leaves behind.
. . . .

FRAGMENT: A CLOUD-CHARIOT.

O THAT a chariot of cloud were mine!
Of cloud which the wild tempest weaves in air,
When the moon over the ocean's line
Is spreading the locks of her bright gray hair.
O that a chariot of cloud were mine!
I would sail on the waves of the billowy wind
To the mountain peak and the rocky lake,
And the . . .

FRAGMENT: TO ONE FREED FROM PRISON.

FOR me, my friend, if not that tears did tremble
In my faint eyes, and that my heart beat fast
With feelings which make rapture pain resemble,
Yet, from thy voice that falsehood starts aghast,
I thank thee — let the tyrant keep
His chains and tears, yea let him weep
With rage to see thee freshly risen,
Like strength from slumber, from the prison,
In which he vainly hoped the soul to bind
Which on the chains must prey that fetter humankind.

FRAGMENT: SATAN AT LARGE.

A GOLDEN-WINGÈD Angel stood
Before the Eternal Judgment-seat:
His looks were wild, and Devils' blood
Stained his dainty hands and feet.
The Father and the Son
Knew that strife was now begun.
They knew that Satan had broken his chain,
And with millions of demons in his train,
Was ranging over the world again.
Before the Angel had told his tale,
A sweet and a creeping sound
Like the rushing of wings was heard around;
And suddenly the lamps grew pale—
The lamps, before the Archangels seven,
That burn continually in heaven.

FRAGMENT: UNSATISFIED DESIRE.

To thirst and find no fill—to wail and wander
With short uneasy steps—to pause and ponder—
To feel the blood run thro' the veins and tingle
Where busy thought and blind sensation mingle;
To nurse the image of unfelt caresses
Till dim imagination just possesses
The half created shadow.

FRAGMENT: LOVE IMMORTAL.

WEALTH and dominion fade into the mass
Of the great sea of human right and wrong,
When once from our possession they must pass;
But love, though misdirected, is among
The things which are immortal, and surpass
All that frail stuff which will be—or which was.

FRAGMENT: THOUGHTS IN SOLITUDE.

MY thoughts arise and fade in solitude,
The verse that would invest them melts away
Like moonlight in the heaven of spreading day:
How beautiful they were, how firm they stood,
Flecking the starry sky like woven pearl!

FRAGMENT: THE FIGHT WAS O'ER.

THE fight was o'er: the flashing thro' the gloom
Which robes the cannon as he wings a tomb
Had ceast.

A HATE-SONG.

A HATER he came and sat by a ditch,
And he took an old crackt lute;
And he sang a song which was more of a screech
'Gainst a woman that was a brute.

LINES TO A CRITIC.

I.

HONEY from silkworms who can gather,
Or silk from the yellow bee?
The grass may grow in winter weather
As soon as hate in me.

II.

Hate men who cant, and men who pray,
And men who rail like thee;
An equal passion to repay
They are not coy like me.

III.

Or seek some slave of power and gold,
To be thy dear heart's mate,

Thy love will move that bigot cold
Sooner than me thy hate.

IV.

A passion like the one I prove
Cannot divided be;
I hate thy want of truth and love —
How should I then hate thee?

OZYMANDIAS.

I MET a traveller from an antique land
Who said: "Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
Stand in the desert. Near them, on the sand,
Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown,
And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command,
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
Which yet survive, stampt on these lifeless things,
The hand that mockt them and the heart that fed:
And on the pedestal these words appear:
'My name is Ozymandias, king of kings:
Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!'
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare
The lone and level sands stretch far away."

NOTE ON POEMS OF 1817, BY MRS. SHELLEY.

THE very illness that oppressed, and the aspect of death which had approached so near Shelley, appear to have kindled to yet keener life the Spirit of Poetry in his heart. The restless thoughts kept awake by pain clothed themselves in verse. Much was composed during this year. The "Revolt of Islam," written and printed, was a great effort — "Rosalind and Helen" was begun — and the fragments and poems I can trace to the same period show how full of passion and reflection were his solitary hours.

In addition to such poems as have an intelligible aim and shape, many a stray idea and transitory emotion found imperfect and abrupt expression, and then again lost themselves in silence. As he never wandered without a book and without implements of writing, I find many such, in his manuscript books, that scarcely bear record; while some of them, broken and vague as they are, will appear valuable to those who love Shelley's mind, and desire to trace its workings.

He projected also translating the Hymns of Homer; his version of several of the shorter ones remains, as well as that to Mercury already published in the "Posthumous Poems." His readings this year were chiefly Greek. Besides the Hymns of Homer and the "Iliad," he read the Dramas of Æschylus and Sophocles, the "Symposium" of Plato, and Arrian's "Historia Indica." In Latin, Apuleius alone is named. In English, the Bible was his constant study; he read a great portion of it aloud in the evening. Among these evening readings I find also mentioned the "Faëry Queen;" and other modern works, the production of his contemporaries, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Moore, and Byron.

His life was now spent more in thought than action — he had lost the eager spirit which believed it could achieve what it projected for the benefit of mankind. And yet in the converse of daily life Shelley was far from being a melancholy man. He was eloquent when philosophy or politics or taste were the subjects of conversation. He was playful; and indulged in the wild spirit that mocked itself and others — not in bitterness, but in sport. The author of "Nightmare Abbey" seized on some points of his character and some habits of his life when he painted Scythrop. He was not addicted to "port or madeira," but in youth he had read of "Illuminati and Eleutherarchs," and believed that he possessed the power of operating an immediate change in the minds of men and

the state of society. These wild dreams had faded; sorrow and adversity had struck home; but he struggled with despondency as he did with physical pain. There are few who remember him sailing paper boats, and watching the navigation of his tiny craft with eagerness — or repeating with wild energy "The Ancient Mariner," and Southey's "Old Woman of Berkeley;" but those who do will recollect that it was in such, and in the creations of his own fancy when that was most daring and ideal, that he sheltered himself from the storms and disappointments, the pain and sorrow, that beset his life.

No words can express the anguish he felt when his elder children were torn from him. In his first resentment against the Chancellor, on the passing of the decree, he had written a curse, in which there breathes, besides haughty indignation, all the tenderness of a father's love, which could imagine and fondly dwell upon its loss and the consequences.

At one time, while the question was still pending, the Chancellor had said some words that seemed to intimate that Shelley should not be permitted the care of any of his children, and for a moment he feared that our infant son would be torn from us. He did not hesitate to resolve, if such were menaced, to abandon country, fortune, everything, and to escape with his child; and I find some unfinished stanzas addressed to this son, whom afterwards we lost at Rome, written under the idea that we might suddenly be forced to cross the sea, so to preserve him. This poem, as well as the one previously quoted, were not written to exhibit the pangs of distress to the public; they were the spontaneous outbursts of a man who brooded over his wrongs and woes, and was impelled to shed the grace of his genius over the uncontrollable emotions of his heart. I ought to observe that the fourth verse of this effusion is introduced in "Rosalind and Helen." When afterwards this child died at Rome, he wrote, *à propos* of the English burying-ground in that city: "This spot is the repository of a sacred loss, of which the yearnings of a parent's heart are now prophetic; he is rendered immortal by love, as his memory is by death. My beloved child lies buried here. I envy death the body far less than the oppressors the minds of those whom they have torn from me. The one can only kill the body, the other crushes the affections.

POEMS WRITTEN IN 1818.

TO THE NILE.

Month after month the gathered rains descend
Drenching yon secret Æthiopian dells,
And from the desert's ice-girt pinnacles
Where Frost and Heat in strange embraces blend
On Atlas, fields of moist snow half depend.
Girt there with blasts and meteors, Tempest dwells
By Nile's aërial urn, with rapid spells
Urging those waters to their mighty end.
O'er Egypt's land of Memory floods are level
And they are thine, O Nile! — and well thou knowest
That soul-sustaining airs and blasts of evil
And fruits and poisons spring where'er thou flowest.
Beware O Man — for knowledge must to thee
Like the great flood to Egypt, ever be.

PASSAGE OF THE APENNINES.

Listen, listen, Mary mine,
To the whisper of the Apennine,
It bursts on the roof like the thunder's roar,
Or like the sea on a northern shore,
Heard in its raging ebb and flow
By the captives pent in the cave below.
The Apennine in the light of day
Is a mighty mountain dim and gray,
Which between the earth and sky doth lay;

But when night comes, a chaos dread
On the dim starlight then is spread,
And the Apennine walks abroad with the storm.

THE PAST.

I.

WILT thou forget the happy hours
Which we buried in Love's sweet bowers,
Heaping o'er their corpses cold
Blossoms and leaves, instead of mould?
Blossoms which were the joys that fell,
And leaves, the hopes that yet remain.

II.

Forget the dead, the past? O yet
There are ghosts that may take revenge for it,
Memories that make the heart a tomb,
Regrets which glide thro' the spirit's gloom,
And with ghastly whispers tell
That joy, once lost, is pain.

TO MARY ——.

O MARY dear, that you were here,
With your bright eyes brown and clear
And your sweet voice, like a bird
Singing love to its lone mate
In the ivy bower disconsolate;
Voice the sweetest ever heard!
And your brow more . . .
Than the sky
Of this azure Italy.
Mary dear, come to me soon,
I am not well whilst thou art far;
As sunset to the spherèd moon,
As twilight to the western star,
Thou, belovèd, art to me.

O Mary dear, that you were here;
The Castle echo whispers "Here!"

ON A FADED VIOLET.

I.

THE odor from the flower is gone
Which like thy kisses breathed on me;
The color from the flower is flown
Which glowed of thee and only thee!

II.

A shrivelled, lifeless, vacant form,
It lies on my abandoned breast,
And mocks the heart which yet is warm,
With cold and silent rest.

III.

I weep, — my tears revive it not!
I sigh, — it breathes no more on me;
Its mute and uncomplaining lot
Is such as mine should be.

LINES

WRITTEN AMONG THE EUGANEAN HILLS.

OCTOBER, 1818.

MANY a green isle needs must be
In the deep wide sea of misery,
Or the mariner, worn and wan,
Never thus could voyage on
Day and night, and night and day,
Drifting on his dreary way,
With the solid darkness black
Closing round his vessel's track;
Whilst above, the sunless sky,
Big with clouds, hangs heavily,
And behind the tempest fleet
Hurries on with lightning feet,
Riving sail, and cord, and plank,
Till the ship has almost drank
Death from the o'er-brimming deep;
And sinks down, down, like that sleep
When the dreamer seems to be
Weltering through eternity;
And the dim low line before
Of a dark and distant shore
Still recedes, as ever still
Longing with divided will,
But no power to seek or shun,
He is ever drifted on
O'er the unreposing wave
To the haven of the grave.
What, if there no friends will greet;
What, if there no heart will meet
His with love's impatient beat;

Wander wheresoe'er he may,
Can he dream before that day
To find refuge from distress
In friendship's smile, in love's caress?
Then 't will wreak him little woe
Whether such there be or no:
Senseless is the breast, and cold,
Which relenting love would fold;
Bloodless are the veins and chill
Which the pulse of pain did fill;
Every little living nerve
That from bitter words did swerve
Round the tortured lips and brow,
Are like sapless leaflets now
Frozen upon December's bough.

On the beach of a northern sea
Which tempests shake eternally,
As once the wretch there lay to sleep,
Lies a solitary heap,
One white skull and seven dry bones,
On the margin of the stones,
Where a few gray rushes stand,
Boundaries of the sea and land:
Nor is heard one voice of wail
But the sea-mews, as they sail
O'er the billows of the gale;
Or the whirlwind up and down
Howling, like a slaughtered town,
When a king in glory rides
Through the pomp of fratricides:
Those unburied bones around
There is many a mournful sound;
There is no lament for him,
Like a sunless vapor, dim,
Who once clothed with life and thought
What now moves nor murmurs not.

Ay, many flowering islands lie
In the waters of wide Agony:
To such a one this morn was led,
My bark by soft winds piloted:
Mid the mountains Euganean
I stood listening to the pæan,
With which the legioned rooks did hail
The sun's uprise majestical;
Gathering round with wings all hoar,
Thro' the dewy mist they soar
Like gray shades, till the eastern heaven
Bursts, and then, as clouds of even,
Fleckt with fire and azure, lie
In the unfathomable sky,
So their plumes of purple grain,
Starred with drops of golden rain,
Gleam above the sunlight woods,
As in silent multitudes
On the morning's fitful gale
Thro' the broken mist they sail,
And the vapors cloven and gleaming
Follow down the dark steep streaming,
Till all is bright, and clear, and still,
Round the solitary hill.

Beneath is spread like a green sea
The waveless plain of Lombardy,
Bounded by the vaporous air,
Islanded by cities fair;
Underneath day's azure eyes
Ocean's nursling, Venice lies,
A peopled labyrinth of walls,
Amphitrite's destined halls,
Which her hoary sire now paves
With his blue and beaming waves.
Lo! the sun upsprings behind,
Broad, red, radiant, half reclined
On the level quivering line
Of the waters crystalline;
And before that chasm of light,
As within a furnace bright,
Column, tower, and dome, and spire,
Shine like obelisks of fire,
Pointing with inconstant motion
From the altar of dark ocean
To the sapphire-tinted skies;
As the flames of sacrifice
From the marble shrines did rise,
As to pierce the dome of gold
Where Apollo spoke of old.

Sun-girt City, thou hast been
Ocean's child, and then his queen;
Now is come a darker day,
And thou soon must be his prey,
If the power that raised thee here
Hallow so thy watery bier.
A less drear ruin then than now,
With thy conquest-branded brow
Stooping to the slave of slaves
From thy throne, among the waves
Wilt thou be, when the sea-mew
Flies, as once before it flew,
O'er thine isles depopulate,
And all is in its ancient state,
Save where many a palace gate
With green sea-flowers overgrown
Like a rock of ocean's own,
Topples o'er the abandoned sea
As the tides change sullenly.

The fisher on his watery way,
Wandering at the close of day,
Will spread his sail and seize his oar
Till he pass the gloomy shore,
Lest thy dead should, from their sleep
Bursting o'er the starlight deep,
Lead a rapid masque of death
O'er the waters of his path.

Those who alone thy towers behold
Quivering thro' aërial gold,
As I now behold them here,
Would imagine not they were
Sepulchres, where human forms,
Like pollution-nourisht worms
To the corpse of greatness cling,
Murdered, and now mouldering:
But if Freedom should awake
In her omnipotence, and shake
From the Celtic Anarch's hold
All the keys of dungeons cold,
Where a hundred cities lie
Chained like thee, ingloriously,
Thou and all thy sister band
Might adorn this sunny land,
Twining memories of old time
With new virtues more sublime;
If not, perish thou and they,
Clouds which stain truth's rising day
By her sun consumed away,
Earth can spare ye: while like flowers,
In the waste of years and hours,
From your dust new nations spring
With more kindly blossoming.
Perish — let there only be
Floating o'er thy heartless sea
As the garment of thy sky
Clothes the world immortally,
One remembrance, more sublime
Than the tattered pall of time,
Which scarce hides thy visage wan;—
That a tempest-cleaving Swan
Of the songs of Albion,
Driven from his ancestral streams
By the might of evil dreams,
Found a nest in thee; and Ocean
Welcomed him with such emotion
That its joy grew his, and sprung
From his lips like music flung
O'er a mighty thunder-fit
Chastening terror:— what tho' yet
Poesy's unfailing River,
Which thro' Albion winds forever
Lashing with melodious wave
Many a sacred Poet's grave,
Mourn its latest nursling fled?
What tho' thou with all thy dead
Scarce can for this fame repay
Aught thine own? oh, rather say
Tho' thy sins and slaveries foul
Overcloud a sunlike soul?
As the ghost of Homer clings
Round Scamander's wasting springs;
As divinest Shakespere's might
Fills Avon and the world with light
Like omniscient power which he
Imaged mid mortality;
As the love from Petrarch's urn,
Yet amid yon hills doth burn,
A quenchless lamp by which the heart
Sees things unearthly;— so thou art
Mighty spirit — so shall be
The City that did refuge thee.

Lo, the sun floats up the sky
Like thought-wingèd Liberty,
Till the universal light
Seems to level plain and height;
From the sea a mist has spread,
And the beams of morn lie dead
On the towers of Venice now,
Like its glory long ago.
By the skirts of that gray cloud
Many-domèd Padua proud
Stands, a peopled solitude,
Mid the harvest-shining plain,
Where the peasant heaps his grain
In the garner of his foe,
And the milk-white oxen slow
With the purple vintage strain,
Heapt upon the creaking wain,
That the brutal Celt may swill
Drunken sleep with savage will;
And the sickle to the sword
Lies unchanged, tho' many a lord,
Like a weed whose shade is poison,
Overgrows this region's foison,
Sheaves of whom are ripe to come
To destruction's harvest-home:
Men must reap the things they sow,
Force from force must ever flow,
Or worse; but 't is a bitter woe
That love or reason cannot change
The despot's rage, the slave's revenge.

Padua, thou within whose walls
Those mute guests at festivals,

Son and Mother, Death and Sin,
Played at dice for Ezzelin,
Till Death cried, "I win, I win!"
And Sin curst to lose the wager,
But Death promist, to assuage her,
That he would petition for
Her to be made Vice-Emperor,
When the destined years were o'er,
Over all between the Po
And the eastern Alpine snow,
Under the mighty Austrian.
Sin smiled so as Sin only can,
And since that time, ay, long before,
Both have ruled from shore to shore,
That incestuous pair, who follow
Tyrants as the sun the swallow,
As repentance follows Crime,
And as changes follow Time.

In thine halls the lamp of learning,
Padua, now no more is burning;
Like a meteor, whose wild way
Is lost over the grave of day,
It gleams betrayed and to betray:
Once remotest nations came
To adore that sacred flame,
When it lit not many a hearth
On this cold and gloomy earth:
Now new fires from antique light
Spring beneath the wide world's might;
But their spark lies dead in thee,
Trampled out by tyranny.
As the Norway woodman quells,
In the depth of piny dells,
One light flame among the brakes
While the boundless forest shakes,
And its mighty trunks are torn
By the fire thus lowly born:
The spark beneath his feet is dead,
He starts to see the flames it fed
Howling thro' the darkened sky
With a myriad tongues victoriously,
And sinks down in fear: so thou
O Tyranny! beholdest now
Light around thee, and thou hearest
The loud flames ascend, and fearest:
Grovel on the earth! ay, hide
In the dust thy purple pride!

Noon descends around me now:
'T is the noon of autumn's glow,
When a soft and purple mist
Like a vaporous amethyst,
Or an air-dissolvèd star
Mingling light and fragrance, far
From the curved horizon's bound
To the point of heaven's profound,
Fills the overflowing sky;
And the plains that silent lie
Underneath, the leaves unsodden
Where the infant frost has trodden
With his morning-wingèd feet,
Whose bright print is gleaming yet;
And the red and golden vines,
Piercing with their trellist lines
The rough, dark-skirted wilderness;
The dun and bladed grass no less,
Pointing from this hoary tower
In the windless air; the flower
Glimmering at my feet; the line
Of the olive-sandalled Apennine
In the south dimly islanded:
And the Alps, whose snows are spread
High between the clouds and sun;
And of living things each one;
And my spirit which so long
Darkened this swift stream of song,
Interpenetrated lie
By the glory of the sky:
Be it love, light, harmony,
Odor, or the soul of all
Which from heaven like dew doth fall,
Or the mind which feeds this verse
Peopling the lone universe.
Noon descends, and after noon
Autumn's evening meets me soon,
Leading the infantine moon,
And that one star, which to her
Almost seems to minister
Half the crimson light she brings
From the sunset's radiant springs:
And the soft dreams of the morn
(Which like wingèd winds had borne
To that silent isle, which lies
Mid remembered agonies,
The frail bark of this lone being)
Pass, to other sufferers fleeing,
And its ancient pilot, Pain,
Sits beside the helm again.

Other flowering isles must be
In the sea of life and agony:
Other spirits float and flee
O'er that gulf: even now, perhaps,
On some rock the wild wave wraps,
With folded wings they waiting sit

For my bark, to pilot it
To some calm and blooming cove,
Where for me, and those I love,
May a windless bower be built,
Far from passion, pain, and guilt,
In a dell mid lawny hills,
Which the wild sea-murmur fills,
And soft sunshine, and the sound
Of old forests echoing round,
And the light and smell divine
Of all flowers that breathe and shine:
We may live so happy there,
That the spirits of the air,
Envying us, may even entice
To our healing paradise
The polluting multitude;
But their rage would be subdued
By that clime divine and calm,
And the wind whose wings rain balm
On the uplifted soul, and leaves
Under which the bright sea heaves;
While each breathless interval
In their whisperings musical
The inspired soul supplies
With its own deep melodies,
And the love which heals all strife
Circling, like the breath of life,
All things in that sweet abode
With its own mild brotherhood:
They, not it, would change; and soon
Every sprite beneath the moon
Would repent its envy vain,
And the earth grow young again.

SCENE FROM "TASSO."

MADDALO, *a Courtier.* PIGNA, *a Minister.*
MALPIGLIO, *a Poet.* ALBANO, *an Usher.*

Maddalo. No access to the Duke! You have not said
That the Count Maddalo would speak with him?
Pigna. Did you inform his Grace that Signor Pigna
Waits with state papers for his signature?
Malpiglio. The Lady Leonora cannot know
That I have written a sonnet to her fame,
In which I Venus and Adonis.
You should not take my gold and serve me not.
Albano. In truth I told her, and she smiled and said,
"If I am Venus, thou, coy Poesy,
Art the Adonis whom I love, and he
The Erymanthian boar that wounded him."
O trust to me, Signor Malpiglio,
Those nods and smiles were favors worth the zechin.
Malpiglio. The words are twisted in some double sense
That I reach not: the smiles fell not on me.
Pigna. How are the Duke and Duchess occupied?
Albano. Buried in some strange talk. The Duke was leaning,
His finger on his brow, his lips unclosed.
The Princess sate within the window-seat,
And so her face was hid; but on her knee
Her hands were claspt, veinèd, and pale as snow,
And quivering — young Tasso, too, was there.
Maddalo. Thou seest on whom from thine own worshipped heaven
Thou drawest down smiles — they did not rain on thee.
Malpiglio. Would they were parching lightnings for his sake
On whom they fell!

SONG FOR "TASSO."

I.

I LOVED — alas! our life is love;
But when we cease to breathe and move
I do suppose love ceases too.
I thought, but not as now I do,
Keen thoughts and bright of linkèd lore,
Of all that men have thought before,
And all that nature shows, and more.

II.

And still I love and still I think,
But strangely, for my heart can drink
The dregs of such despair, and live,
And love; . . .
And if I think, my thoughts come fast,
I mix the present with the past,
And each seems uglier than the last.

III.

Sometimes I see before me flee
A silver spirit's form, like thee,
O Leonora, and I sit
. . . still watching it,
Till by the grated casement's ledge
It fades, with such a sigh, as sedge
Breathes o'er the breezy streamlet's edge.

TO MISERY.

I.

Come, be happy! — sit near me,
Shadow-vested Misery:
Coy, unwilling, silent bride,
Mourning in thy robe of pride,
Desolation — deified!

II.

Come, be happy; — sit near me:
Sad as I may seem to thee,
I am happier far than thou,
Lady, whose imperial brow
Is endiademed with woe.

III.

Misery! we have known each other,
Like a sister and a brother
Living in the same lone home,
Many years — we must live some
Hours or ages yet to come.

IV.

'T is an evil lot, and yet
Let us make the best of it;
If love can live when pleasure dies,
We two will love, till in our eyes
This heart's Hell seem Paradise.

V.

Come, be happy! — lie thee down
On the fresh grass newly mown,
Where the Grasshopper doth sing
Merrily — one joyous thing
In a world of sorrowing!

VI.

There our tent shall be the willow
And thine arm shall be my pillow;
Sounds and odors sorrowful
Because they once were sweet, shall lull
Us to slumber, deep and dull.

VII.

Ha! thy frozen pulses flutter
With a love thou darest not utter.
Thou art murmuring — thou art weeping —
Is thine icy bosom leaping
While my burning heart lies sleeping?

VIII.

Kiss me; — oh! thy lips are cold;
Round my neck thine arms enfold —
They are soft, but chill and dead;
And thy tears upon my head
Burn like points of frozen lead.

IX.

Hasten to the bridal bed —
Underneath the grave 't is spread:
In darkness may our love be hid,
Oblivion be our coverlid —
We may rest, and none forbid.

X.

Clasp me till our hearts be grown
Like two shadows into one;
Till this dreadful transport may
Like a vapor fade away
In the sleep that lasts alway.

XI.

We may dream, in that long sleep,
That we are not those who weep;
E'en as Pleasure dreams of thee,
Life-deserting Misery,
Thou mayst dream of her with me.

XII.

Let us laugh, and make our mirth,
At the shadows of the earth,

As dogs bay the moonlight clouds,
Which, like spectres wrapt in shrouds,
Pass o'er night in multitudes.

XIII.

All the wide world, beside us
Show like multitudinous
Puppets passing from a scene;
What but mockery can they mean,
Where I am — where thou hast been?

STANZAS.

WRITTEN IN DEJECTION, NEAR NAPLES.

I.

THE sun is warm, the sky is clear,
The waves are dancing fast and bright,
Blue isles and snowy mountains wear
The purple noon's transparent might,
The breath of the moist earth is light,
Around its unexpanded buds;
Like many a voice of one delight,
The winds, the birds, the ocean floods,
The City's voice itself is soft like Solitude's.

II.

I see the Deep's untrampled floor
With green and purple seaweeds strown;
I see the waves upon the shore,
Like lights dissolved in star-showers, thrown:
I sit upon the sands alone,
The lightning of the noontide ocean
Is flashing round me, and a tone
Arises from its measured motion,
How sweet! did any heart now share in my emotion.

III.

Alas! I have nor hope nor health,
Nor peace within nor calm around,
Nor that content surpassing wealth
The sage in meditation found,
And walkt with inward glory crowned —
Nor fame, nor power, nor love, nor leisure.
Others I see whom these surround —
Smiling they live, and call life pleasure; —
To me that cup has been dealt in another measure.

IV.

Yet now despair itself is mild,
Even as the winds and waters are;
I could lie down like a tired child,
And weep away the life of care
Which I have borne and yet must bear,
Till death like sleep might steal on me,
And I might feel in the warm air
My cheek grow cold, and hear the sea
Breathe o'er my dying brain its last monotony.

V.

Some might lament that I were cold,
As I, when this sweet day is gone,
Which my lost heart, too soon grown old,
Insults with this untimely moan;
They might lament — for I am one
Whom men love not, — and yet regret,
Unlike this day, which, when the sun
Shall on its stainless glory set,
Will linger, though enjoyed, like joy in memory yet.

THE WOODMAN AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

A WOODMAN whose rough heart was out of tune
(I think such hearts yet never came to good)
Hated to hear, under the stars or moon,

One nightingale in an interfluous wood
Satiate the hungry dark with melody; —
And as a vale is watered by a flood,

Or as the moonlight fills the open sky
Struggling with darkness — as a tuberose

Peoples some Indian dell with scents which lie

Like clouds above the flower from which they rose,
The singing of that happy nightingale
In this sweet forest, from the golden close

Of evening till the star of dawn may fail,
Was interfused upon the silentness;
The folded roses and the violets pale

Heard her within their slumbers, the abyss
Of heaven with all its planets; the dull ear
Of the night-cradled earth; the loneliness

Of the circumfluous waters, — every sphere
And every flower and beam and cloud and wave,
And every wind of the mute atmosphere,

And every beast stretcht in its rugged cave,
And every bird lulled on its mossy bough,
And every silver moth fresh from the grave,

Which is its cradle — ever from below
Aspiring like one who loves too fair, too far,
To be consumed within the purest glow

Of one serene and unapproachèd star,
As if it were a lamp of earthly light,
Unconscious, as some human lovers are,

Itself how low, how high beyond all height
The heaven where it would perish! — and every form
That worshippt in the temple of the night

Was awed into delight, and by the charm
Girt as with an interminable zone,
Whilst that sweet bird, whose music was a storm

Of sound, shook forth the dull oblivion
Out of their dreams; harmony became love
In every soul but one.

. . . . .

And so this man returned with axe and saw
At evening close from killing the tall treen,
The soul of whom by nature's gentle law

Was each a wood-nymph, and kept ever green
The pavement and the roof of the wild copse,
Checkering the sunlight of the blue serene

With jaggèd leaves, — and from the forest tops
Singing the winds to sleep — or weeping oft
Fast showers of aërial water drops

Into their mother's bosom, sweet and soft,
Nature's pure tears which have no bitterness; —
Around the cradles of the birds aloft

They spread themselves into the loveliness
Of fan-like leaves, and over pallid flowers
Hang like moist clouds: — or, where high branches kiss,

Make a green space among the silent bowers,
Like a vast fane in a metropolis,
Surrounded by the columns and the towers

All overwrought with branch-like traceries
In which there is religion — and the mute
Persuasion of unkindled melodies,

Odors and gleams and murmurs, which the lute
Of the blind pilot-spirit of the blast
Stirs as it sails, now grave and now acute,

Wakening the leaves and waves, ere it has past
To such brief unison as on the brain
One tone, which never can recur, has cast,
One accent never to return again.
. . . . .

The world is full of Woodmen who expel
Love's gentle Dryads from the haunts of life,
And vex the nightingales in every dell.

MARENGHI.[1]

I.

LET those who pine in pride or in revenge,
Or think that ill for ill should be repaid,
Or barter wrong for wrong, until the exchange
Ruins the merchants of such thriftless trade,
Visit the tower of Vado, and unlearn
Such bitter faith beside Marenghi's urn.

II.

A massy tower yet overhangs the town,
A scattered group of ruined dwellings now.
. . . . .

III.

Another scene ere wise Etruria knew
Its second ruin thro' internal strife,
And tyrants thro' the breach of discord threw
The chain which binds and kills. As death to life,
As winter to fair flowers (tho' some be poison)
So Monarchy succeeds to Freedom's foison.

IV.

In Pisa's church a cup of sculptured gold
Was brimming with the blood of feuds forsworn
At sacrament: more holy ne'er of old
Etrurians mingled with the shades forlorn
Of moon-illumined forests.
. . . . .

V.

And reconciling factions wet their lips
With that dread wine, and swear to keep each spirit
Undarkened by their country's last eclipse.
. . . . .

VI.

Was Florence the liberticide? that band
Of free and glorious brothers who had planted,
Like a green isle mid Æthiopian sand,
A nation amid slaveries, disenchanted
Of many impious faiths — wise, just — do they,
Does Florence, gorge the sated tyrants' prey?

VII.

O foster-nurse of man's abandoned glory,
Since Athens, its great mother, sunk in splendor;
Thou shadowest forth that mighty shape in story,
As ocean its wreckt fanes, severe yet tender: —
The light-invested angel Poesy
Was drawn from the dim world to welcome thee.

VIII.

And thou in painting didst transcribe all taught
By loftiest meditations; marble knew
The sculptor's fearless soul — and as he wrought
The grace of his own power and freedom grew.

[1] This fragment refers to an event told in Sismondi's *Histoire des Républiques Italiennes*, which occurred during the war when Florence finally subdued Pisa, and reduced it to a province [Mrs. Shelley].

And more than all, heroic, just, sublime,
Thou wert among the false — was this
thy crime?

IX.

Yes; and on Pisa's marble walls the
twine
Of direst weeds hangs garlanded —
the snake
Inhabits its wrecked palaces; — in thine
A beast of subtler venom now doth
make
Its lair, and sits amid their glories over-
thrown,
And thus thy victim's fate is as thine
own.

X.

The sweetest flowers are ever frail and
rare,
And love and freedom blossom but to
wither;
And good and ill like vines entangled
are,
So that their grapes may oft be pluckt
together; —
Divide the vintage ere thou drink, then
make
Thy heart rejoice for dead Marenghi's
sake.

XI.

No record of his crime remains in story,
But if the morning bright as evening
shone,
It was some high and holy deed, by glory
Pursued into forgetfulness, which won
From the blind crowd he made secure
and free
The patriot's meed, toil, death, and in-
famy.

XII.

For when by sound of trumpet was de-
clared
A price upon his life, and there was set
A penalty of blood on all who shared
So much of water with him as might wet
His lips, which speech divided not — he
went
Alone, as you may guess, to banishment.

XIII.

Amid the mountains, like a hunted beast,
He hid himself, and hunger, toil, and
cold,
Month after month endured; it was a
feast
Whene'er he found those globes of
deep-red gold
Which in the woods the strawberry-tree
doth bear,
Suspended in their emerald atmosphere.

XIV.

And in the roofless huts of vast morasses,
Deserted by the fever-stricken serf,
All overgrown with reeds and long rank
grasses,
And hillocks heapt of moss-inwoven
turf,
And where the huge and speckled aloe
made,
Rooted in stones, a broad and pointed
shade,

XV.

He housed himself. There is a point of
strand
Near Vado's tower and town; and on
one side
The treacherous marsh divides it from
the land,
Shadowed by pine and ilex forests
wide,
And on the other creeps eternally,
Thro' muddy weeds, the shallow sul-
len sea.

XVI.

Here the earth's breath is pestilence, and
few
But things whose nature is at war with
life —
Snakes and ill worms — endure its mor-
tal dew.
The trophies of the clime's victorious
strife —
White bones, and locks of dun and yel-
low hair,
And ringèd horns which buffaloes did
wear —
. . . . .

XVII.

And at the utmost point stood there
The relics of a weed-inwoven cot,
Thatcht with broad flags. An outlawed murderer
Had lived seven days there; the pursuit was hot
When he was cold. The birds that were his grave
Fell dead upon their feast in Vado's wave.

XVIII.

There must have lived within Marenghi's heart
That fire, more warm and bright than life or hope,
(Which to the martyr makes his dungeon . . .
More joyous than the heaven's majestic cope
To his oppressor), warring with decay,—
Or he could ne'er have lived years, day by day.

XIX.

Nor was his state so lone as you might think.
He had tamed every newt and snake and toad,
And every seagull which sailed down to drink
Those ere the death-mist went abroad.
And each one, with peculiar talk and play,
Wiled, not untaught, his silent time away.

XX.

And the marsh-meteors, like tame beasts, at night
Came licking with blue tongues his veinèd feet;
And he would watch them, as, like spirits bright,
In many entangled figures quaint and sweet
To some enchanted music they would dance —
Until they vanisht at the first moon-glance.

XXI.

He mockt the stars by grouping on each weed
The summer dewdrops in the golden dawn;
And, ere the hoar-frost vanisht, he could read
Its pictured footprints, as on spots of lawn
Its delicate brief touch in silence weaves
The likeness of the wood's remembered leaves.

XXII.

And many a fresh Spring-morn would he awaken —
While yet the unrisen sun made glow, like iron
Quivering in crimson fire, the peaks unshaken
Of mountains and blue isles which did environ
With air-clad crags that plain of land and sea, —
And feel liberty.

XXIII.

And in the moonless nights, when the dim ocean
Heaved underneath the heaven . . .
Starting from dreams . . .
Communed with the immeasurable world:
And felt his life beyond his limbs dilated,
Till his mind grew like that it contemplated.

XXIV.

His food was the wild fig and strawberry;
The milky pine-nuts which the autumnal blast
Shakes into the tall grass; and such small fry
As from the sea by winter-storms are cast;
And the coarse bulbs of iris-flowers he found
Knotted in clumps under the spongy ground.

XXV.

And so were kindled powers and thoughts which made
His solitude less dark. When memory came
(For years gone by leave each a deepening shade),
His spirit baskt in its internal flame —
As, when the black storm hurries round at night,
The fisher basks beside his red firelight.

XXVI.

Yet human hopes and cares and faiths and errors,
Like billows unawakened by the wind,
Slept in Marenghi still; but that all terrors,
Weakness, and doubt, had withered in his mind.
His couch . . .
. . . . .

XXVII.

And, when he saw beneath the sunset's planet
A black ship walk over the crimson ocean, —
Its pennons streaming on the blasts that fan it,
Its sails and ropes all tense and without motion,
Like the dark ghost of the unburied even
Striding across the orange-colored heaven, —

XXVIII.

The thought of his own kind who made the soul
Which sped that wingèd shape thro' night and day, —
The thought of his own country . . .
. . . . .

SONNET.

Lift not the painted veil which those who live
Call Life: tho' unreal shapes be pictured there,
And it but mimic all we would believe
With colors idly spread, — behind, lurk Fear
And Hope, twin destinies; who ever weave
Their shadows, o'er the chasm, sightless and drear.
I knew one who had lifted it — he sought,
For his lost heart was tender, things to love,
But found them not, alas! nor was there aught
The world contains, the which he could approve.
Thro' the unheeding many he did move,
A splendor among shadows, a bright blot
Upon this gloomy scene, a Spirit that strove
For truth, and like the Preacher found it not.

FRAGMENT: TO BYRON.

O mighty mind, in whose deep stream this age
Shakes like a reed in the unheeding storm,
Why dost thou curb not thine own sacred rage?

FRAGMENT: APPEAL TO SILENCE.

Silence! O well are Death and Sleep and Thou
Three brethren named, the guardians gloomy-winged
Of one abyss, where life, and truth, and joy
Are swallowed up — yet spare me, Spirit, pity me,
Until the sounds I hear become my soul,
And it has left these faint and weary limbs,
To track along the lapses of the air
This wandering melody until it rests
Among lone mountains in some . . .

FRAGMENT: THE STREAM'S MARGIN.

THE fierce beasts of the woods and wildernesses
Track not the steps of him who drinks of it:
For the light breezes, which forever fleet
Around its margin, heap the sand thereon.

FRAGMENT: A LOST LEADER.

MY head is wild with weeping for a grief
Which is the shadow of a gentle mind.
I walk into the air (but no relief
To seek, — or haply, if I sought, to find;
It came unsought); — to wonder that a chief
Among men's spirits should be cold and blind,

FRAGMENT: THE VINE AMID RUINS.

FLOURISHING vine, whose kindling clusters glow
Beneath the autumnal sun, none taste of thee;
For thou dost shroud a ruin, and below
The rotting bones of dead antiquity.

NOTE ON POEMS OF 1818, BY MRS. SHELLEY.

WE often hear of persons disappointed by a first visit to Italy. This was not Shelley's case. The aspect of its nature, its sunny sky, its majestic storms, of the luxuriant vegetation of the country, and the noble marble-built cities, enchanted him. The sight of the works of art was full of enjoyment and wonder. He had not studied pictures or statues before; he now did so with the eye of taste, that referred not to the rules of schools, but to those of Nature and truth. The first entrance to Rome opened to him a scene of remains of antique grandeur that far surpassed his expectations; and the unspeakable beauty of Naples and its environs added to the impression he received of the transcendent and glorious beauty of Italy.

Our winter was spent at Naples. Here he wrote the fragments of "Marenghi" and "The Woodman and the Nightingale," which he afterwards threw aside. At this time, Shelley suffered greatly in health. He put himself under the care of a medical man, who promised great things, and made him endure severe bodily pain, without any good results. Constant and poignant physical suffering exhausted him; and though he preserved the appearance of cheerfulness, and often greatly enjoyed our wanderings in the environs of Naples, and our excursions on its sunny sea, yet many hours were passed when his thoughts, shadowed by illness, became gloomy, — and then he escaped to solitude, and in verses, which he hid for fear of wounding me, poured forth morbid but too natural bursts of discontent and sadness. One looks back with unspeakable regret and gnawing remorse to such periods; fancying that, had one been more alive to the nature of his feelings, and more attentive to soothe them, such would not have existed. And yet, enjoying as he appeared to do every sight or influence of earth and sky, it was difficult to imagine that any melancholy he showed was aught but the effect of the constant pain to which he was a martyr.

We lived in utter solitude. And such is often not the nurse of cheerfulness; for then, at least with those who have been exposed to adversity, the mind broods over its sorrows too intently; while the society of the enlightened, the witty, and the wise, enables us to forget ourselves by making us the sharers of the thoughts of others, which is a portion of the philosophy of happiness. Shelley never liked society in numbers, — it harassed and wearied him; but neither did he like loneliness, and usually, when alone, sheltered himself against memory and reflection in a book. But, with one or two whom he loved, he gave way to wild and

joyous spirits, or in more serious conversation expounded his opinions with vivacity and eloquence. If an argument arose, no man ever argued better. He was clear, logical, and earnest in supporting his own views; attentive, patient, and impartial while listening to those on the adverse side. Had not a wall of prejudice been raised at this time between him and his countrymen, how many would have sought the acquaintance of one whom to know was to love and to revere! How many of the more enlightened of his contemporaries have since regretted that they did not seek him! how very few knew his worth while he lived! and, of those few, several were with withheld by timidity or envy from declaring their sense of it. But no man was ever more enthusiastically loved — more looked up to, as one superior to his fellows in intellectual endowments and moral worth, by the few who knew him well, and had sufficient nobleness of soul to appreciate his superiority. His excellence is now acknowledged; but, even while admitted, not duly appreciated. For who, except those who were acquainted with him, can imagine his unwearied benevolence, his generosity, his systematic forbearance? And still less is his vast superiority in intellectual attainments sufficiently understood — his sagacity, his clear understanding, his learning, his prodigious memory. All these, as displayed in conversation, were known to few while he lived, and are now silent in the tomb: —

"Ahi orbo mondo ingrato!
Gran cagion hai di dover pianger meco,
Chè quel ben ch' era in te perdut' hai seco."

POEMS WRITTEN IN 1819.

LINES WRITTEN DURING THE CASTLEREAGH ADMINISTRATION.

I.

Corpses are cold in the tomb;
Stones on the pavement are dumb;
Abortions are dead in the womb,
And their mothers look pale — like the white shore
Of Albion, free no more.

II.

Her sons are as stones in the way —
They are masses of senseless clay —
They are trodden, and move not away, —
The abortion with which she travaileth
Is Liberty, smitten to death.

III.

Then trample and dance, thou Oppressor!
For thy victim is no redresser;
Thou art sole lord and possessor
Of her corpses, and clods, and abortions — they pave
Thy path to the grave.

IV.

Hearest thou the festival din
Of Death, and Destruction, and Sin,
And Wealth crying *Havoc!* within?
'T is the bacchanal triumph which makes Truth dumb,
Thine epithalamium.

V.

Ay, marry thy ghastly wife!
Let Fear and Disquiet and Strife
Spread thy couch in the chamber of Life!
Marry Ruin, thou Tyrant, and God be thy guide
To the bed of the bride!

SONG TO THE MEN OF ENGLAND.

I.

Men of England, wherefore plough
For the lords who lay ye low?
Wherefore weave with toil and care
The rich robes your tyrants wear?

II.

Wherefore feed, and clothe, and save,
From the cradle to the grave,
Those ungrateful drones who would
Drain your sweat — nay, drink your blood?

III.

Wherefore, Bees of England, forge
Many a weapon, chain, and scourge,
That these stingless drones may spoil
The forced produce of your toil?

IV.

Have ye leisure, comfort, calm,
Shelter, food, love's gentle balm?
Or what is it ye buy so dear
With your pain and with your fear?

V.

The seed ye sow, another reaps;
The wealth ye find, another keeps;
The robes ye weave, another wears;
The arms ye forge, another bears.

VI.

Sow seed, — but let no tyrant reap;
Find wealth, — let no impostor heap;
Weave robes, — let not the idle wear;
Forge arms, — in your defence to bear.

VII.

Shrink to your cellars, holes, and cells;
In halls ye deck another dwells.
Why shake the chains ye wrought? Ye see
The steel ye tempered glance on ye.

VIII.

With plough and spade, and hoe and loom,
Trace your grave, and build your tomb,
And weave your winding-sheet, till fair
England be your sepulchre.

SIMILES FOR TWO POLITICAL CHARACTERS OF 1818.

(SIDMOUTH AND CASTLEREAGH.)

I.

As from an ancestral oak
Two empty ravens sound their clarion,
Yell by yell, and croak by croak,
When they scent the noonday smoke
Of fresh human carrion: —

II.

As two gibbering night-birds flit
From their bowers of deadly yew
Thro' the night to frighten it,
When the moon is in a fit,
And the stars are none, or few: —

III.

As a shark and dog-fish wait
Under an Atlantic isle,
For the negro-ship, whose freight
Is the theme of their debate,
Wrinkling their red gills the while —

IV.

Are ye, two vultures, sick for battle,
Two scorpions under one wet stone,
Two bloodless wolves whose dry throats rattle,
Two crows percht on the murrained cattle,
Two vipers tangled into one.

FRAGMENT: TO THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND.

PEOPLE of England, ye who toil and groan,
Who reap the harvests which are not your own,
Who weave the clothes which your oppressors wear,
And for your own take the inclement air;
Who build warm houses . . .
And are like gods who give them all they have,
And nurse them from the cradle to the grave . . .
. . . . . .

FRAGMENT: "WHAT MEN GAIN FAIRLY."[1]

WHAT men gain fairly — that they should possess,
And children may inherit idleness,

[1] Perhaps connected with that immediately preceding. — ED.

From him who earns it — This is understood:
Private injustice may be general good.
But he who gains by base and armèd wrong,
Or guilty fraud, or base compliances,
May be despoilèd; even as a stolen dress
Is stript from a convicted thief, and he
Left in the nakedness of infamy.

A NEW NATIONAL ANTHEM.

I.

God prosper, speed, and save,
God raise from England's grave
Her murdered Queen!
Pave with swift victory
The steps of Liberty,
Whom Britons own to be
Immortal Queen.

II.

See, she comes throned on high,
On swift Eternity!
God save the Queen!
Millions on millions wait
Firm, rapid, and elate,
On her majestic state!
God save the Queen!

III.

She is thine own pure soul
Moulding the mighty whole, —
God save the Queen!
She is thine own deep love
Rained down from heaven above, —
Wherever she rest or move,
God save our Queen!

IV.

Wilder her enemies
In their own dark disguise, —
God save our Queen!
All earthly things that dare
Her sacred name to bear,
Strip them, as kings are, bare;
God save the Queen!

V.

Be her eternal throne
Built in our hearts alone —
God save the Queen!
Let the oppressor hold
Canopied seats of gold;
She sits enthroned of old
O'er our hearts Queen.

VI.

Lips toucht by seraphim
Breathe out the choral hymn
"God save the Queen!"
Sweet as if angels sang,
Loud as that trumpet's clang
Wakening the world's dead gang, —
God save the Queen!

SONNET: ENGLAND IN 1819.

An old, mad, blind, despised, and dying king, —
Princes, the dregs of their dull race, who flow
Thro' public scorn, — mud from a muddy spring, —
Rulers who neither see, nor feel, nor know,
But leech-like to their fainting country cling,
Till they drop, blind in blood, without a blow, —
A people starved and stabbed in the untilled field, —
An army, which liberticide and prey
Makes as a two-edged sword to all who wield
Golden and sanguine laws which tempt and slay;
Religion Christless, Godless — a book sealed;
A Senate, — Time's worst statute unrepealed, —
Are graves, from which a glorious Phantom may
Burst, to illumine our tempestuous day.

AN ODE: TO THE ASSERTORS OF LIBERTY.

Arise, arise, arise!
There is blood on the earth that denies ye bread;
Be your wounds like eyes
To weep for the dead, the dead, the dead.

What other grief were it just to pay?
Your sons, your wives, your brethren, were they;
Who said they were slain on the battle day?

Awaken, awaken, awaken!
The slave and the tyrant are twin-born foes;
Be the cold chains shaken
To the dust where your kindred repose, repose:
Their bones in the grave will start and move,
When they hear the voices of those they love,
Most loud in the holy combat above.

Wave, wave high the banner!
When Freedom is riding to conquest by:
Tho' the slaves that fan her
Be Famine and Toil, giving sigh for sigh.
And ye who attend her imperial car,
Lift not your hands in the banded war,
But in her defence whose children ye are.

Glory, glory, glory,
To those who have greatly suffered and done!
Never name in story
Was greater than that which ye shall have won.
Conquerors have conquered their foes alone,
Whose revenge, pride, and power they have overthrown:
Ride ye, more victorious, over your own.

Bind, bind every brow
With crownals of violet, ivy, and pine,
Hide the blood-stains now
With hues which sweet nature has made divine:
Green strength, azure hope, and eternity:
But let not the pansy among them be;
Ye were injured, and that means memory.

CANCELLED STANZA.

GATHER, O gather,
Foeman and friend in love and peace!
Waves sleep together
When the blasts that called them to battle, cease.
For fangless power grown tame and mild
Is at play with Freedom's fearless child —
The dove and the serpent reconciled!

ODE TO HEAVEN.

CHORUS OF SPIRITS.

First Spirit.

PALACE-ROOF of cloudless nights!
Paradise of golden lights!
Deep, immeasurable, vast,
Which art now, and which wert then
Of the present and the past,
Of the eternal where and when,
Presence-chamber, temple, home,
Ever-canopying dome,
Of acts and ages yet to come!

Glorious shapes have life in thee,
Earth, and all earth's company;
Living globes which ever throng
Thy deep chasms and wildernesses;
And green worlds that glide along;
And swift stars with flashing tresses;
And icy moons most cold and bright,
And mighty suns beyond the night,
Atoms of intensest light.

Even thy name is as a god,
Heaven! for thou art the abode
Of that power which is the glass
Wherein man his nature sees.
Generations as they pass
Worship thee with bended knees.
Their unremaining gods and they
Like a river roll away:
Thou remainest such alway.

Second Spirit.

Thou art but the mind's first chamber,
Round which its young fancies clamber,
Like weak insects in a cave,
Lighted up by stalactites;
But the portal of the grave,
Where a world of new delights
Will make thy best glories seem
But a dim and noonday gleam
From the shadow of a dream!

Third Spirit.

Peace! the abyss is wreathed with scorn
At your presumption, atom-born!
What is heaven? and what are ye
Who its brief expanse inherit?
What are suns and spheres which flee
With the instinct of that spirit
Of which ye are but a part?
Drops which Nature's mighty heart
Drives through thinnest veins! Depart!

What is heaven? a globe of dew,
Filling in the morning new
Some eyed flower whose young leaves waken
On an unimagined world:
Constellated suns unshaken,
Orbits measureless, are furled
In that frail and fading sphere,
With ten millions gathered there,
To tremble, gleam, and disappear.

ODE TO THE WEST WIND.[1]

I.

O WILD West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being,
Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,

Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,
Pestilence-stricken multitudes: O thou,
Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed

The wingèd seeds, where they lie cold and low,
Each like a corpse within its grave, until
Thine azure sister of the spring shall blow

Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill
(Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)
With living hues and odors plain and hill:

Wild Spirit, which art moving everywhere;
Destroyer and preserver; hear, O hear!

II.

Thou on whose stream, mid the steep sky's commotion,
Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed,
Shook from the tangled boughs of Heaven and Ocean,

Angels of rain and lightning: there are spread
On the blue surface of thine airy surge,
Like the bright hair uplifted from the head

Of some fierce Mænad, even from the dim verge
Of the horizon to the zenith's height
The locks of the approaching storm. Thou dirge

Of the dying year, to which this closing night
Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre,
Vaulted with all thy congregated might

Of vapors, from whose solid atmosphere
Black rain, and fire, and hail will burst: Oh hear!

III.

Thou who didst waken from his summer dreams
The blue Mediterranean, where he lay,
Lulled by the coil of his crystalline streams,

[1] This poem was conceived and chiefly written in a wood that skirts the Arno, near Florence, and on a day when that tempestuous wind, whose temperature is at once mild and animating, was collecting the vapors which pour down the autumnal rains. They began, as I foresaw, at sunset with a violent tempest of hail and rain, attended by that magnificent thunder and lightning peculiar to the Cisalpine regions.

The phenomenon alluded to at the conclusion of the third stanza is well known to naturalists. The vegetation at the bottom of the sea, of rivers, and of lakes, sympathizes with that of the land in the change of seasons, and is consequently influenced by the winds which announce it.

Beside a pumice isle in Baiæ's bay,
And saw in sleep old palaces and towers
Quivering within the wave's intenser day,

All overgrown with azure moss and flowers
So sweet, the sense faints picturing them! Thou
For whose path the Atlantic's level powers

Cleave themselves into chasms, while far below
The sea-blooms and the oozy woods which wear
The sapless foliage of the ocean, know

Thy voice, and suddenly grow gray with fear,
And tremble and despoil themselves. Oh hear!

IV.

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear;
If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee;
A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share

The impulse of thy strength, only less free
Than thou, O uncontrollable! If even
I were as in my boyhood, and could be

The comrade of thy wanderings over heaven,
As then, when to outstrip thy skyey speed
Scarce seemed a vision; I would ne'er have striven

As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need.
Oh lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!
I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!

A heavy weight of hours has chained and bowed
One too like thee: tameless, and swift, and proud.

V.

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is:
What if my leaves are falling like its own!
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies

Will take from both a deep autumnal tone,
Sweet tho' in sadness. Be thou, spirit fierce,
My spirit! Be thou me, impetuous one!

Drive my dead thoughts over the universe
Like withered leaves to quicken a new birth!
And, by the incantation of this verse,

Scatter, as from an unextinguisht hearth
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind!
Be thro' my lips to unawakened earth

The trumpet of a prophecy! O, wind,
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?

AN EXHORTATION.

Chameleons feed on light and air:
Poets' food is love and fame:
If in this wide world of care
Poets could but find the same
With as little toil as they,
Would they ever change their hue
As the light chameleons do,
Suiting it to every ray
Twenty times a day?

Poets are on this cold earth,
As chameleons might be,
Hidden from their early birth
In a cave beneath the sea;
Where light is, chameleons change:
Where love is not, poets do:
Fame is love disguised: if few
Find either never think it strange
That poets range.

Yet dare not stain with wealth or power
A poet's free and heavenly mind:
If bright chameleons should devour
Any food but beams and wind,
They would grow as earthly soon
As their brother lizards are.
Children of a sunnier star,
Spirits from beyond the moon,
Oh refuse the boon!

THE INDIAN SERENADE.

I.

I ARISE from dreams of thee
In the first sweet sleep of night,
When the winds are breathing low,
And the stars are shining bright:
I arise from dreams of thee,
And a spirit in my feet
Hath led me — who knows how!
To thy chamber window, Sweet!

II.

The wandering airs they faint
On the dark, the silent stream —
And the champak odors fail
Like sweet thoughts in a dream;
The nightingale's complaint,
It dies upon her heart; —
As I must on thine,
Oh! belovèd as thou art!

III.

Oh lift me from the grass!
I die! I faint! I fail!
Let thy love in kisses rain
On my lips and eyelids pale.
My cheek is cold and white, alas!
My heart beats loud and fast; —
Oh! press it to thine own again,
Where it will break at last.

CANCELLED PASSAGE OF THE INDIAN SERENADE.

O PILLOW cold and wet with tears!
Thou breathest sleep no more!

TO SOPHIA [MISS STACEY].

I.

THOU art fair, and few are fairer
Of the nymphs of earth or ocean;
They are robes that fit the wearer —
Those soft limbs of thine, whose motion
Ever falls and shifts and glances
As the life within them dances.

II.

Thy deep eyes, a double Planet,
Gaze the wisest into madness
With soft clear fire, — the winds that fan it
Are those thoughts of tender gladness
Which, like Zephyrs on the billow,
Make thy gentle soul their pillow.

III.

If, whatever face thou paintest
In those eyes grows pale with pleasure,
If the fainting soul is faintest
When it hears thy harp's wild measure,
Wonder not that when thou speakest
Of the weak my heart is weakest.

IV.

As dew beneath the wind of morning,
As the sea which Whirlwinds waken,
As the birds at thunder's warning,
As aught mute yet deeply shaken,
As one who feels an unseen spirit
Is mine heart when thine is near it.

TO WILLIAM SHELLEY.

(With what truth I may say —
Roma! Roma! Roma!
Non è più come era prima!)

I.

My lost William, thou in whom
Some bright spirit lived, and did
That decaying robe consume
Which its lustre faintly hid,
Here its ashes find a tomb,
But beneath this pyramid
Thou art not — if a thing divine
Like thee can die, thy funeral shrine
Is thy mother's grief and mine.

II.

Where art thou, my gentle child!
Let me think thy spirit feeds,
With its life intense and mild,
The love of living leaves and weeds,
Among these tombs and ruins wild; —
Let me think that thro' low seeds

Of sweet flowers and sunny grass,
Into their hues and scents may pass
A portion ——

TO WILLIAM SHELLEY.

THY little footsteps on the sands
Of a remote and lonely shore;
The twinkling of thine infant hands,
Where now the worm will feed no more:
Thy mingled look of love and glee
When we returned to gaze on thee.

TO MARY SHELLEY.

MY dearest Mary, wherefore hast thou gone,
And left me in this dreary world alone!
Thy form is here indeed — a lovely one —
But thou art fled, gone down the dreary road,
That leads to Sorrow's most obscure abode.
Thou sittest on the hearth of pale despair,
Where
For thine own sake I cannot follow thee.

TO MARY SHELLEY.

THE world is dreary,
And I am weary
Of wandering on without thee, Mary;
A joy was erewhile
In thy voice and thy smile,
And 't is gone, when I should be gone too, Mary.

ON THE MEDUSA OF LEONARDO DA VINCI IN THE FLORENTINE GALLERY.

I.

IT lieth, gazing on the midnight sky,
Upon the cloudy mountain peak supine;
Below, far lands are seen tremblingly;
Its horror and its beauty I divine.
Upon its lips and eyelids seems to lie
Loveliness like a shadow, from which shine,
Fiery and lurid, struggling underneath,
The agonies of anguish and of death.

II.

Yet it is less the horror than the grace
Which turns the gazer's spirit into stone;
Whereon the lineaments of that dead face
Are graven, till the characters be grown
Into itself, and thought no more can trace;
'T is the melodious hue of beauty thrown
Athwart the darkness and the glare of pain,
Which humanize and harmonize the strain.

III.

And from its head as from one body grow,
As grass out of a watery rock,
Hairs which are vipers, and they curl and flow
And their long tangles in each other lock,
And with unending involutions show
Their mailèd radiance, as it were to mock
The torture and the death within, and saw
The solid air with many a ragged jaw.

IV.

And from a stone beside, a poisonous eft
Peeps idly into those Gorgonian eyes;
Whilst in the air a ghastly bat, bereft
Of sense, has flitted with a mad surprise
Out of the cave this hideous light had cleft,
And he comes hastening like a moth that hies
After a taper; and the midnight sky
Flares, a light more dread than obscurity.

V.

'T is the tempestuous loveliness of terror;
For from the serpents gleams a brazen glare
Kindled by that inextricable error,

Which makes a thrilling vapor of the air
Become a and ever-shifting mirror
Of all the beauty and the terror there—
A woman's countenance, with serpent locks,
Gazing in death on heaven from those wet rocks.

LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY.

I.

The Fountains mingle with the River
And the Rivers with the Ocean,
The winds of Heaven mix for ever
With a sweet emotion;
Nothing in the world is single,
All things by a law divine
In one spirit meet and mingle.
Why not I with thine?—

II.

See the mountains kiss high heaven
And the waves clasp one another;
No sister-flower would be forgiven
If it disdained its brother,
And the sunlight clasps the earth
And the moonbeams kiss the sea:
What is all this sweet work worth
If thou kiss not me?

FRAGMENT: "FOLLOW TO THE DEEP WOOD'S WEEDS."

Follow to the deep wood's weeds,
Follow to the wild briar dingle,
Where we seek to intermingle,
And the violet tells her tale
To the odor-scented gale,
For they two have enough to do
Of such work as I and you.

THE BIRTH OF PLEASURE.

At the creation of the Earth
Pleasure, that divinest birth,
From the soil of Heaven did rise,
Wrapt in sweet wild melodies—
Like an exhalation wreathing
To the sound of air low-breathing
Thro' Æolian pines which make
A shade and shelter to the lake
Whence it rises soft and slow;
Her life-breathing [limbs] did flow
In the harmony divine
Of an ever-lengthening line
Which enwrapt her perfect form
With a beauty clear and warm.

FRAGMENT: LOVE THE UNIVERSE.

And who feels discord now or sorrow?
Love is the universe to-day—
These are the slaves of dim to-morrow,
Darkening Life's labyrinthine way.

FRAGMENT: "A GENTLE STORY OF TWO LOVERS YOUNG."

A gentle story of two lovers young,
Who met in innocence and died in sorrow,
And of one selfish heart, whose rancor clung
Like curses on them; are ye slow to borrow,
The lore of truth from such a tale?
Or in this world's deserted vale,
Do ye not see a star of gladness
Pierce the shadow of its sadness,
When ye are cold, that love is a light sent
From Heaven, which none shall quench, to cheer the innocent?

FRAGMENT: LOVE'S ATMOSPHERE.

There is a warm and gentle atmosphere
About the form of one we love, and thus
As in a tender mist our spirits are
Wrapt in the of that which is to us
The health of life's own life.

FRAGMENT: FELLOWSHIP OF SOULS.

I AM as a spirit who has dwelt
Within his heart of hearts, and I have felt
His feelings, and have thought his thoughts, and known
The inmost converse of his soul, the tone
Unheard but in the silence of his blood,
When all the pulses in their multitude
Image the trembling calm of summer seas.
I have unlockt the golden melodies
Of his deep soul, as with a master-key,
And loosened them and bathed myself therein —
Even as an eagle in a thunder-mist
Clothing his wings with lightning.

FRAGMENT: REMINISCENCE AND DESIRE.

Is it that in some brighter sphere
We part from friends we meet with here?
Or do we see the Future pass
Over the Present's dusky glass?
Or what is that that makes us seem
To patch up fragments of a dream,
Part of which comes true, and part
Beats and trembles in the heart?

FRAGMENT: FOREBODINGS.

Is not to-day enough? Why do I peer
Into the darkness of the day to come?
Is not to-morrow even as yesterday?
And will the day that follows change thy doom?
Few flowers grow upon thy wintry way;
And who waits for thee in that cheerless home
Whence thou hast fled, whither thou must return
Charged with the load that makes thee faint and mourn?

FRAGMENT: VISITATIONS OF CALM THOUGHTS.

YE gentle visitations of calm thought —
Moods like the memories of happier earth,
Which come arrayed in thoughts of little worth,
Like stars in clouds by the weak winds enwrought,
But that the clouds depart and stars remain,
While they remain, and ye, alas, depart!

FRAGMENT: POETRY AND MUSIC.

How sweet it is to sit and read the tales
Of mighty poets and to hear the while
Sweet music, which when the attention fails
Fills the dim pause —

FRAGMENT: THE TOMB OF MEMORY.

AND where is truth? On tombs? for such to thee
Has been my heart — and thy dead memory
Has lain from childhood, many a changeful year —
Unchangingly preserved and buried there.

FRAGMENT: SONG OF THE FURIES.

I.

WHEN a lover clasps his fairest,
Then be our dread sport the rarest,
Their caresses were like the chaff
In the tempest, and be our laugh
His despair — her epitaph!

II.

When a mother clasps her child,
Watch till dusty Death has piled
His cold ashes on the clay;
She has loved it many a day —
She remains, — it fades away.

FRAGMENT: "WAKE THE SERPENT NOT."

WAKE the serpent not — lest he
Should not know the way to go, —
Let him crawl which yet lies sleeping
Thro' the deep grass of the meadow;
Not a bee shall hear him creeping,
Not a may-fly shall awaken
From its cradling blue-bell shaken,
Not the starlight as he' s sliding
Thro' the grass with silent gliding.

FRAGMENT: RAIN AND WIND.

THE fitful alternations of the rain,
When the chill wind, languid as with pain
Of its own heavy moisture, here and there
Drives thro' the gray and beamless atmosphere.

FRAGMENT: A TALE UNTOLD.

ONE sung of thee who left the tale untold,
Like the false dawns which perish in the bursting:
Like empty cups of wrought and dædal gold,
Which mock the lips with air, when they are thirsting.

FRAGMENT: TO ITALY.

As the sunrise to the night,
As the north wind to the clouds,
As the earthquake's fiery flight,
Ruining mountain solitudes,
Everlasting Italy,
Be those hopes and fears on thee.

FRAGMENT: WINE OF EGLANTINE.

I AM drunk with the honey wine
Of the noon-unfolded eglantine,
Which fairies catch in hyacinth bowls:—
The bats, the dormice, and the moles
Sleep in the walls or under the sward
Of the desolate Castle yard;
And when 't is spilt on the summer earth,
Or its fumes arise among the dew,
Their jocund dreams are full of mirth,
They gibber their joy in sleep; for few
Of the fairies bear those bowls so new!

FRAGMENT: A ROMAN'S CHAMBER.

I.

IN the cave which wild weeds cover
Wait for thine ethereal lover;
For the pallid moon is waning,
O'er the spiral cypress hanging,
And the moon no cloud is staining.

II.

It was once a Roman's chamber,
Where he kept his darkest revels,
And the wild weeds twine and clamber;
It was then a chasm for devils.

FRAGMENT: ROME AND NATURE.

ROME has fallen, ye see it lying
Heapt in undistinguisht ruin:
Nature is alone undying.

VARIATION OF THE LYRIC TO THE MOON.

(*Prometheus Unbound*, ACT IV.)

As a violet's gentle eye
Gazes on the azure sky
Until its hue grows like what it beholds;

As a gray and empty mist
Lies like solid amethyst
Over the western mountain it enfolds,
When the sunset sleeps
Upon its snow;
As a strain of sweetest sound
Wraps itself the wind around
Until the voiceless wind be music too;
As aught dark, vain, and dull,
Basking in what is beautiful,
Is full of light and love.

1819.

CANCELLED STANZA OF THE MASK OF ANARCHY.

(FOR WHICH STANZAS LXVIII, LXIX HAVE BEEN SUBSTITUTED.)

FROM the cities where for caves,
Like the dead from putrid graves,
Troops of starvelings gliding come,
Living Tenants of a tomb.

NOTE BY MRS. SHELLEY.

Shelley loved the People; and respected them as often more virtuous, as always more suffering, and therefore more deserving of sympathy, than the great. He believed that a clash between the two classes of society was inevitable, and he eagerly ranged himself on the people's side. He had an idea of publishing a series of poems adapted expressly to commemorate their circumstances and wrongs. He wrote a few; but, in those days of prosecution for libel, they could not be printed. They are not among the best of his productions, a writer being always shackled when he endeavors to write down to the comprehension of those who could not understand or feel a highly imaginative style; but they show his earnestness, and with what heartfelt compassion he went home to the direct point of injury — that oppression is detestable as being the parent of starvation, nakedness, and ignorance. Besides these outpourings of compassion and indignation, he had meant to adorn the cause he loved with loftier poetry of glory and triumph; such is the scope of the "Ode to the Assertors of Liberty." He sketched also a new version of our national anthem, as addressed to Liberty.

POEMS WRITTEN IN 1820.

THE SENSITIVE PLANT.

PART FIRST.

A SENSITIVE Plant in a garden grew,
And the young winds fed it with silver dew,
And it opened its fan-like leaves to the light,
And closed them beneath the kisses of night.

And the Spring arose on the garden fair,
Like the Spirit of Love felt everywhere;
And each flower and herb on Earth's dark breast
Rose from the dreams of its wintry rest.

But none ever trembled and panted with bliss
In the garden, the field, or the wilderness,
Like a doe in the noontide with love's sweet want,
As the companionless Sensitive Plant.

The snowdrop, and then the violet,
Arose from the ground with warm rain wet,
And their breath was mixt with fresh odor, sent
From the turf, like the voice and the instrument.

Then the pied wind-flowers and the tulip tall,
And narcissi, the fairest among them all,
Who gaze on their eyes in the stream's recess,
Till they die of their own dear loveliness;

And the Naiad-like lily of the vale,
Whom youth makes so fair and passion so pale,

That the light of its tremulous bells is seen
Thro' their pavilions of tender green;

And the hyacinth purple and white and blue,
Which flung from its bells a sweet peal anew
Of music so delicate, soft, and intense,
It was felt like an odor within the sense;

And the rose like a nymph to the bath addrest,
Which unveiled the depth of her glowing breast,
Till, fold after fold, to the fainting air
The soul of her beauty and love lay bare:

And the wand-like lily, which lifted up,
As a Mænad, its moonlight-colored cup,
Till the fiery star, which is its eye,
Gazed thro' clear dew on the tender sky;

And the jessamine faint, and the sweet tuberose,
The sweetest flower for scent that blows;
And all rare blossoms from every clime
Grew in that garden in perfect prime.

And on the stream whose inconstant bosom
Was prankt under boughs of embowering blossom,
With golden and green light, slanting thro'
Their heaven of many a tangled hue.

Broad water-lilies lay tremulously,
And starry river-buds glimmered by,
And around them the soft stream did glide and dance
With a motion of sweet sound and radiance.

And the sinuous paths of lawn and of moss,
Which led thro' the garden along and across,
Some open at once to the sun and the breeze,
Some lost among bowers of blossoming trees,

Were all paved with daisies and delicate bells
As fair as the fabulous asphodels,
And flowrets which drooping as day droopt too
Fell into pavilions, white, purple, and blue,
To roof the glow-worm from the evening dew.

And from this undefiled Paradise
The flowers (as an infant's awakening eyes
Smile on its mother, whose singing sweet
Can first lull, and at last must awaken it),

When Heaven's blithe winds had unfolded them,
As mine-lamps enkindle a hidden gem,
Shone smiling to Heaven, and every one
Shared joy in the light of the gentle sun;

For each one was interpenetrated
With the light and the odor its neighbor shed,
Like young lovers whom youth and love make dear
Wrapt and filled by their mutual atmosphere.

But the Sensitive Plant which could give small fruit
Of the love which it felt from the leaf to the root,
Received more than all, it loved more than ever,
Where none wanted but it, could belong to the giver,

For the Sensitive Plant has no bright flower;
Radiance and odor are not its dower;
It loves, even like Love, its deep heart is full,
It desires what it has not, the beautiful!

The light winds which from unsustaining wings
Shed the music of many murmurings;
The beams which dart from many a star
Of the flowers whose hues they bear afar;

The plumèd insects swift and free,
Like golden boats on a sunny sea,

Laden with light and odor, which pass
Over the gleam of the living grass;

The unseen clouds of the dew, which lie
Like fire in the flowers till the sun rides high,
Then wander like spirits among the spheres,
Each cloud faint with the fragrance it bears;

The quivering vapors of dim noontide,
Which like a sea o'er the warm earth glide,
In which every sound, and odor, and beam,
Move, as reeds in a single stream;

Each and all like ministering angels were
For the Sensitive Plant sweet joy to bear,
Whilst the lagging hours of the day went by
Like windless clouds o'er a tender sky.

And when evening descended from heaven above,
And the Earth was all rest, and the air was all love,
And delight, tho' less bright, was far more deep
And the day's veil fell from the world of sleep,

And the beasts, and the birds, and the insects were drowned
In an ocean of dreams without a sound;
Whose waves never mark, tho' they ever impress
The light sand which paves it, consciousness;

(Only overhead the sweet nightingale
Ever sang more sweet as the day might fail,
And snatches of its Elysian chant
Were mixed with the dreams of the Sensitive Plant.)

The Sensitive Plant was the earliest
Up-gathered into the bosom of rest;
A sweet child weary of its delight,
The feeblest and yet the favorite,
Cradled within the embrace of night.

Part Second.

There was a Power in this sweet place,
An Eve in this Eden; a ruling grace
Which to the flowers did they waken or dream,
Was as God is to the starry scheme.

A Lady, the wonder of her kind,
Whose form was upborne by a lovely mind
Which, dilating, had moulded her mien and motion
Like a sea-flower unfolded beneath the ocean,

Tended the garden from morn to even:
And the meteors of that sublunar heaven,
Like the lamps of the air when night walks forth,
Laught round her footsteps up from the Earth!

She had no companion of mortal race,
But her tremulous breath and her flushing face
Told, whilst the morn kist the sleep from her eyes
That her dreams were less slumber than Paradise:

As if some bright Spirit for her sweet sake
Had deserted heaven while the stars were awake,
As if yet around her he lingering were,
Tho' the veil of daylight concealed him from her.

Her step seemed to pity the grass it prest;
You might hear by the heaving of her breast,
That the coming and going of the wind
Brought pleasure there and left passion behind.

And wherever her airy footstep trod,
Her trailing hair from the grassy sod
Erased its light vestige, with shadowy sweep,
Like a sunny storm o'er the dark green deep.

I doubt not the flowers of that garden sweet
Rejoiced in the sound of her gentle feet;
I doubt not they felt the spirit that came
From her glowing fingers thro' all their frame.

She sprinkled bright water from the stream
On those that were faint with the sunny beam;
And out of the cups of the heavy flowers
She emptied the rain of the thunder showers.

She lifted their heads with her tender hands,
And sustained them with rods and osier bands;
If the flowers had been her own infants she
Could never have nurst them more tenderly.

And all killing insects and gnawing worms,
And things of obscene and unlovely forms,
She bore in a basket of Indian woof,
Into the rough woods far aloof,

In a basket, of grasses and wild-flowers full,
The freshest her gentle hands could pull
For the poor banisht insects, whose intent,
Altho' they did ill, was innocent.

But the bee and the beamlike ephemeris
Whose path is the lightning's, and soft moths that kiss
The sweet lips of the flowers, and harm not, did she
Make her attendant angels be.

And many an antenatal tomb,
Where butterflies dream of the life to come,
She left clinging round the smooth and dark
Edge of the odorous cedar bark.
This fairest creature from earliest spring
Thus moved thro' the garden ministering
All the sweet season of summer tide,
And ere the first leaf looked brown — she died!

Part Third.

Three days the flowers of the garden fair,
Like stars when the moon is awakened, were,
Or the waves of Baiæ, ere luminous
She floats up thro' the smoke of Vesuvius.

And on the fourth, the Sensitive Plant
Felt the sound of the funeral chant,
And the steps of the bearers, heavy and slow,
And the sobs of the mourners deep and low;

The weary sound and the heavy breath,
And the silent motions of passing death,
And the smell, cold, oppressive, and dank,
Sent thro' the pores of the coffin plank;

The dark grass, and the flowers among the grass,
Were bright with tears as the crowd did pass;
From their sighs the wind caught a mournful tone,
And sate in the pines, and gave groan for groan.

The garden, once fair, became cold and foul,
Like the corpse of her who had been its soul,
Which at first was lovely as if in sleep,
Then slowly changed, till it grew a heap
To make men tremble who never weep.

Swift summer into the autumn flowed,
And frost in the mist of the morning rode,
Tho' the noonday sun looked clear and bright,
Mocking the spoil of the secret night.
The rose leaves, like flakes of crimson snow,

Paved the turf and the moss below.
The lilies were drooping, and white, and wan,
Like the head and the skin of a dying man.

And Indian plants, of scent and hue
The sweetest that ever were fed on dew,
Leaf by leaf, day after day,
Were massed into the common clay.

And the leaves, brown, yellow, and gray, and red,
And white with the whiteness of what is dead,
Like troops of ghosts on the dry wind past;
Their whistling noise made the birds aghast.

And the gusty winds waked the wingèd seeds,
Out of their birthplace of ugly weeds,
Till they clung round many a sweet flower's stem,
Which rotted into the earth with them.

The water-blooms under the rivulet
Fell from the stalks on which they were set;
And the eddies drove them here and there,
As the winds did those of the upper air.

Then the rain came down, and the broken stalks,
Were bent and tangled across the walks;
And the leafless network of parasite bowers
Massed into ruin; and all sweet flowers.

Between the time of the wind and the snow,
All loathliest weeds began to grow,
Whose coarse leaves were splasht with many a speck,
Like the water-snake's belly and the toad's back.

And thistles, and nettles, and darnels rank,
And the dock, and henbane, and hemlock dank,
Stretcht out its long and hollow shank,
And stifled the air till the dead wind stank.

And plants at whose names the verse feels loath,
Filled the place with a monstrous undergrowth,
Prickly, and pulpous, and blistering, and blue,
Livid, and starred with a lurid dew.

And agarics and fungi, with mildew and mould
Started like mist from the wet ground cold;
Pale, fleshy, as if the decaying dead
With a spirit of growth had been animated!

Spawn, weeds, and filth, a leprous scum,
Made the running rivulet thick and dumb,
And at its outlet flags huge as stakes
Damned it up with roots knotted like water-snakes.

And hour by hour, when the air was still,
The vapors arose which have strength to kill:
At morn they were seen, at noon they were felt,
At night they were darkness no star could melt.

And unctuous meteors from spray to spray
Crept and flitted in broad noonday
Unseen; every branch on which they alit
By a venomous blight was burned and bit.

The Sensitive Plant like one forbid
Wept, and the tears within each lid
Of its folded leaves which together grew
Were changed to a blight of frozen glue.

For the leaves soon fell, and the branches soon
By the heavy axe of the blast were hewn;
The sap shrank to the root thro' every pore,
As blood to a heart that will beat no more.

For winter came: the wind was his whip:
One choppy finger was on his lip:
He had torn the cataracts from the hills
And they clankt at his girdle like manacles;

His breath was a chain which without a sound
The earth, and the air, and the water bound;
He came, fiercely driven, in his chariot-throne
By the tenfold blasts of the Arctic zone.

Then the weeds which were forms of living death
Fled from the frost to the earth beneath.
Their decay and sudden flight from frost
Was but like the vanishing of a ghost!

And under the roots of the Sensitive Plant
The moles and the dormice died for want;
The birds dropt stiff from the frozen air
And were caught in the branches naked and bare.

First there came down a thawing rain
And its dull drops froze on the boughs again,
Then there steamed up a freezing dew
Which to the drops of the thaw-rain grew;

And a northern whirlwind, wandering about
Like a wolf that had smelt a dead child out,
Shook the boughs thus laden, and heavy and stiff,
And snapt them off with his rigid griff.

When winter had gone and spring came back
The Sensitive Plant was a leafless wreck;
But the mandrakes, and toadstools, and docks, and darnels,
Rose like the dead from their ruined charnels.

Conclusion.

Whether the Sensitive Plant, or that
Which within its boughs like a spirit sat
Ere its outward form had known decay,
Now felt this change, I cannot say.

Whether that lady's gentle mind,
No longer with the form combined
Which scattered love, as stars do light,
Found sadness, where it left delight,

I dare not guess; but in this life
Of error, ignorance, and strife,
Where nothing is, but all things seem,
And we the shadows of the dream,

It is a modest creed, and yet
Pleasant if one considers it,
To own that death itself must be,
Like all the rest, a mockery.

That garden sweet, that lady fair,
And all sweet shapes and odors there,
In truth have never past away:
'T is we, 't is ours, are changed; not they.

For love and beauty and delight,
There is no death nor change: their might
Exceeds our organs, which endure
No light, being themselves obscure.

CANCELLED PASSAGE.

Their moss rotted off them, flake by flake,
Till the thick stalk stuck like a murderer's stake,
Where rags of loose flesh yet tremble on high,
Infecting the winds that wander by.

A VISION OF THE SEA.

'T is the terror of tempest. The rags of the sail
Are flickering in ribbons within the fierce gale;
From the stark night of vapors the dim rain is driven,

And when lightning is loost, like a deluge from heaven,
She sees the black trunks of the water-spouts spin,
And bend, as if heaven was ruining in,
Which they seemed to sustain with their terrible mass
As if ocean had sunk from beneath them: they pass
To their graves in the deep with an earthquake of sound,
And the waves and the thunders made silent around
Leave the wind to its echo. The vessel, now tost
Thro' the low-trailing rack of the tempest, is lost
In the skirts of the thunder-cloud: now down the sweep
Of the wind-cloven wave to the chasm of the deep
It sinks, and the walls of the watery vale
Whose depths of dread calm are unmoved by the gale,
Dim mirrors of ruin hang gleaming about;
While the surf, like a chaos of stars, like a rout
Of death-flames, like whirlpools of fire-flowing iron
With splendor and terror the black ship environ,
Or like sulphur-flakes hurled from a mine of pale fire
In fountains spout o'er it. In many a spire
The pyramid-billows with white points of brine
In the cope of the lightning inconstantly shine,
As piercing the sky from the floor of the sea.
The great ship seems splitting! it cracks as a tree,
While an earthquake is splintering its root, ere the blast
Of the whirlwind that stript it of branches has past.
The intense thunder-balls which are raining from heaven
Have shattered its mast, and it stands black and riven.
The chinks suck destruction. The heavy dead hulk
On the living sea rolls an inanimate bulk,
Like a corpse on the clay which is hungering to fold
Its corruption around it. Meanwhile, from the hold,
One deck is burst up by the waters below,
And it splits like the ice when the thaw-breezes blow
O'er the lakes of the desert! Who sit on the other?
Is that all the crew that lie burying each other,
Like the dead in a breach, round the foremast? Are those
Twin tigers, who burst, when the waters arose,
In the agony of terror, their chains in the hold;
(What now makes them tame, is what then made them bold;)
Who crouch, side by side, and have driven, like a crank,
The deep grip of their claws thro' the vibrating plank.
Are these all? Nine weeks the tall vessel had lain
On the windless expanse of the watery plain,
Where the death-darting sun cast no shadow at noon,
And there seemed to be fire in the beams of the moon,
Till a lead-colored fog gathered up from the deep
Whose breath was quick pestilence; then, the cold sleep
Crept, like blight thro' the ears of a thick field of corn,
O'er the populous vessel. And even and morn,
With their hammocks for coffins the seamen aghast
Like dead men the dead limbs of their comrades cast
Down the deep, which closed on them above and around,
And the sharks and the dog-fish their grave-clothes unbound,
And were glutted like Jews with this manna rained down

From God on their wilderness. One after one
The mariners died; on the eve of this day,
When the tempest was gathering in cloudy array,
But seven remained. Six the thunder has smitten,
And they lie black as mummies on which Time has written
His scorn of the embalmer; the seventh, from the deck
An oak-splinter pierced thro' his breast and his back,
And hung out to the tempest, a wreck on the wreck.
No more? At the helm sits a woman more fair
Than heaven, when, unbinding its star-braided hair,
It sinks with the sun on the earth and the sea.
She clasps a bright child on her upgathered knee,
It laughs at the lightning, it mocks the mixed thunder
Of the air and the sea, with desire and with wonder
It is beckoning the tigers to rise and come near,
It would play with those eyes where the radiance of fear
Is outshining the meteors; its bosom beats high,
The heart-fire of pleasure has kindled its eye;
While its mother's is lustreless. "Smile not, my child,
But sleep deeply and sweetly, and so be beguiled
Of the pang that awaits us, whatever that be,
So dreadful since thou must divide it with me!
Dream, sleep! This pale bosom thy cradle and bed,
Will it rock thee not, infant? 'Tis beating with dread!
Alas! what is life, what is death, what are we,
That when the ship sinks we no longer may be?
What! to see thee no more, and to feel thee no more?
To be after life what we have been before?
Not to touch those sweet hands? Not to look on those eyes,
Those lips, and that hair, all the smiling disguise
Thou yet wearest, sweet spirit, which I, day by day,
Have so long called my child, but which now fades away
Like a rainbow, and I the fallen shower?" Lo! the ship
Is settling, it topples, the leeward ports dip;
The tigers leap up when they feel the slow brine
Crawling inch by inch on them, hair, ears, limbs, and eyne,
Stand rigid with horror; a loud, long, hoarse cry
Bursts at once from their vitals tremendously,
And 't is borne down the mountainous vale of the wave,
Rebounding, like thunder, from crag to cave,
Mixt with the clash of the lashing rain,
Hurried on by the might of the hurricane:
The hurricane came from the west, and past on
By the path of the gate of the eastern sun,
Transversely dividing the stream of the storm;
As an arrowy serpent, pursuing the form
Of an elephant, bursts thro' the brakes of the waste.
Black as a cormorant the screaming blast,
Between ocean and heaven, like an ocean, past,
Till it came to the clouds on the verge of the world
Which, based on the sea and to heaven upcurled,
Like columns and walls did surround and sustain
The dome of the tempest; it rent them in twain,
As a flood rends its barriers of mountainous crag:
And the dense clouds in many a ruin and rag,

Like the stones of a temple ere earthquake has past,
Like the dust of its fall, on the whirlwind are cast;
They are scattered like foam on the torrent; and where
The wind has burst out from the chasm, from the air
Of clear morning, the beams of the sunrise flow in,
Unimpeded, keen, golden, and crystalline,
Banded armies of light and of air; at one gate
They encounter, but interpenetrate.
And that breach in the tempest is widening away,
And the caverns of cloud are torn up by the day,
And the fierce winds are sinking with weary wings
Lulled by the motion and murmurings,
And the long glassy heave of the rocking sea,
And overhead glorious, but dreadful to see
The wrecks of the tempest, like vapors of gold,
Are consuming in sunrise. The heapt waves behold
The deep calm of blue heaven dilating above,
And, like passions made still by the presence of Love,
Beneath the clear surface reflecting it slide
Tremulous with soft influence; extending its tide
From the Andes to Atlas, round mountain and isle,
Round sea-birds and wrecks, paved with heaven's azure smile,
The wide world of waters is vibrating. Where
Is the ship? On the verge of the wave where it lay
One tiger is mingled in ghastly affray
With a sea-snake. The foam and the smoke of the battle
Stain the clear air with sunbows; the jar, and the rattle
Of solid bones crusht by the infinite stress
Of the snake's adamantine voluminousness;
And the hum of the hot blood that spouts and rains
Where the gripe of the tiger has wounded the veins,
Swollen with rage, strength, and effort; the whirl and the splash
As of some hideous engine whose brazen teeth smash
The thin winds and soft waves into thunder; the screams
And hissings crawl fast o'er the smooth ocean streams,
Each sound like a centipede. Near this commotion,
A blue shark is hanging within the blue ocean,
The fin-wingèd tomb of the victor. The other
Is winning his way from the fate of his brother,
To his own with the speed of despair. Lo! a boat
Advances; twelve rowers with the impulse of thought
Urge on the keen keel, the brine foams. At the stern
Three marksmen stand levelling. Hot bullets burn
In the breast of the tiger, which yet bears him on
To his refuge and ruin. One fragment alone,
'T is dwindling and sinking, 't is now almost gone,
Of the wreck of the vessel peers out of the sea.
With her left hand she grasps it impetuously,
With her right she sustains her fair infant. Death, Fear,
Love, Beauty, are mixt in the atmosphere;
Which trembles and burns with the fervor of dread
Around her wild eyes, her bright hand, and her head,
Like a meteor of light o'er the waters! her child

Is yet smiling, and playing, and murmuring; so smiled
The false deep ere the storm. Like a sister and brother
The child and the ocean still smile on each other,
Whilst ——

THE CLOUD.

I BRING fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet buds every one,
When rockt to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under,
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast;
And all the night 't is my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skyey bowers,
Lightning my pilot sits,
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,
It struggles and howls at fits;
Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the genii that move
In the depths of the purple sea;
Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,
Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
The Spirit he loves remains;
And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,
Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
When the morning star shines dead,
As on the jag of a mountain crag,
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
An eagle alit one moment may sit
In the light of its golden wings.
And when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath,
Its ardors of rest and of love,
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depths of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest, on mine airy nest,
As still as a brooding dove.

That orbèd maiden with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
By the midnight breezes strewn;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
The stars peep behind her and peer;
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen thro' me on high,
Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,
And the moon's with a girdle of pearl;
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,
When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
From cape to cape with a bridge-like shape,
Over a torrent sea,
Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof,
The mountains its columns be.
The triumphal arch thro' which I march

With hurricane, fire, and snow,
When the powers of the air are chained
to my chair,
Is the million-colored bow;
The sphere-fire above its soft colors
wove,
While the moist earth was laughing
below.

I am the daughter of earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky;
I pass thro' the pores of the ocean
and shores;
I change, but I cannot die.
For after the rain when with never a
stain,
The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams with their
convex gleams,
Build up the blue dome of air,
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost
from the tomb,
I arise and unbuild it again.

TO A SKYLARK.

Hail to thee, blithe spirit!
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring
ever singest.

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are brightning,
Thou dost float and run;
Like an unbodied joy whose race is
just begun.

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight;
Like a star of heaven,
In the broad daylight
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy
shrill delight.

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear,
Until we hardly see, — we feel that it
is there.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and
heaven is overflowed.

What thou art we know not;
What is most like thee?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see,
As from thy presence showers a rain of
melody.

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it
heeded not;

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace-tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, which over-
flows her bower:

Like a glow-worm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its aërial hue
Among the flowers and grass, which
screen it from the view:

Like a rose embowered
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflowered,
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet these
heavy-winged thieves:

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awakened flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass:

Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine:
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus Hymeneal,
Or triumphal chant,
Matched with thine would be all
But an empty vaunt,
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What object are the fountains
Of thy happy strain?
What fields, or waves, or mountains?
What shapes of sky or plain?
What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of pain?

With thy clear keen joyance
Languor cannot be:
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee:
Thou lovest: but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep,
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not:
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn
Hate, and pride, and fear;
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then, as I am listening now.

ODE TO LIBERTY.

Yet, Freedom, yet thy banner torn but flying,
Streams like a thunder storm against the wind.
BYRON.

I.

A GLORIOUS people vibrated again
The lightning of the nations: Liberty
From heart to heart, from tower to tower, o'er Spain,
Scattering contagious fire into the sky,
Gleamed. My soul spurned the chains of its dismay,
And, in the rapid plumes of song,
Clothed itself, sublime and strong;
As a young eagle soars the morning clouds among,
Hovering in verse o'er its accustomed prey;
Till from its station in the heaven of fame
The Spirit's whirlwind rapt it, and the ray
Of the remotest sphere of living flame
Which paves the void was from behind it flung,
As foam from a ship's swiftness, when there came
A voice out of the deep: I will record the same.

II.

The Sun and the serenest Moon sprang forth:
The burning stars of the abyss were hurled

Into the depths of heaven. The dædal earth,
That island in the ocean of the world,
Hung in its cloud of all-sustaining air:
But this divinest universe
Was yet a chaos and a curse,
For thou wert not; but power from worst producing worse,
The spirit of the beasts was kindled there,
And of the birds, and of the watery forms,
And there was war among them, and despair
Within them, raging without truce or terms;
The bosom of their violated nurse
Groaned, for beasts warred on beasts, and worms on worms,
And men on men; each heart was as a hell of storms.

III.

Man, the imperial shape, then multiplied
His generations under the pavilion
Of the sun's throne: palace and pyramid,
Temple and prison, to many a swarming million,
Were, as to mountain-wolves their ragged caves.
This human living multitude
Was savage, cunning, blind, and rude,
For thou wert not; but o'er the populous solitude,
Like one fierce cloud over a waste of waves
Hung Tyranny; beneath, sate deified
The sister-pest, congregator of slaves;
Into the shadow of her pinions wide
Anarchs and priests who fled on gold and blood,
Till with the stain their inmost souls are dyed,
Drove the astonished herds of men from every side.

IV.

The nodding promontories, and blue isles,
And cloud-like mountains, and dividuous waves
Of Greece, baskt glorious in the open smiles
Of favoring heaven: from their enchanted caves
Prophetic echoes flung dim melody.
On the unapprehensive wild
The vine, the corn, the olive mild,
Grow savage yet, to human use unreconciled;
And, like unfolded flowers beneath the sea,
Like the man's thought dark in the infant's brain,
Like aught that is which wraps what is to be,
Art's deathless dreams lay veiled by many a vein
Of Parian stone; and yet a speechless child,
Verse murmured, and Philosophy did strain
Her lidless eyes for thee; when o'er the Ægean main

V.

Athens arose: a city such as vision
Builds from the purple crags and silver towers
Of battlemented cloud, as in derision
Of kingliest masonry: the ocean-floors
Pave it; the evening sky pavilions it;
Its portals are inhabited
By thunder-zonèd winds, each head
Within its cloudy wings with sunfire garlanded,
A divine work! Athens diviner yet
Gleamed with its crest of columns, on the will
Of man, as on a mount of diamond, set;
For thou wert, and thine all-creative skill
Peopled with forms that mock the eternal dead
In marble immortality, that hill
Which was thine earliest throne and latest oracle.

VI.

Within the surface of Time's fleeting river

Its wrinkled image lies, as then it lay
Immovably unquiet, and for ever
It trembles, but it cannot pass away!
The voices of thy bards and sages thunder
With an earth-awakening blast
Thro' the caverns of the past;
Religion veils her eyes: Oppression shrinks aghast:
A wingèd sound of joy, and love, and wonder,
Which soars where Expectation never flew,
Rending the veil of space and time asunder!
One ocean feeds the clouds, and streams, and dew;
One sun illumines heaven; one spirit vast
With life and love makes chaos ever new,
As Athens doth the world with thy delight renew.

VII.

Then Rome was, and from thy deep bosom fairest,
Like a wolf-cub from a Cadmæan Mænad,[1]
She drew the milk of greatness, tho' thy dearest
From that Elysian food was yet unweanèd;
And many a deed of terrible uprightness
By thy sweet love was sanctified;
And in thy smile, and by thy side,
Saintly Camillus lived, and firm Atilius died.
But when tears stained thy robe of vestal whiteness,
And gold profaned thy Capitolian throne,
Thou didst desert, with spirit-wingèd lightness,
The senate of the tyrants: they sunk prone
Slaves of one tyrant: Palatinus sighed
Faint echoes of Ionian song; that tone
Thou didst delay to hear, lamenting to disown.

[1] See the Bacchæ of Euripides.

VIII.

From what Hyrcanian glen or frozen hill,
Or piny promontory of the Arctic main,
Or utmost islet inaccessible,
Didst thou lament the ruin of thy reign,
Teaching the woods and waves, and desert rocks,
And every Naiad's ice-cold urn,
To talk in echoes sad and stern,
Of that sublimest lore which man had dared unlearn?
For neither didst thou watch the wizard flocks
Of the Scald's dreams, nor haunt the Druid's sleep.
What if the tears rained thro' thy shattered locks
Were quickly dried? for thou didst groan, not weep
When from its sea of death to kill and burn,
The Galilean serpent forth did creep,
And made thy world an undistinguishable heap.

IX.

A thousand years the Earth cried, Where art thou?
And then the shadow of thy coming fell
On Saxon Alfred's olive-cinctured brow:
And many a warrior-peopled citadel,
Like rocks which fire lifts out of the flat deep,
Arose in sacred Italy,
Frowning o'er the tempestuous sea
Of kings, and priests, and slaves, in tower-crowned majesty;
That multitudinous anarchy did sweep,
And burst around their walls, like idle foam,
Whilst from the human spirit's deepest deep
Strange melody with love and awe struck dumb
Dissonant arms; and Art, which cannot die,

With divine wand traced on our earthly home
Fit imagery to pave heaven's everlasting dome.

X.

Thou huntress swifter than the Moon! thou terror
Of the world's wolves! thou bearer of the quiver,
Whose sunlike shafts pierce tempest-wingèd Error,
As light may pierce the clouds when they dissever
In the calm regions of the orient day!
Luther caught thy wakening glance;
Like lightning, from his leaden lance
Reflected, it dissolved the visions of the trance
In which, as in a tomb, the nations lay;
And England's prophets hailed thee as their queen,
In songs whose music cannot pass away,
Tho' it must flow for ever: not unseen
Before the spirit-sighted countenance
Of Milton didst thou pass, from the sad scene
Beyond whose night he saw, with a dejected mien.

XI.

The eager hours and unreluctant years
As on a dawn-illumined mountain stood,
Trampling to silence their loud hopes and fears,
Darkening each other with their multitude,
And cried aloud, Liberty! Indignation
Answered Pity from her cave;
Death grew pale within the grave,
And Desolation howled to the destroyer, Save!
When like heaven's sun girt by the exhalation
Of its own glorious light, thou didst arise,
Chasing thy foes from nation unto nation
Like shadows: as if day had cloven the skies
At dreaming midnight o'er the western wave,
Men started, staggering with a glad surprise,
Under the lightnings of thine unfamiliar eyes.

XII.

Thou heaven of earth! what spells could pall thee then,
In ominous eclipse? a thousand years
Bred from the slime of deep oppression's den,
Dyed all thy liquid light with blood and tears,
Till thy sweet stars could weep the stain away;
How like Bacchanals of blood
Round France, the ghastly vintage, stood
Destruction's sceptred slaves, and Folly's mitred brood!
When one, like them, but mightier far then they,
The Anarch of thine own bewildered powers
Rose: armies mingled in obscure array,
Like clouds with clouds, darkening the sacred bowers
Of serene heaven. He, by the past pursued,
Rests with those dead, but unforgotten hours,
Whose ghosts scare victor kings in their ancestral towers.

XIII.

England yet sleeps: was she not called of old?
Spain calls her now, as with its thrilling thunder
Vesuvius wakens Ætna, and the cold
Snow-crags by its reply are cloven in sunder:
O'er the lit waves every Æolian isle
From Pithecusa to Pelorus
Howls, and leaps, and glares in chorus:

They cry, Be dim; ye lamps of heaven
suspended o'er us.
Her chains are threads of gold, she
need but smile
And they dissolve; but Spain's were
links of steel,
Till bit to dust by virtue's keenest file.
Twins of a single destiny! appeal
To the eternal years enthroned before us,
In the dim West; impress us from a
seal.
All ye have thought and done! Time
cannot dare conceal.

XIV.

Tomb of Arminius! render up thy dead,
Till, like a standard from a watch-
tower's staff,
His soul may stream over the tyrant's
head;
Thy victory shall be his epitaph,
Wild Bacchanal of truth's mysterious
wine,
King-deluded Germany,
His dead spirit lives in thee.
Why do we fear or hope? thou art already
free!
And thou, lost Paradise of this divine
And glorious world! thou flowery
wilderness!
Thou island of eternity! thou shrine
Where desolation clothed with
loveliness,
Worships the thing thou wert! O Italy,
Gather thy blood into thy heart; re-
press
The beasts who make their dens thy
sacred palaces.

XV.

Oh, that the free would stamp the im-
pious name
Of KING into the dust! or write it
there,
So that this blot upon the page of fame
Were as a serpent's path, which the
light air
Erases, and the flat sands close behind!
Ye the oracle have heard:
Lift the victory-flashing sword,
And cut the snaky knots of this foul
gordian word,
Which, weak itself as stubble, yet can
bind
Into a mass, irrefragably firm,
The axes and the rods which awe man-
kind;
The sound has poison in it, 't is the
sperm
Of what makes life foul, cankerous, and
abhorred:
Disdain not thou, at thine appointed
term,
To set thine armèd heel on this reluc-
tant worm.

XVI.

Oh, that the wise from their bright minds
would kindle
Such lamps within the dome of this
dim world,
That the pale name of PRIEST might
shrink and dwindle
Into the hell from which it first was
hurled,
A scoff of impious pride from fiends
impure;
Till human thoughts might kneel
alone
Each before the judgment-throne
Of its own aweless soul, or of the power
unknown!
Oh, that the words which make the
thoughts obscure
From which they spring, as clouds
of glimmering dew
From a white lake blot heaven's blue
portraiture,
Were stript of their thin masks and
various hue
And frowns and smiles and splendors not
their own,
Till in the nakedness of false and true
They stand before their Lord, each to
receive its due!

XVII.

He who taught man to vanquish whatso-
ever
Can be between the cradle and the
grave
Crowned him the King of Life. Oh,
vain endeavor!

If on his own high will a willing slave,
He has enthroned the oppression and the oppressor.
What if earth can clothe and feed
Amplest millions at their need,
And power in thought be as the tree within the seed?
Or what if Art, an ardent intercessor,
Driving on fiery wings to Nature's throne,
Checks the great mother stooping to caress her,
And cries: Give me, thy child, dominion
Over all height and depth? if Life can breed
New wants, and wealth from those who toil and groan
Rend of thy gifts and hers a thousandfold for one.

XVIII.

Come Thou, but lead out of the inmost cave
Of man's deep spirit, as the morning-star
Beckons the Sun from the Eoan wave,
Wisdom. I hear the pennons of her car
Self-moving, like cloud charioted by flame;
Comes she not, and come ye not,
Rulers of eternal thought,
To judge, with solemn truth, life's ill-apportioned lot?
Blind Love, and equal Justice, and the Fame
Of what has been, the Hope of what will be?
Oh Liberty! if such could be thy name
Wert thou disjoined from these, or they from thee:
If thine or theirs were treasures to be bought
By blood or tears, have not the wise and free
Wept tears, and blood like tears?—The solemn harmony

XIX.

Paused, and the spirit of that mighty singing
To its abyss was suddenly withdrawn;
Then, as a wild swan, when sublimely winging
Its path athwart the thunder-smoke of dawn,
Sinks headlong thro' the aërial golden light
On the heavy sounding plain,
When the bolt has pierced its brain;
As summer clouds dissolve, unburdened of their rain;
As a far taper fades with fading night,
As a brief insect dies with dying day,
My song, its pinions disarrayed of might,
Droopt; o'er it closed the echoes far away
Of the great voice which did its flight sustain,
As waves which lately paved his watery way
Hiss round a drowner's head in their tempestuous play.

CANCELLED PASSAGE OF THE ODE TO LIBERTY.

WITHIN a cavern of man's trackless spirit
Is throned an Image, so intensely fair
That the adventurous thoughts that wander near it
Worship, and as they kneel tremble and wear
The splendor of its presence, and the light
Penetrates their dreamlike frame
Till they become charged with the strength of flame.

TO ——

I.

I FEAR thy kisses, gentle maiden,
Thou needest not fear mine;
My spirit is too deeply laden
Ever to burden thine.

II.

I fear thy mien, thy tones, thy motion.
Thou needest not fear mine;
Innocent is the heart's devotion
With which I worship thine.

ARETHUSA.

I.

Arethusa arose
From her couch of snows
In the Acroceraunian mountains,—
From cloud and from crag,
With many a jag,
Shepherding her bright fountains.
She leapt down the rocks,
With her rainbow locks
Streaming among the streams;—
Her steps paved with green
The downward ravine
Which slopes to the western gleams:
And gliding and springing
She went, ever singing,
In murmurs as soft as sleep;
The earth seemed to love her,
And Heaven smiled above her,
As she lingered towards the deep.

II.

Then Alpheus bold,
On his glacier cold,
With his trident the mountains strook
And opened a chasm
In the rocks;—with the spasm
All Erymanthus shook.
And the black south wind
It concealed behind
The urns of the silent snow,
And earthquake and thunder
Did rend in sunder
The bars of the springs below
The beard and the hair
Of the River-god were
Seen thro' the torrent's sweep,
As he followed the light
Of the fleet nymph's flight
To the brink of the Dorian deep.

III.

"Oh, save me! Oh, guide me!
And bid the deep hide me,
For he grasps me now by the hair!"
The loud Ocean heard,
To its blue depth stirred,
And divided at her prayer;
And under the water
The Earth's white daughter
Fled like a sunny beam;
Behind her descended
Her billows, unblended
With the brackish Dorian stream:—
Like a gloomy stain
On the emerald main
Alpheus rushed behind,—
As an eagle pursuing
A dove to its ruin
Down the streams of the cloudy wind.

IV.

Under the bowers
Where the Ocean Powers
Sit on their pearlèd thrones,
Thro' the coral woods
Of the weltering floods,
Over heaps of unvalued stones;
Thro' the dim beams
Which amid the streams
Weave a network of colored light;
And under the caves,
Where the shadowy waves
Are as green as the forest's night:—
Outspeeding the shark,
And the sword-fish dark,
Under the ocean foam,
And up thro' the rifts
Of the mountain clifts
They past to their Dorian home.

V.

And now from their fountains
In Enna's mountains,
Down one vale where the morning basks,
Like friends once parted
Grown single-hearted,
They ply their watery tasks.
At sunrise they leap
From their cradles steep
In the cave of the shelving hill;
At noontide they flow
Through the woods below
And the meadows of asphodel;
And at night they sleep
In the rocking deep

Beneath the Ortygian shore;—
Like spirits that lie
In the azure sky
When they love but live no more.

SONG OF PROSERPINE,

WHILE GATHERING FLOWERS ON THE PLAIN OF ENNA.

I.

Sacred Goddess, Mother Earth,
Thou from whose immortal bosom,
Gods, and men, and beasts have birth,
Leaf and blade, and bud and blossom,
Breathe thine influence most divine
On thine own child, Proserpine.

II.

If with mists of evening dew
Thou dost nourish these young flowers
Till they grow, in scent and hue,
Fairest children of the hours,
Breathe thine influence most divine
On thine own child, Proserpine.

HYMN OF APOLLO.

I.

The sleepless Hours who watch me as I lie,
Curtained with star-inwoven tapestries,
From the broad moonlight of the sky,
Fanning the busy dreams from my dim eyes,—
Waken me when their Mother, the gray Dawn,
Tells them that dreams and that the moon is gone.

II.

Then I arise, and climbing Heaven's blue dome,
I walk over the mountains and the waves,
Leaving my robe upon the ocean foam;
My footsteps pave the clouds with fire; the caves
Are filled with my bright presence, and the air
Leaves the green earth to my embraces bare.

III.

The sunbeams are my shafts, with which I kill
Deceit, that loves the night and fears the day;
All men who do or even imagine ill
Fly me, and from the glory of my ray
Good minds and open actions take new might,
Until diminisht by the reign of night.

IV.

I feed the clouds, the rainbows and the flowers
With their ethereal colors; the Moon's globe
And the pure stars in their eternal bowers
Are cinctured with my power as with a robe;
Whatever lamps on Earth or Heaven may shine,
Are portions of one power, which is mine.

V.

I stand at noon upon the peak of Heaven,
Then with unwilling steps I wander down
Into the clouds of the Atlantic even;
For grief that I depart they weep and frown:
What look is more delightful than the smile
With which I soothe them from the western isle?

VI.

I am the eye with which the Universe
Beholds itself and knows itself divine;
All harmony of instrument or verse,
All prophecy, all medicine are mine,

All light of art or nature;—to my song,
Victory and praise in their own right belong.

HYMN OF PAN.

I.

From the forests and highlands
We come, we come;
From the river-girt islands,
Where loud waves are dumb
Listening to my sweet pipings.
The wind in the reeds and the rushes,
The bees on the bells of thyme,
The birds on the myrtle bushes,
The cicale above in the lime,
And the lizards below in the grass,
Were as silent as ever old Tmolus was
Listening to my sweet pipings.

II.

Liquid Peneus was flowing,
And all dark Tempe lay
In Pelion's shadow, outgrowing
The light of the dying day,
Speeded by my sweet pipings.
The Sileni, and Sylvans, and Fauns,
And the Nymphs of the woods and waves,
To the edge of the moist river-lawns,
And the brink of the dewy caves,
And all that did then attend and follow
Were silent with love, as you now, Apollo,
With envy of my sweet pipings.

III.

I sang of the dancing stars,
I sang of the dædal Earth,
And of Heaven—and the giant wars,
And Love, and Death, and Birth,—
And then I changed my pipings,—
Singing how down the vale of Menalus
I pursued a maiden and clasped a reed:
Gods and men, we are all deluded thus!
It breaks in our bosom and then we bleed:
All wept, as I think both ye now would,
If envy or age had not frozen your blood,
At the sorrow of my sweet pipings.

THE QUESTION.

I.

I dreamed that, as I wandered by the way,
Bare winter suddenly was changed to spring,
And gentle odors led my steps astray,
Mixt with a sound of waters murmuring
Along a shelving bank of turf, which lay
Under a copse, and hardly dared to fling
Its green arms round the bosom of the stream,
But kist it and then fled, as thou mightest in dream.

II.

There grew pied wind-flowers and violets,
Daisies, those pearled Arcturi of the earth,
The constellated flower that never sets;
Faint oxslips; tender bluebells, at whose birth
The sod scarce heaved; and that tall flower that wets—
Like a child, half in tenderness and mirth—
Its mother's face with heaven's collected tears,
When the low wind, its playmate's voice, it hears.

III.

And in the warm hedge grew lush eglantine,
Green cowbind and the moonlight-colored May,
And cherry-blossoms, and white cups, whose wine
Was the bright dew, yet drained not by the day;
And wild roses, and ivy serpentine,
With its dark buds and leaves, wandering astray;
And flowers azure, black, and streakt with gold,
Fairer than any wakened eyes behold.

IV.

And nearer to the river's trembling edge
There grew broad flag-flowers, purple prankt with white,
And starry river buds among the sedge,
And floating water-lilies, broad and bright,
Which lit the oak that overhung the hedge
With moonlight beams of their own watery light;
And bulrushes, and reeds of such deep green
As soothed the dazzled eye with sober sheen.

V.

Methought that of these visionary flowers
I made a nosegay bound in such a way
That the same hues, which in their natural bowers
Were mingled or opposed, the like array
Kept these imprisoned children of the Hours
Within my hand, — and then, elate and gay,
I hastened to the spot whence I had come,
That I might there present it! — oh! to whom?

THE TWO SPIRITS: AN ALLEGORY.

First Spirit.

O THOU, who plumed with strong desire
Wouldst float above the earth, beware!
A Shadow tracks thy flight of fire —
Night is coming!
Bright are the regions of the air,
And among the winds and beams
It were delight to wander there —
Night is coming!

Second Spirit.

The deathless stars are bright above,
If I would cross the shade of night,
Within my heart is the lamp of love,
And that is day!
And the moon will smile with gentle light
On my golden plumes where'er they move;
The meteors will linger round my flight,
And make night day.

First Spirit.

But if the whirlwinds of darkness waken
Hail, and lightning, and stormy rain;
See, the bounds of the air are shaken —
Night is coming!
The red swift clouds of the hurricane
Yon declining sun have overtaken,
The clash of the hail sweeps over the plain —
Night is coming!

Second Spirit.

I see the light, and I hear the sound;
I 'll sail on the flood of the tempest dark,
With the calm within and the light around
Which makes night day:
And thou, when the gloom is deep and stark,
Look from thy dull earth, slumber-bound,
My moon-like flight thou then may'st mark
On high, far away.

Some say there is a precipice
Where one vast pine is frozen to ruin
O'er piles of snow and chasms of ice
Mid Alpine mountains;
And that the languid storm pursuing
That wingèd shape, for ever flies
Round those hoar branches, aye renewing
Its aëry fountains.

Some say when nights are dry and clear,
And the death-dews sleep on the morass,
Sweet whispers are heard by the traveller,
Which make night day:

And a silver shape like his early love doth pass
Upborne by her wild and glittering hair,
And when he awakes on the fragrant grass,
He finds night day.

ODE TO NAPLES.[1]

EPODE I α.

I STOOD within the city disinterred,
And heard the autumnal leaves like light footfalls
Of spirits passing thro' the streets; and heard
The Mountain's slumberous voice at intervals
Thrill thro' those roofless halls;
The oracular thunder penetrating shook
The listening soul in my suspended blood;
I felt that Earth out of her deep heart spoke —
I felt, but heard not: — thro' white columns glowed
The isle-sustaining Ocean-flood,
A plane of light between two Heavens of azure:
Around me gleamed many a bright sepulchre
Of whose pure beauty, Time, as if his pleasure
Were to spare Death, had never made erasure;
But every living lineament was clear
As in the sculptor's thought; and there
The wreaths of stony myrtle, ivy, and pine,
Like winter leaves o'ergrown by moulded snow,
Seemed only not to move and grow
Because the crystal silence of the air
Weighed on their life; even as the Power divine
Which then lulled all things, brooded upon mine.

EPODE II α.

Then gentle winds arose
With many a mingled close
Of wild Æolian sound and mountain-odor keen;
And where the Baian ocean
Welters with airlike motion,
Within, above, around its bowers of starry green,
Moving the sea-flowers in those purple caves
Even as the ever-stormless atmosphere
Floats o'er the Elysian realm,
It bore me like an Angel, o'er the waves
Of sunlight, whose swift pinnace of dewy air
No storm can overwhelm;
I sailed, where ever flows
Under the calm Serene
A spirit of deep emotion
From the unknown graves
Of the dead kings of Melody.[3]
Shadowy Aornos darkened o'er the helm
The horizontal ether; heaven stript bare
Its depths over Elysium, where the prow
Made the invisible water white as snow;
From that Typhæan mount, Inarime
There streamed a sunlit vapor, like the standard
Of some ethereal host;
Whilst from all the coast,
Louder and louder, gathering round, there wandered
Over the oracular woods and divine sea
Prophesyings which grew articulate —
They seize me — I must speak them — be they fate!

STROPHE α I.

Naples! thou Heart of men which ever pantest
Naked, beneath the lidless eye of heaven!

[1] The Author has connected many recollections of his visit to Pompeii and Baiæ with the enthusiasm excited by the intelligence of the proclamation of a Constitutional Government at Naples. This has given a tinge of picturesque and descriptive imagery to the introductory Epodes which depicture these scenes, and some of the majestic feelings permanently connected with the scene of this animating event.

[2] Pompeii.

[3] Homer and Vergil.

Elysian City which to calm enchantest
The mutinous air and sea: they round thee, even
As sleep round Love, are driven!
Metropolis of a ruined Paradise
Long lost, late won, and yet but half regained!
Bright Altar of the bloodless sacrifice,
Which armèd Victory offers up unstained
To Love, the flower-enchained!
Thou which wert once, and then didst cease to be,
Now art, and henceforth ever shalt be, free,
If Hope, and Truth, and Justice can avail,
Hail, hail, all hail!

STROPHE β 2.

Thou youngest giant birth
Which from the groaning earth
Leap'st, clothed in armor of impenetrable scale!
Last of the Intercessors!
Who 'gainst the Crowned Transgressors
Pleadest before God's love! Arrayed in Wisdom's mail,
Wave thy lightning lance in mirth
Nor let thy high heart fail,
Tho' from their hundred gates the leagued Oppressors,
With hurried legions move!
Hail, hail, all hail!

ANTISTROPHE α.

What tho' Cimmerian Anarchs dare blaspheme
Freedom and thee? thy shield is as a mirror
To make their blind slaves see, and with fierce gleam
To turn his hungry sword upon the wearer;
A new Actæon's error
Shall theirs have been — devoured by their own hounds.
Be thou like the imperial Basilisk
Killing thy foe with unapparent wounds!
Gaze on oppression, till at that dread risk
Aghast she pass from the Earth's disk:
Fear not, but gaze — for freemen mightier grow,
And slaves more feeble, gazing on their foe;
If Hope and Truth and Justice may avail,
Thou shalt be great. — All hail!

ANTISTROPHE β 2.

From Freedom's form divine,
From Nature's inmost shrine,
Strip every impious gawd, rend Error veil by veil:
O'er Ruin desolate,
O'er Falsehood's fallen state,
Sit thou sublime, unawed; be the Destroyer pale!
And equal laws be thine,
And wingèd words let sail,
Freighted with truth even from the throne of God:
That wealth, surviving fate,
Be thine. — All hail!

ANTISTROPHE α γ.

Didst thou not start to hear Spain's thrilling pæan
From land to land re-echoed solemnly,
Till silence became music? From the Ææan [1]
To the cold Alps, eternal Italy
Starts to hear thine! The Sea
Which paves the desert streets of Venice laughs
In light and music; widowed Genoa wan
By moonlight spells ancestral epitaphs,
Murmuring, where is Doria? fair Milan,
Within whose veins long ran
The viper's [2] palsying venom, lifts her heel
To bruise his head. The signal and the seal

[1] Ææa, the island of Circe.
[2] The viper was the armorial device of the Visconti, tyrants of Milan.

(If Hope and Truth and Justice can avail)
Art thou of all these hopes. — O hail!

ANTISTROPHE β γ.

Florence! beneath the sun,
Of cities fairest one,
Blushes within her bower for Freedom's expectation:
From eyes of quenchless hope
Rome tears the priestly cope,
As ruling once by power, so now by admiration,
An athlete stript to run
From a remoter station
For the high prize lost on Philippi's shore: —
As then Hope, Truth, and Justice did avail,
So now may Fraud and Wrong! O hail!

EPODE I. β.

Hear ye the march as of the Earth-born Forms
Arrayed against the ever-living Gods?
The crash and darkness of a thousand storms
Bursting their inaccessible abodes
Of crags and thunder-clouds?
See ye the banners blazoned to the day,
Inwrought with emblems of barbaric pride?
Dissonant threats kills Silence far away,
The serene Heaven which wraps our Eden wide
With iron light is dyed,
The Anarchs of the North lead forth their legions
Like Chaos o'er creation, uncreating;
A hundred tribes nourisht on strange religions
And lawless slaveries, — down the aërial regions
Of the white Alps, desolating,
Famisht wolves that bide no waiting,
Blotting the glowing footsteps of old glory,
Trampling our columned cities into dust,
Their dull and savage lust
On Beauty's corse to sickness satiating —
They come! The fields they tread look black and hoary
With fire — from their red feet the streams run gory!

EPODE II. β.

Great Spirit, deepest Love!
Which rulest and dost move
All things which live and are, within the Italian shore;
Who spreadest heaven around it,
Whose woods, rocks, waves, surround it;
Who sittest in thy star, o'er Ocean's western floor,
Spirit of beauty! at whose soft command
The sunbeams and the showers distil its foison
From the Earth's bosom chill;
O bid those beams be each a blinding brand
Of lightning! bid those showers be dews of poison!
Bid the Earth's plenty kill!
Bid thy bright Heaven above,
Whilst light and darkness bound it,
Be their tomb who planned
To make it ours and thine!
Or, with thine harmonizing ardors fill
And raise thy sons, as o'er the prone horizon
Thy lamp feeds every twilight wave with fire —
Be man's high hope and unextinct desire,
The instrument to work thy will divine!
Then clouds from sunbeams, antelopes from leopards,
And frowns and fears from Thee,
Would not more swiftly flee
Than Celtic wolves from the Ausonian shepherds. —
Whatever, Spirit, from thy starry shrine
Thou yieldest or withholdest, Oh, let be
This city of our worship ever free!

AUTUMN: A DIRGE.

I.

THE warm sun is failing, the bleak wind
is wailing,
The bare boughs are sighing, the pale
flowers are dying,
And the year
On the earth her deathbed, in a shroud
of leaves dead,
Is lying.
Come, months, come away,
From November to May,
In your saddest array;
Follow the bier
Of the dead cold year,
And like dim shadows watch by her
sepulchre.

II.

The chill rain is falling, the nipt worm
is crawling,
The rivers are swelling, the thunder is
knelling
For the year;
The blithe swallows are flown, and the
lizards each gone
To his dwelling;
Come, months, come away,
Put on white, black, and gray;
Let your light sisters play —
Ye, follow the bier
Of the dead cold year,
And make her grave green with tear on
tear.

THE WANING MOON.

AND like a dying lady, lean and pale,
Who totters forth, wrapt in a gauzy veil,
Out of her chamber, led by the insane
And feeble wanderings of her fading brain,
The moon rose up in the murky east,
A white and shapeless mass.

TO THE MOON.

I.

ART thou pale for weariness
Of climbing heaven and gazing on the
earth,
Wandering companionless
Among the stars that have a different birth,
And ever changing, like a joyless eye
That finds no object worth its constancy?

II.

Thou chosen sister of the spirit,
That gazes on thee till in thee it
pities . . .

DEATH.

I.

DEATH is here and death is there,
Death is busy everywhere,
All around, within, beneath,
Above is death — and we are death.

II.

Death has set his mark and seal
On all we are and all we feel,
On all we know and all we fear,
. . . . .

III.

First our pleasures die — and then
Our hopes, and then our fears — and
when
These are dead, the debt is due,
Dust claims dust — and we die too.

IV.

All things that we love and cherish,
Like ourselves must fade and perish,
Such is our rude mortal lot —
Love itself would, did they not.

LIBERTY.

I.

THE fiery mountains answer each other;
Their thunderings are echoed from
zone to zone;
The tempestuous oceans awake one an-
other,
And the ice-rocks are shaken round
Winter's throne,
When the clarion of the Typhoon
is blown.

II.

From a single cloud the lightning flashes,
Whilst a thousand isles are illumined around,
Earthquake is trampling one city to ashes,
A hundred are shuddering and tottering; the sound
Is bellowing underground.

III.

But keener thy gaze than the lightning's glare,
And swifter thy step than the earthquake's tramp;
Thou deafenest the rage of the ocean; thy stare
Makes blind the volcanoes; the sun's bright lamp
To thine is a fen-fire damp.

IV.

From billow and mountain and exhalation
The sunlight is darted thro' vapor and blast;
From spirit to spirit, from nation to nation,
From city to hamlet thy dawning is cast, —
And tyrants and slaves are like shadows of night
In the van of the morning light.

SUMMER AND WINTER.

It was a bright and cheerful afternoon,
Towards the end of the sunny month of June,
When the north wind congregates in crowds
The floating mountains of the silver clouds
From the horizon — and the stainless sky
Opens beyond them like eternity.
All things rejoiced beneath the sun; the weeds,
The river, and the cornfields, and the reeds:
The willow leaves that glanced in the light breeze,
And the firm foliage of the larger trees.

It was a winter such as when birds die
In the deep forests; and the fishes lie
Stiffened in the translucent ice, which makes
Even the mud and slime of the warm lakes
A wrinkled clod as hard as brick; and when,
Among their children, comfortable men
Gather about great fires, and yet feel cold:
Alas then for the homeless beggar old!

THE TOWER OF FAMINE.

Amid the desolation of a city,
Which was the cradle, and is now the grave
Of an extinguisht people; so that pity

Weeps o'er the shipwrecks of oblivion's wave,
There stands the Tower of Famine. It is built
Upon some prison homes, whose dwellers rave

For bread, and gold, and blood: pain, linkt to guilt,
Agitates the light flame of their hours,
Until its vital oil is spent or spilt;

There stands the pile, a tower amid the towers
And sacred domes; each marble-ribbèd roof,
The brazen-gated temples, and the bowers

Of solitary wealth; the tempest-proof
Pavilions of the dark Italian air,
Are by its presence dimmed — they stand aloof,

And are withdrawn — so that the world is bare,
As if a spectre wrapt in shapeless terror
Amid a company of ladies fair

Should glide and glow, till it became a mirror
Of all their beauty, and their hair and hue,

The life of their sweet eyes, with all its error,
Should be absorbed, till they to marble grew.

AN ALLEGORY.

I.

A PORTAL as of shadowy adamant
Stands yawning on the highway of the life
Which we all tread, a cavern huge and gaunt;
Around it rages an unceasing strife
Of shadows, like the restless clouds that haunt
The gap of some cleft mountain, lifted high
Into the whirlwinds of the upper sky.

II.

And many pass it by with careless tread,
Not knowing that a shadowy . . .
Tracks every traveller even to where the dead
Wait peacefully for their companion new;
But others, by more curious humor led
Pause to examine, — these are very few,
And they learn little there, except to know
That shadows follow them where'er they go.

THE WORLD'S WANDERERS.

I.

TELL me, thou star, whose wings of light
Speed thee in thy fiery flight,
In what cavern of the night
Will thy pinions close now?

II.

Tell me, moon, thou pale and gray
Pilgrim of heaven's homeless way,
In what depth of night or day
Seekest thou repose now?

III.

Weary wind, who wanderest
Like the world's rejected guest,
Hast thou still some secret nest
On the tree or billow?

SONNET.

YE hasten to the grave! What seek ye there,
Ye restless thoughts and busy purposes
Of the idle brain, which the world's livery wear?
Oh thou quick heart which pantest to possess
All that pale Expectation feigneth fair!
Thou vainly curious mind which wouldest guess
Whence thou didst come, and whither thou must go,
And all that never yet was known would know —
Oh, whither hasten ye, that thus ye press,
With such swift feet life's green and pleasant path,
Seeking, alike from happiness and woe,
A refuge in the cavern of gray death?
O heart, and mind, and thoughts! what thing do you
Hope to inherit in the grave below?

LINES TO A REVIEWER.

ALAS, good friend, what profit can you see
In hating such a hateless thing as me?
There is no sport in hate when all the rage
Is on one side; in vain would you assuage
Your frowns upon an unresisting smile,
In which not even contempt lurks to beguile
Your heart, by some faint sympathy of hate.
Oh! conquer what you cannot satiate;
For to your passion I am far more coy
Than ever yet was coldest maid or boy
In winter noon. Of your antipathy,
If I am the Narcissus, you are free
To pine into a sound with hating me.

FRAGMENT OF A SATIRE ON SATIRE.

If gibbets, axes, confiscations, chains,
And racks of subtle torture, if the pains
Of shame, of fiery Hell's tempestuous wave,
Seen thro' the caverns of the shadowy grave,
Hurling the damned into the murky air
While the meek blest sit smiling; if Despair
And Hate, the rapid bloodhounds with which Terror
Hunts thro' the world the homeless steps of Error,
Are the true secrets of the commonweal
To make men wise and just; . . .
And not the sophisms of revenge and fear,
Bloodier than is revenge . . .
Then send the priests to every hearth and home
To preach the burning wrath which is to come,
In words like flakes of sulphur, such as thaw
The frozen tears . . .
If Satire's scourge could wake the slumbering hounds
Of Conscience, or erase the deeper wounds,
The leprous scars of callous infamy;
If it could make the present not to be,
Or charm the dark past never to have been,
Or turn regret to hope; who that has seen
What Southey is and was, would not exclaim,
Lash on! be the keen verse dipt in flame;
Follow his flight with wingèd words, and urge
The strokes of the inexorable scourge
Until the heart be naked, till his soul
See the contagion's spots foul;
And from the mirror of Truth's sunlike shield,
From which his Parthian arrow . . .
Flash on his sight the spectres of the past,
Until his mind's eye paint thereon —
Let scorn like yawn below,
And rain on him like flakes of fiery snow.
This cannot be, it ought not, evil still —
Suffering makes suffering, ill must follow ill.
Rough words beget sad thoughts, and, beside,
Men take a sullen and a stupid pride
In being all they hate in others' shame,
By a perverse antipathy of fame.
'T is not worth while to prove, as I could, how
From the sweet fountains of our Nature flow
These bitter waters; I will only say,
If any friend would take Southey some day,
And tell him, in a country walk alone,
Softening harsh words with friendship's gentle tone,
How incorrect his public conduct is,
And what men think of it, 't were not amiss.
Far better than to make innocent ink —

GOOD-NIGHT.

I.

Good-night! ah! no; the hour is ill
Which severs those it should unite;
Let us remain together still,
Then it will be *good* night.

II.

How can I call the lone night good,
Though thy sweet wishes wing its flight?
Be it not said, thought, understood —
Then it will be — *good* night.

III.

To hearts which near each other move
From evening close to morning light,
The night is good; because, my love,
They never *say* good-night.

BUONA NOTTE.

I.

"Buona notte, buona notte!"— Come mai
La notte sarà buona senza te?
Non dirmi buona notte, — chè tu sai,
La notte sà star buona da per sè.

II.

Solinga, scura, cupa, senza speme,
La notte quando Lilla m'abbandona;
Pei cuori chi si batton insieme
Ogni notte, senza dirla, sarà buona.

III.

Come male buona notte si suona
Con sospiri e parole interrotte! —
Il modo di aver la notte buona
E mai non di dir la buona notte.

ORPHEUS.

A. Not far from hence. From yonder pointed hill,
Crowned with a ring of oaks, you may behold
A dark and barren field, thro' which there flows,
Sluggish and black, a deep but narrow stream,
Which the wind ripples not, and the fair moon
Gazes in vain, and finds no mirror there.
Follow the herbless banks of that strange brook
Until you pause beside a darksome pond,
The fountain of this rivulet, whose gush
Cannot be seen, hid by a rayless night
That lives beneath the overhanging rock
That shades the pool — an endless spring of gloom,
Upon whose edge hovers the tender light,
Trembling to mingle with its paramour,—
But, as Syrinx fled Pan, so night flies day,
Or, with most sullen and regardless hate,
Refuses stern her heaven-born embrace.
On one side of this jagged and shapeless hill
There is a cave, from which there eddies up
A pale mist, like aërial gossamer,
Whose breath destroys all life — awhile it veils
The rock — then, scattered by the wind, it flies
Along the stream, or lingers on the clefts,
Killing the sleepy worms, if aught bide there.
Upon the beetling edge of that dark rock
There stands a group of cypresses; not such
As, with a graceful spire and stirring life,
Pierce the pure heaven of your native vale,
Whose branches the air plays among, but not
Disturbs, fearing to spoil their solemn grace;
But blasted and all wearily they stand,
One to another clinging; their weak boughs
Sigh as the wind buffets them, and they shake
Beneath its blasts — a weatherbeaten crew!
Chorus. What wondrous sound is that, mournful and faint,
But more melodious than the murmuring wind
Which thro' the columns of a temple glides?
A. It is the wandering voice of Orpheus' lyre,
Borne by the winds, who sigh that their rude king
Hurries them fast from these air-feeding notes;
But in their speed they bear along with them
The waning sound, scattering it like dew
Upon the startled sense.
Chorus. Does he still sing?
Methought he rashly cast away his harp
When he had lost Eurydice.
A. Ah no!
Awhile he paused. As a poor hunted stag

A moment shudders on the fearful brink
Of a swift stream — the cruel hounds press on
With deafening yell, the arrows glance and wound, —
He plunges in: so Orpheus, seized and torn
By the sharp fangs of an insatiate grief,
Mænad-like waved his lyre in the bright air,
And wildly shriekt, "Where she is, it is dark!"
And then he struck from forth the strings a sound
Of deep and fearful melody. Alas!
In times long past, when fair Eurydice
With her bright eyes sat listening by his side,
He gently sang of high and heavenly themes.
As in a brook, fretted with little waves,
By the light airs of spring — each riplet makes
A many-sided mirror for the sun,
While it flows musically thro' green banks,
Ceaseless and pauseless, ever clear and fresh,
So flowed his song, reflecting the deep joy,
And tender love that fed those sweetest notes,
The heavenly offspring of ambrosial food.
But that is past. Returning from drear Hell,
He chose a lonely seat of unhewn stone,
Blackened with lichens, on a herbless plain.
Then from the deep and overflowing spring
Of his eternal ever-moving grief
There rose to Heaven a sound of angry song.
'T is as a mighty cataract that parts
Two sister rocks with waters swift and strong,
And casts itself with horrid roar and din
Adown a steep; from a perennial source
It ever flows and falls, and breaks the air
With loud and fierce, but most harmonious roar,
And as it falls casts up a vaporous spray
Which the sun clothes in hues of Iris light.
Thus the tempestuous torrent of his grief
Is clothed in sweetest sound and varying words
Of poesy. Unlike all human works,
It never slackens, and thro' every change
Wisdom and beauty and the power divine
Of mighty poesy together dwell,
Mingling in sweet accord. As I have seen
A fierce south blast tear thro' the darkened sky,
Driving along a rack of wingèd clouds,
Which may not pause, but ever hurry on,
As their wild shepherd wills them, while the stars,
Twinkling and dim, peep from between the plumes.
Anon the sky is cleared, and the high dome
Of serene Heaven, starred with fiery flowers,
Shuts in the shaken earth; or the still moon
Swiftly, yet gracefully, begins her walk,
Rising all bright behind the eastern hills.
I talk of moon, and wind, and stars, and not
Of song; but would I echo his high song,
Nature must lend me words ne'er used before,
Or I must borrow from her perfect works,
To picture forth his perfect attributes.
He does no longer sit upon his throne
Of rock upon a desert herbless plain,
For the evergreen and knotted ilexes,
And cypresses that seldom wave their boughs,
And sea-green olives with their grateful fruit,
And elms dragging along the twisted vines,
Which drop their berries as they follow fast,
And blackthorn bushes with their infant race
Of blushing rose blooms; beeches, to lovers dear,
And weeping-willow trees; all swift or slow,

As their huge boughs or lighter dress permit,
Have circled in his throne, and Earth herself
Has sent from her maternal breast a growth
Of starlike flowers and herbs of odor sweet,
To pave the temple that his poesy
Has framed, while near his feet grim lions couch,
And kids, fearless from love, creep near his lair.
Even the blind worm seems to feel the sound.
The birds are silent, hanging down their heads,
Percht on the lowest branches of the trees;
Not even the nightingale intrudes a note
In rivalry, but all entranced she listens.

FIORDISPINA.

THE season was the childhood of sweet June,
Whose sunny hours from morning until noon
Went creeping thro' the day with silent feet,
Each with its load of pleasure, slow yet sweet;
Like the long years of blest Eternity
Never to be developt. Joy to thee,
Fiordispina and thy Cosimo,
For thou the wonders of the depth canst know
Of this unfathomable flood of hours,
Sparkling beneath the heaven which embowers —
. . . . . .
They were two cousins, almost like to twins,
Except that from the catalogue of sins
Nature had rased their love — which could not be
But by dissevering their nativity.
And so they grew together like two flowers
Upon one stem, which the same beams and showers
Lull or awaken in their purple prime,
Which the same hand will gather — the same clime
Shake with decay. This fair day smiles to see
All those who love — and who e'er loved like thee,
Fiordispina? Scarcely Cosimo,
Within whose bosom and whose brain now glow
The ardors of a vision which obscure
The very idol of its portraiture.
He faints dissolved into a sea of love:
But thou art as a planet sphered above;
But thou art Love itself — ruling the motion
Of his subjected spirit: such emotion
Must end in sin and sorrow, if sweet May
Had not brought forth this morn — your wedding-day.
. . . . . .
Lie there; sleep awhile in your own dew
Ye faint-eyed children of the Hours,"
Fiordispina said, and threw the flowers
Which she had from the breathing —

— A table near of polisht porphyry.
They seemed to wear a beauty from the eye
That lookt on them — a fragrance from the touch
Whose warmth checkt their life; a light such
As sleepers wear, lulled by the voice they love,
which did reprove
The childish pity that she felt for them,
And a remorse that from their stem
She had divided such fair shapes made
A feeling in the which was a shade
Of gentle beauty on the flowers; there lay
All gems that make the earth's dark bosom gay,
rods of myrtle-buds and lemon-blooms,
And that leaf tinted lightly which assumes
The livery of unremembered snow —
Violets whose eyes have drunk —
. . . . . .

Fiordispina and her nurse are now
Upon the steps of the high portico;
Under the withered arm of Media
She flings her glowing arm

. . . . .

step by step and stair by stair,
That withered woman, gray and white and brown —
More like a trunk by lichens overgrown
Than anything which once could have been human.
And ever as she goes the palsied woman

. . . . .

"How slow and painfully you seem to walk,
Poor Media! you tire yourself with talk."
"And well it may,
Fiordispina, dearest, well-a-day!
You are hastening to a marriage-bed;
I to the grave!" — "And if my love were dead,
Unless my heart deceives me, I would lie
Beside him in my shroud as willingly
As now in the gay night-dress Lilla wrought."
"Fie, child! Let that unseasonable thought
Not be remembered until it snows in June;
Such fancies are a music out of tune
With the sweet dance your heart must keep to-night.
What! would you take all beauty and delight
Back to the Paradise from which you sprung,
And leave to grosser mortals? —
And say, sweet lamb, would you not learn the sweet
And subtle mystery by which spirits meet?
Who knows whether the loving game is played,
When, once of mortal [vesture] disarrayed,
The naked soul goes wandering here and there
Thro' the wide deserts of Elysian air?
The violet dies not till it" ——

TIME LONG PAST.

I.

LIKE the ghost of a dear friend dead
Is Time long past.
A tone which is now forever fled,
A hope which is now forever past,
A love so sweet it could not last,
Was Time long past.

II.

There were sweet dreams in the night
Of Time long past:
And, was it sadness or delight,
Each day a shadow onward cast
Which made us wish it yet might last —
That Time long past.

III.

There is regret, almost remorse,
For Time long past.
'T is like a child's belovèd corse
A father watches, till at last
Beauty is like remembrance, cast
From Time long past.

FRAGMENT: THE DESERTS OF SLEEP.

I WENT into the deserts of dim sleep —
That world, which like an unknown wilderness,
Bounds this with its recesses wide and deep.

FRAGMENT: CONSEQUENCE.

THE viewless and invisible Consequence
Watches thy goings-out, and comings-in,
And . . . hovers o'er thy guilty sleep,
Unveiling every new-born deed, and thoughts
More ghastly than those deeds.

FRAGMENT: A FACE.

His face was like a snake's — wrinkled and loose
And withered.

FRAGMENT: WEARINESS.

My head is heavy, my limbs are weary,
And it is not life that makes me move.

FRAGMENT: HOPE, FEAR, AND DOUBT.

Such hope, as is the sick despair of good,
Such fear, as is the certainty of ill,
Such doubt, as is pale Expectation's food
Turned while she tastes to poison, when the will
Is powerless, and the spirit . . .

FRAGMENT; "ALAS! THIS IS NOT WHAT I THOUGHT LIFE WAS."[1]

Alas! this is not what I thought life was.
I knew that there were crimes and evil men,
Misery and hate; nor did I hope to pass
Untoucht by suffering, thro' the rugged glen.
In mine own heart I saw as in a glass
The hearts of others And when
I went among my kind, with triple brass
Of calm endurance my weak breast I armed,
To bear scorn, fear, and hate, a woful mass!

FRAGMENT: MILTON'S SPIRIT.

I dreamed that Milton's spirit rose, and took
From life's green tree his Uranian lute,
And from his touch sweet thunder flowed, and shook
All human things built in contempt of man, —
And sanguine thrones and impious altars quaked,
Prisons and citadels . . .

FRAGMENT: UNRISEN SPLENDOR.

Unrisen splendor of the brightest sun,
To rise upon our darkness, if the star
Now beckoning thee out of thy misty throne
Could thaw the clouds which wage an obscure war
With thy young brightness!

[1] Perhaps in continuation of that immediately preceding, and so forming a sonnet. — Ed.

NOTE ON POEMS OF 1820, BY MRS. SHELLEY.

We spent the latter part of the year 1819 in Florence, where Shelley passed several hours daily in the Gallery, and made various notes on its ancient works of art. His thoughts were a good deal taken up also by the project of a steamboat, undertaken by a friend, an engineer, to ply between Leghorn and Marseilles, for which he supplied a sum of money. This was a sort of plan to delight Shelley, and he was greatly disappointed when it was thrown aside.

There was something in Florence that disagreed excessively with his health, and he suffered far more pain than usual; so much so that we left it sooner than we intended, and removed to Pisa, where we had some friends, and, above all, where we could consult the celebrated Vaccà as to the cause of Shelley's sufferings. He, like every other medical man, could only guess at that, and gave him little hope of immediate relief; he enjoined him to abstain from all physicians and medicine, and to leave his complaint to Nature. As he had vainly consulted medical men

of the highest repute in England, he was easily persuaded to adopt this advice. Pain and ill-health followed him to the end; but the residence at Pisa agreed with him better than any other, and there in consequence we remained.

In the Spring we spent a week or two near Leghorn, borrowing the house of some friends who were absent on a journey to England. It was on a beautiful summer evening, while wandering among the lanes whose myrtle-hedges were the bowers of the fireflies, that we heard the carolling of the skylark, which inspired one of the most beautiful of his poems. He addressed the letter to Mrs. Gisborne from this house, which was hers: he had made his study of the workshop of her son, who was an engineer. Mrs. Gisborne had been a friend of my father in her younger days. She was a lady of great accomplishments, and charming from her frank and affectionate nature. She had the most intense love of knowledge, a delicate and trembling sensibility, and preserved freshness of mind after a life of considerable adversity. As a favorite friend of my father, we had sought her with eagerness; and the most open and cordial friendship was established between us.

Our stay at the Baths of San Giuliano was shortened by an accident. At the foot of our garden ran the canal that communicated between the Serchio and the Arno. The Serchio overflowed its banks, and, breaking its bounds, this canal also overflowed; all this part of the country is below the level of its rivers, and the consequence was that it was speedily flooded. The rising waters filled the Square of the Baths, in the lower part of which our house was situated. The canal overflowed in the garden behind; the rising waters on either side at last burst open the doors, and, meeting in the house, rose to the height of six feet. It was a picturesque sight at night to see the peasants driving their cattle from the plains below to the hills above the Baths. A fire was kept up to guide them across the ford; and the forms of the men and the animals showed in dark relief against the red glare of the flame, which was reflected again in the waters that filled the Square.

We then removed to Pisa, and took up our abode there for the winter. The extreme mildness of the climate suited Shelley, and his solitude was enlivened by an intercourse with several intimate friends. Chance cast us strangely enough on this quiet half-unpeopled town; but its very peace suited Shelley. Its river, the near mountains, and not distant sea, added its attractions, and were the objects of many delightful excursions. We feared the south of Italy, and a hotter climate, on account of our child; our former bereavement inspiring us with terror. We seemed to take root here, and moved little afterwards; often, indeed, entertaining projects for visiting other parts of Italy, but still delaying. But for our fears on account of our child, I believe we should have wandered over the world, both being passionately fond of travelling. But human life, besides its great unalterable necessities, is ruled by a thousand Lilliputian ties that shackle at the time, although it is difficult to account afterwards for their influence over our destiny.

POEMS WRITTEN IN 1821.

DIRGE FOR THE YEAR.

I.

Orphan hours, the year is dead,
Come and sigh, come and weep!
Merry hours smile instead,
For the year is but asleep,
See, it smiles as it is sleeping,
Mocking your untimely weeping.

II.

As an earthquake rocks a corse
In its coffin in the clay,
So White Winter, that rough nurse,
Rocks the death-cold year to-day;
Solemn hours! wail aloud
For your mother in her shroud.

III.

As the wild air stirs and sways
The tree-swung cradle of a child,
So the breath of these rude days
Rocks the year:— be calm and mild,
Trembling hours, she will arise
With new love within her eyes.

IV.

January gray is here,
Like a sexton by her grave;
February bears the bier,
March with grief doth howl and rave,
And April weeps — but, O, ye hours,
Follow with May's fairest flowers.

TO NIGHT.

I.

Swiftly walk over the western wave,
Spirit of Night!
Out of the misty eastern cave,
Where all the long and lone daylight,
Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear,
Which make thee terrible and dear, —
Swift be thy flight!

II.

Wrap thy form in a mantle gray,
Star-inwrought!
Blind with thine hair the eyes of Day:
Kiss her until she be wearied out,
Then wander o'er city, and sea, and land,
Touching all with thine opiate wand —
Come, long sought!

III.

When I arose and saw the dawn,
I sighed for thee;
When light rode high, and the dew was gone,
And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,
And the weary day turned to his rest,
Lingering like an unloved guest,
I sighed for thee.

IV.

Thy brother Death came, and cried,
"Wouldst thou me?"
Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed,
Murmured like a noontide bee,
Shall I nestle near thy side?
"Wouldst thou me?" — And I replied,
"No, not thee!"

V.

Death will come when thou art dead,
Soon, too soon —
Sleep will come when thou art fled;
Of neither would I ask the boon
I ask of thee, belovèd Night —
Swift be thine approaching flight,
Come soon, soon!

TIME.

Unfathomable Sea! whose waves are years,
Ocean of Time, whose waters of deep woe
Are brackish with the salt of human tears!
Thou shoreless flood, which in thy ebb and flow
Claspest the limits of mortality!
And sick of prey, yet howling on for more,
Vomitest thy wrecks on its inhospitable shore;
Treacherous in calm, and terrible in storm,
Who shall put forth on thee,
Unfathomable Sea?

LINES.

I.

Far, far away, O ye
Halcyons of memory,
Seek some far calmer nest
Than this abandoned breast;—
No news of your false spring
To my heart's winter bring,
Once having gone, in vain
Ye come again.

II.

Vultures, who build your bowers
High in the Future's towers,
Withered hopes on hopes are spread,
Dying joys choked by the dead,
Will serve your beaks for prey
Many a day.

FROM THE ARABIC: AN IMITATION.

I.

My faint spirit was sitting in the light
Of thy looks, my love;
It panted for thee like the hind at noon
For the brooks, my love.
Thy barb whose hoofs outspeed the tempest's flight
Bore thee far from me;
My heart, for my weak feet were weary soon,
Did companion thee.

II.

Ah! fleeter far than fleetest storm or steed,
Or the death they bear,
The heart which tender thought clothes like a dove
With the wings of care;
In the battle, in the darkness, in the need,
Shall mine cling to thee,
Nor claim one smile for all the comfort, love,
It may bring to thee.

TO EMILIA VIVIANI.

Madonna, wherefore hast thou sent to me
Sweet basil and mignonette?
Embleming love and health, which never yet
In the same wreath might be.
Alas, and they are wet!
Is it with thy kisses or thy tears?
For never rain or dew
Such fragrance drew
From plant or flower — the very doubt endears
My sadness ever new,
The sighs I breathe, the tears I shed for thee.
Send the stars light, but send not love to me,
In whom love ever made
Health like a heap of embers soon to fade.

THE FUGITIVES.

I.

The waters are flashing,
The white hail is dashing,
The lightnings are glancing,
The hoar-spray is dancing —
Away!

The whirlwind is rolling,
The thunder is tolling,
The forest is swinging,
The minster bells ringing —
Come away!

The Earth is like Ocean,
Wreck-strewn and in motion:
Bird, beast, man, and worm
Have crept out of the storm,
Come away!

II.

"Our boat has one sail,
And the helmsman is pale;—
A bold pilot I trow,
Who should follow us now,"—
Shouted He —

And she cried: "Ply the oar!
Put off gayly from the shore!"—
As she spoke, bolts of death,
Mixt with hail, speckt their path
O'er the sea.

And from isle, tower, and rock,
The blue beacon cloud broke,
And though dumb in the blast,
The red cannon flasht fast
From the lee.

III.

"And fear'st thou, and fear'st thou?
And see'st thou, and hear'st thou?
And drive we not free
O'er the terrible sea,
I and thou?"

One boat-cloak did cover
The loved and the lover —
Their blood beats one measure,
They murmur proud pleasure
Soft and low; —

While around the lasht Ocean,
Like mountains in motion,
Is withdrawn and uplifted,
Sunk, shattered and sifted
To and fro.

IV.

In the court of the fortress
Beside the pale portress,
Like a bloodhound well beaten
The bridegroom stands, eaten
By shame;

On the topmost watch-turret,
As a death-boding spirit,
Stands the gray tyrant father,
To his voice the mad weather
Seems tame;

And with curses as wild
As e'er clung to child,
He devotes to the blast,
The best, loveliest, and last
Of his name!

TO ——.

Music, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory —
Odors, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken.

Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,
Are heapt for the belovèd's bed;
And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone
Love itself shall slumber on.

SONG.

I.

Rarely, rarely, comest thou,
Spirit of Delight!
Wherefore hast thou left me now
Many a day and night?
Many a weary night and day
'T is since thou art fled away.

II.

How shall ever one like me
Win thee back again!
With the joyous and the free
Thou wilt scoff at pain.
Spirit false! thou hast forgot
All but those who need thee not.

III.

As a lizard with the shade
Of a trembling leaf,
Thou with sorrow art dismayed;
Even the sighs of grief
Reproach thee, that thou art not near,
And reproach thou will not hear.

IV.

Let me set my mournful ditty
To a merry measure,
Thou wilt never come for pity,
Thou wilt come for pleasure.
Pity then will cut away
Those cruel wings, and thou wilt stay.

V.

I love all that thou lovest,
Spirit of Delight!
The fresh Earth in new leaves drest,
And the starry night;
Autumn evening, and the morn
When the golden mists are born.

VI.

I love snow and all the forms
Of the radiant frost;
I love waves, and winds, and storms,
Every thing almost
Which is Nature's, and may be
Untainted by man's misery.

VII.

I love tranquil solitude,
And such society
As is quiet, wise, and good;
Between thee and me
What difference? but thou dost possess
The things I seek, not love them less.

VIII.

I love Love — though he has wings,
And like light can flee,
But above all other things,
Spirit, I love thee —
Thou art love and life! Oh come,
Make once more my heart thy home.

MUTABILITY.

THE flower that smiles to-day
To-morrow dies;
All that we wish to stay
Tempts and then flies.
What is this world's delight?
Lightning that mocks the night,
Brief even as bright.

II.

Virtue, how frail it is!
Friendship how rare!
Love, how it sells poor bliss
For proud despair!
But we, though soon they fall,
Survive their joy and all
Which ours we call.

II.

Whilst skies are blue and bright,
Whilst flowers are gay,
Whilst eyes that change ere night
Make glad the day;
Whilst yet the calm hours creep,
Dream thou — and from thy sleep
Then wake to weep.

LINES WRITTEN ON HEARING THE NEWS OF THE DEATH OF NAPOLEON.

WHAT! alive and so bold, oh earth?
Art thou not overbold!
What! leapest thou forth as of old
In the light of thy morning mirth,
The last of the flock of the starry fold?
Ha! leapest thou forth as of old?
Are not the limbs still when the ghost is fled,
And canst thou move, Napoleon being dead?

How! is not thy quick heart cold?
What spark is alive on thy hearth?
How! is not *his* death-knell knolled?
And livest *thou* still, Mother Earth?
Thou wert warming thy fingers old
O'er the embers covered and cold
Of that most fiery spirit, when it fled —
What, Mother, do you laugh now he is dead?

"Who has known me of old," replied Earth,
"Or who has my story told?
It is thou who art overbold."
And the lightning of scorn laught forth
As she sung, "To my bosom I fold
All my sons when their knell is knolled,
And so with living motion all are fed,
And the quick spring like weeds out of the dead.

"Still alive and still bold," shouted Earth,
"I grow bolder and still more bold.
The dead fill me ten thousandfold
Fuller of speed and splendor and mirth,
I was cloudy, and sullen, and cold,
Like a frozen chaos uprolled,
Till by the spirit of the mighty dead
My heart grew warm. I feed on whom I fed.

"Ay, alive and still bold," muttered Earth,
"Napoleon's fierce spirit rolled,
In terror and blood and gold,

A torrent of ruin to death from his birth.
Leave the millions who follow to mould
The metal before it be cold;
And weave into his shame, which like the dead
Shrouds me, the hopes that from his glory fled."

SONNET: POLITICAL GREATNESS.

Nor happiness, nor majesty, nor fame,
Nor peace, nor strength, nor skill in arms or arts,
Shepherd those herds whom tyranny makes tame;
Verse echoes not one beating of their hearts,
History is but the shadow of their shame,
Art veils her glass, or from the pageant starts
As to oblivion their blind millions fleet,
Staining that Heaven with obscene imagery
Of their own likeness. What are numbers knit
By force or custom? Man who man would be,
Must rule the empire of himself; in it
Must be supreme, establishing his throne
On vanquisht will, quelling the anarchy
Of hopes and fears, being himself alone.

THE AZIOLA.

I.

"Do you not hear the Aziola cry?
Methinks she must be nigh,"
Said Mary, as we sate
In dusk, ere stars were lit, or candles brought;
And I, who thought
This Aziola was some tedious woman,
Askt, "Who is Aziola?" How elate
I felt to know that it was nothing human,
No mockery of myself to fear or hate;
And Mary saw my soul,
And laught, and said, "Disquiet yourself not;
'T is nothing but a little downy owl."

II.

Sad Aziola! many an eventide
Thy music I had heard
By wood and stream, meadow and mountain side,
And fields and marshes wide,
Such as nor voice, nor lute, nor wind, nor bird,
The soul ever stirred;
Unlike and far sweeter than them all,
Sad Aziola! from that moment I
Loved thee and thy sad cry.

A LAMENT.

I.

O world! O life! O time!
On whose last steps I climb
Trembling at that where I had stood before:
When will return the glory of your prime?
No more — oh, never more!

II.

Out of the day and night
A joy has taken flight;
Fresh spring, and summer, and winter hoar,
Move my faint heart with grief, but with delight
No more — oh, never more!

REMEMBRANCE.

I.

Swifter far than summer's flight —
Swifter far than youth's delight —
Swifter far than happy night,
Art thou come and gone —
As the earth when leaves are dead,
As the night when sleep is sped,
As the heart when joy is fled,
I am left lone, alone.

II.

The swallow summer comes again —
The owlet night resumes her reign —
But the wild-swan youth is fain
To fly with thee, false as thou. —
My heart each day desires the morrow:
Sleep itself is turned to sorrow;
Vainly would my winter borrow
Sunny leaves from any bough.

III.

Lilies for a bridal bed —
Roses for a matron's head —
Violets for a maiden dead —
Pansies let *my* flowers be:
On the living grave I bear
Scatter them without a tear —
Let no friend, however dear,
Waste one hope, one fear for me.

TO EDWARD WILLIAMS.

I.

THE serpent is shut out from paradise.
The wounded deer must seek the herb no more
In which its heart-cure lies:
The widowed dove must cease to haunt a bower
Like that from which its mate with feignèd sighs
Fled in the April hour.
I too must seldom seek again
Near happy friends a mitigated pain.

II.

Of hatred I am proud, — with scorn content;
Indifference, that once hurt me, now is grown
Itself indifferent.
But not to speak of love, pity alone
Can break a spirit already more than bent.
The miserable one
Turns the mind's poison into food,—
Its medicine is tears, — its evil good.

III.

Therefore, if now I see you seldomer,
Dear friends, dear *friend!* know that I only fly
Your looks, because they stir
Griefs that should sleep, and hopes that cannot die:
The very comfort that they minister
I scarce can bear, yet I,
So deeply is the arrow gone,
Should quickly perish if it were withdrawn.

IV.

When I return to my cold home, you ask
Why am I not as I have ever been.
You spoil me for the task
Of acting a forced part in life's dull scene, —
Of wearing on my brow the idle mask
Of author, great or mean,
In the world's carnival. I sought
Peace thus, and but in you I found it not.

V.

Full half an hour to-day, I tried my lot
With various flowers, and every one still said,
"She loves me — loves me not."
And if this meant a vision long since fled —
If it meant fortune, fame, or peace of thought —
If it meant, — but I dread
To speak what you may know too well:
Still there was truth in the sad oracle.

VI.

The crane o'er seas and forests seeks her home;
No bird so wild but has its quiet nest,
When it no more would roam;
The sleepless billows on the ocean's breast
Break like a bursting heart, and die in foam,
And thus at length find rest.
Doubtless there is a place of peace
Where *my* weak heart and all its throbs will cease.

VII.

I askt her, yesterday, if she believed
That I had resolution. One who *had*
Would ne'er have thus relieved
His heart with words, — but what his judgment bade
Would do, and leave the scorner unrelieved.
These verses are too sad
To send to you, but that I know,
Happy yourself, you feel another's woe.

TO ——.

I.

ONE word is too often profaned
For me to profane it,
One feeling too falsely disdained
For thee to disdain it.
One hope is too like despair
For prudence to smother,
And pity for thee more dear
Than that from another.

II.

I can give not what men call love,
But wilt thou accept not
The worship the heart lifts above
And the Heavens reject not,
The desire of the moth for the star,
Of the night for the morrow,
The devotion to something afar
From the sphere of our sorrow?

TO ——.

I.

WHEN passion's trance is overpast,
If tenderness and truth could last
Or live, whilst all wild feelings keep
Some mortal slumber, dark and deep,
I should not weep, I should not weep!

II.

It were enough to feel, to see,
Thy soft eyes gazing tenderly,
And dream the rest — and burn and be
The secret food of fires unseen,
Couldst thou but be as thou hast been.

III.

After the slumber of the year
The woodland violets reappear,
All things revive in field or grove,
And sky and sea, but two, which move,
And form all others, life and love.

A BRIDAL SONG.

I.

THE golden gates of Sleep unbar
Where Strength and Beauty, met together,
Kindle their image like a star
In a sea of glassy weather.

Night, with all thy stars look down, —
Darkness, weep thy holiest dew, —
Never smiled the inconstant moon
On a pair so true.
Let eyes not see their own delight; —
Haste, swift Hour, and thy flight
Oft renew.

II.

Fairies, sprites, and angels keep her!
Holy stars, permit no wrong!
And return to wake the sleeper,
Dawn, — ere it be long!
O joy! O fear! what will be done
In the absence of the sun!
Come along!

ANOTHER VERSION OF THE SAME.

NIGHT, with all thine eyes look down!
Darkness shed its holiest dew!
When ever smiled the inconstant moon
On a pair so true?
Hence, coy Hour! and quench thy light,
Let eyes see their own delight!
Hence, swift hour! and thy loved flight
Oft renew.

Boys.

O joy! O fear! why may be done
In the absence of the sun?
Come along!

The golden gates of sleep unbar!
When strength and beauty meet together,
Kindles their image like a star
In a sea of glassy weather.
Hence, coy hour! and quench thy light,
Lest eyes see their own delight!
Hence, swift hour! and thy loved flight
Oft renew.

Girls.

O joy! O fear! what may be done
In the absence of the sun?
Come along!

Fairies! sprites! and angels keep her!
Holiest powers, permit no wrong!
And return, to wake the sleeper,
Dawn, ere it be long.
Hence, swift hour! and quench thy light,
Let eyes see their own delight!
Hence, coy hour, and thy loved flight
Oft renew.

Boys and Girls.

O joy! O fear! what will be done
In the absence of the sun?
Come along!

ANOTHER VERSION OF THE SAME.

Boys Sing.

Night! with all thine eyes look down!
Darkness! weep thy holiest dew!
Never smiled the inconstant moon
On a pair so true.
Haste, coy Hour! and quench all light,
Lest eyes see their own delight!
Haste, swift Hour! and thy loved flight
Oft renew.

Girls Sing.

Fairies, sprites, and angels, keep her!
Holy stars! permit no wrong!
And return to wake the sleeper,
Dawn, ere it be long!
O joy! O fear! there is not one
Of us can guess what may be done
In the absence of the sun;—
Come along!

Boys.

Oh! linger long, thou envious eastern lamp
In the damp
Caves of the deep!

Girls.

Nay, return, Vesper! urge thy lazy car!
Swift unbar
The gates of Sleep.

Chorus.

The golden gate of Sleep unbar,
When Strength and Beauty, met together,
Kindle their image, like a star
In a sea of glassy weather.
May the purple mist of love
Round them rise, and with them move,
Nourishing each tender gem
Which, like flowers, will burst from them.
As the fruit is to the tree
May their children ever be!

LOVE, HOPE, DESIRE, AND FEAR.

. . . . .

And many there were hurt by that strong boy;
His name, they said, was Pleasure.
And near him stood, glorious beyond measure,
Four Ladies who possess all empery
In earth and air and sea,
Nothing that lives from their award is free.
Their names will I declare to thee,
Love, Hope, Desire, and Fear,
And they the regents are
Of the four elements that frame the heart,
And each diversely exercised her art
By force or circumstance or sleight
To prove her dreadful might
Upon that poor domain.
Desire presented her [false] glass and then
The spirit dwelling there
Was spellbound to embrace what seemed so fair
Within that magic mirror,
And dazed by that bright error,

It would have scorned the [shafts] of the avenger,
And death, and penitence, and danger,
Had not then silent Fear
Toucht with her palsying spear,
So that as if a frozen torrent
The blood was curdled in its current;
It dared not speak, even in look or motion,
But chained within itself its proud devotion.
Between Desire and Fear thou wert
A wretched thing, poor heart!
Sad was his life who bore thee in his breast,
Wild bird for that weak nest.
Till Love from even fierce Desire it bought,
And from the very wound of tender thought
Drew solace, and the pity of sweet eyes
Gave strength to bear those gentle agonies,
Surmount the loss, the terror, and the sorrow.
Then Hope approacht, she who can borrow
For poor to-day, from rich to-morrow,
And Fear withdrew, as night when day
Descends upon the orient ray,
And after long and vain endurance
The poor heart awoke to her assurance.

—At one birth these four were born
With the world's forgotten morn,
And from Pleasure still they hold
All it circles, as of old.
When, as summer lures the swallow,
Pleasure lures the heart to follow—
O weak heart of little wit!
The fair hand that wounded it,
Seeking, like a panting hare,
Refuge in the lynx's lair,
Love, Desire, Hope, and Fear,
Ever will be near.

PROLOGUE TO HELLAS.

Herald of Eternity. It is the day when all the sons of God
Wait in the roofless senate-house, whose floor
Is Chaos, and the immovable abyss
Frozen by his steadfast word to hyaline
. . . . .
The shadow of God, and delegate
Of that before his breath the universe
Is as a print of dew.
Hierarchs and kings
Who from yon thrones pinnacled on the past
Sway the reluctant present, ye who sit
Pavilioned on the radiance of the gloom
Of mortal thought, which like an exhalation
Steaming from earth, conceals the of heaven
Which gave it birth, assemble here
Before your Father's throne; the swift decree
Yet hovers, and the fiery incarnation
Is yet withheld, clothèd in which it shall annul
The fairest of those wandering isles that gem
The sapphire space of interstellar air,
That green and azure sphere, that earth enwrapt
Less in the beauty of its tender light
Than in an atmosphere of living spirit
Which interpenetrating all the . . .
it rolls from realm to realm
And age to age, and in its ebb and flow
Impels the generations
To their appointed place,
Whilst the high Arbiter
Beholds the strife, and at the appointed time
Sends his decrees veiled in eternal . . .

Within the circuit of this pendant orb
There lies an antique region, on which fell
The dews of thought in the world's golden dawn
Earliest and most benign, and from it sprung

Temples and cities and immortal forms
And harmonies of wisdom and of song,
And thoughts, and deeds worthy of thoughts so fair.
And when the sun of its dominion failed,
And when the winter of its glory came,
The winds that stript it bare blew on and swept
The dew into the utmost wildernesses
In wandering clouds of sunny rain that thawed
The unmaternal bosom of the North.
Haste, sons of God, for ye beheld,
Reluctant, or consenting, or astonisht,
The stern decrees go forth, which heapt on Greece
Ruin and degradation and despair.
A fourth now waits: assemble, sons of God,
To speed or to prevent or to suspend,
If, as ye dream, such power be not withheld,
The unaccomplisht destiny.

. . . . .

Chorus.

The curtain of the Universe
Is rent and shattered,
The splendor-wingèd worlds disperse
Like the wild doves scattered.

Space is roofless and bare,
And in the midst a cloudy shrine,
Dark amid thrones of light.
In the blue glow of hyaline
Golden worlds revolve and shine.
In flight
From every point of the Infinite,
Like a thousand dawns on a single night
The splendors rise and spread;
And thro' thunder and darkness dread
Light and music are radiated,
And in their pavilioned chariots led
By living wings high overhead
The giant Powers move,
Gloomy or bright as the thrones they fill.

. . . . .

A chaos of light and motion
Upon that glassy ocean.

. . . . .

The senate of the Gods is met,
Each in his rank and station set;
There is silence in the spaces —
Lo! Satan, Christ, and Mahomet
Start from their places!
Christ. Almighty Father!
Low-kneeling at the feet of Destiny

. . . .

There are two fountains in which spirits weep
When mortals err, Discord and Slavery named,
And with their bitter dew two Destinies
Filled each their irrevocable urns; the third,
Fiercest and mightiest, mingled both, and added
Chaos and Death, and slow Oblivion's lymph,
And hate and terror, and the poisoned rain

. . . . .

The Aurora of the nations. By this brow
Whose pores wept tears of blood, by these wide wounds,
By this imperial crown of agony,
By infamy and solitude and death,
For this I underwent, and by the pain
Of pity for those who would for me
The unremembered joy of a revenge,
For this I felt — by Plato's sacred light,
Of which my spirit was a burning morrow —
By Greece and all she cannot cease to be,
Her quenchless words, sparks of immortal truth,
Stars of all night — her harmonies and forms,
Echoes and shadows of what Love adores
In thee, I do compel thee, send forth Fate,
Thy irrevocable child: let her descend
A seraph-wingèd victory [arrayed]
In tempest of the omnipotence of God
Which sweeps through all things.

From hollow leagues, from Tyranny which arms
Adverse miscreeds and emulous anarchies

To stamp, as on a wingèd serpent's seed,
Upon the name of Freedom; from the storm
Of faction which like earthquake shakes and sickens
The solid heart of enterprise; from all
By which the holiest dreams of highest spirits
Are stars beneath the dawn . . .
She shall arise
Victorious as the world arose from Chaos!
And as the Heavens and the Earth arrayed
Their presence in the beauty and the light
Of thy first smile, O Father, as they gather
The spirit of thy love which paves for them
Their path o'er the abyss, till every sphere
Shall be one living Spirit, so shall Greece —
Satan. Be as all things beneath the empyrean,
Mine! Art thou eyeless like old Destiny,
Thou mockery-king, crowned with a wreath of thorns?
Whose sceptre is a reed, the broken reed,
Which pierces thee! whose throne a chair of scorn;
For seest thou not beneath this crystal floor
The innumerable worlds of golden light
Which are my empire, and the least of them
which thou wouldst redeem from me?
Know'st thou not them my portion?
Or wouldst rekindle the strife
Which our great Father then did arbitrate
Which he assigned to his competing sons
Each his apportioned realm?
Thou Destiny,
Thou who art mailed in the omnipotence
Of Him who sends thee forth, whate'er thy task,
Speed, spare not to accomplish, and be mine
Thy trophies, whether Greece again become
The fountain in the desert whence the earth
Shall drink of freedom, which shall give it strength
To suffer, or a gulf of hollow death
To swallow all delight, all life, all hope.
Go, thou Vicegerent of my will, no less
Than of the Father's; but lest thou shouldst faint,
The wingèd hounds, Famine and Pestilence,
Shall wait on thee, the hundred-forkêd snake
Insatiate Superstition still shall . . .
The earth behind thy steps, and War shall hover
Above, and Fraud shall gape below, and Change
Shall flit before thee on her dragon wings,
Convulsing and consuming, and I add
Three vials of the tears which demons weep
When virtuous spirits thro' the gate of Death
Pass triumphing over the thorns of life,
Sceptres and crowns, mitres and swords and snares
Trampling in scorn, like Him and Socrates.
The first is Anarchy; when Power and Pleasure,
Glory and science and security,
On Freedom hang like fruit on the green tree,
Then pour it forth, and men shall gather ashes.
The second Tyranny —
Christ. Obdurate spirit!
Thou seest but the Past in the To-come.
Pride is thy error and thy punishment.
Boast not thine empire, dream not that thy worlds
Are more than furnace-sparks or rainbow-drops
Before the Power that wields and kindles them.
True greatness asks not space, true excellence
Lives in the Spirit of all things that live,
Which lends it to the worlds thou callest thine.

. . . . . .

Mahomet. . . . Haste thou and
fill the waning crescent
With beams as keen as those which
pierced the shadow
Of Christian night rolled back upon the
West
When the orient moon of Islam rode in
triumph
From Tmolus to the Acroceraunian snow.
. . . . . .
Wake, thou Word
Of God, and from the throne of Destiny
Even to the utmost limit of thy way
May Triumph
. . . . . .
Be thou a curse on them whose
creed
Divides and multiplies the most high
God.

FRAGMENTS WRITTEN FOR HELLAS.

I.

FAIREST of the Destinies,
Disarray thy dazzling eyes:
Keener far thy lightnings are
Than the wingèd [bolts] thou
bearest,
And the smile thou wearest
Wraps thee as a star
Is wrapt in light.

II.

Could Arethuse to her forsaken urn
From Alpheus and the bitter Doris run,
Or could the morning shafts of purest
light
Again into the quivers of the Sun
Be gathered — could one thought from
its wild flight
Return into the temple of the brain
Without a change, without a stain, —
Could aught that is, ever again
Be what it once has ceased to be,
Greece might again be free!

III.

A star has fallen upon the earth
Mid the benighted nations,
A quenchless atom of immortal light,
A living spark of Night,
A cresset shaken from the constellations.
Swifter than the thunder fell
To the heart of Earth, the well
Where its pulses flow and beat,
And unextinct in that cold source
Burns, and on course
Guides the sphere which is its prison,
Like an angelic spirit pent
In a form of mortal birth,
Till, as a spirit half arisen
Shatters its charnel, it has rent,
In the rapture of its mirth,
The thin and painted garment of the
Earth,
Ruining its chaos — a fierce breath
Consuming all its forms of living death.

FRAGMENT: "I WOULD NOT BE A KING."

I WOULD not be a king — enough
Of woe it is to love;
The path to power is steep and rough,
And tempests reign above.
I would not climb the imperial throne;
'T is built on ice which fortune's sun
Thaws in the height of noon.
Then farewell, king, yet were I one,
Care would not come so soon.
Would he and I were far away
Keeping flocks on Himalay!

GINEVRA.

WILD, pale, and wonder-stricken, even
as one
Who staggers forth into the air and sun
From the dark chamber of a mortal
fever,
Bewildered, and incapable, and ever
Fancying strange comments in her dizzy
brain
Of usual shapes, till the familiar train
Of objects and of persons past like
things
Strange as a dreamer's mad imaginings,
Ginevra from the nuptial altar went;
The vows to which her lips had sworn
assent

Rung in her brain still with a jarring din,
Deafening the lost intelligence within.

And so she moved under the bridal veil,
Which made the paleness of her cheek more pale,
And deepened the faint crimson of her mouth,
And darkened her dark locks as moonlight doth, —
And of the gold and jewels glittering there
She scarce felt conscious, — but the weary glare
Lay like a chaos of unwelcome light,
Vexing the sense with gorgeous undelight.
A moonbeam in the shadow of a cloud
Was less heavenly fair — her face was bowed,
And as she past, the diamonds in her hair
Were mirrored in the polisht marble stair
Which led from the cathedral to the street:
And ever as she went her light fair feet
Erased these images.

The bride-maidens who round her thronging came,
Some with a sense of self-rebuke and shame,
Envying the unenviable; and others
Making the joy which should have been another's
Their own by gentle sympathy; and some
Sighing to think of an unhappy home:
Some few admiring what can ever iure
Maidens to leave the heaven serene and pure
Of parents' smiles for life's great cheat; a thing
Bitter to taste, sweet in imagining.

But they are all disperst — and, lo! she stands
Looking in idle grief on her white hands,
Alone within the garden now her own:
And thro' the sunny air, with jangling tone,
The music of the merry marriage bells,
Killing the azure silence, sinks and swells; —
Absorbed like one within a dream who dreams
That he is dreaming, until slumber seems
A mockery of itself — when suddenly
Antonio stood before her, pale as she.
With agony, with sorrow, and with pride,
He lifted his wan eyes upon the bride,
And said — "Is this thy faith?" and then as one
Whose sleeping face is stricken by the sun
With light like a harsh voice, which bids him rise
And look upon his day of life with eyes
Which weep in vain that they can dream no more,
Ginevra saw her lover, and forebore
To shriek or faint, and checkt the stifling blood
Rushing upon her heart, and unsubdued
Said — "Friend, if earthly violence or ill,
Suspicion, doubt, or the tyrannic will
Of parents, chance, or custom, time or change,
Or circumstance, or terror, or revenge,
Or wildered looks, or words, or evil speech,
With all their stings and venom can impeach
Our love, — we love not: — if the grave which hides
The victim from the tyrant, and divides
The cheek that whitens from the eyes that dart
Imperious inquisition to the heart
That is another's could dissever ours,
We love not." — "What! do not the silent hours
Beckon thee to Gherardi's bridal bed?
Is not that ring" — a pledge, he would have said,
Of broken vows, but she with patient look
The golden circle from her finger took,
And said — "Accept this token of my faith,
The pledge of vows to be absolved by death;

And I am dead or shall be soon — my knell
Will mix its music with that merry bell;
Does it not sound as if they sweetly said
'We toll a corpse out of the marriage-bed?'
The flowers upon my bridal chamber strewn
Will serve unfaded for my bier — so soon
That even the dying violet will not die
Before Ginevra." The strong fantasy
Had made her accents weaker and more weak,
And quencht the crimson life upon her cheek,
And glazed her eyes, and spread an atmosphere
Round her, which chilled the burning noon with fear,
Making her but an image of the thought,
Which, like a prophet or a shadow, brought
News of the terrors of the coming time.
Like an accuser branded with the crime
He would have cast on a belovèd friend,
Whose dying eyes reproach not to the end
The pale betrayer — he then with vain repentance
Would share, he cannot now avert, the sentence —
Antonio stood and would have spoken, when
The compound voice of women and of men
Was heard approaching; he retired, while she
Was led amid the admiring company
Back to the palace, — and her maidens soon
Changed her attire for the afternoon,
And left her at her own request to keep
An hour of quiet and rest. — Like one asleep
With open eyes and folded hands she lay,
Pale in the light of the declining day.

Meanwhile the day sinks fast, the sun is set,
And in the lighted hall the guests are met;
The beautiful looked lovelier in the light
Of love, and admiration, and delight
Reflected from a thousand hearts and eyes
Kindling a momentary Paradise.
This crowd is safer than the silent wood,
Where love's own doubts disturb the solitude;
On frozen hearts the fiery rain of wine
Falls, and the dew of music more divine
Tempers the deep emotions of the time
To spirits cradled in a sunny clime: —
How many meet who never yet have met,
To part too soon, but never to forget!
How many saw the beauty, power and wit
Of looks and words which ne'er enchanted yet!
But life's familiar veil was now withdrawn,
As the world leaps before an earthquake's dawn,
And unprophetic of the coming hours,
The matin winds from the expanded flowers,
Scatter their hoarded incense, and awaken
The earth, until the dewy sleep is shaken
From every living heart which it possesses,
Thro' seas and winds, cities and wildernesses,
As if the future and the past were all
Treasured i' the instant; — so Gherardi's hall
Laught in the mirth of its lord's festival,
Till some one askt — "Where is the Bride?" And then
A bride's-maid went, — and ere she came again
A silence fell upon the guests — a pause
Of expectation, as when beauty awes
All hearts with its approach, tho' unbeheld:
Then wonder, and then fear that wonder quelled; —
For whispers past from mouth to ear which drew
The color from the hearer's cheeks, and flew
Louder and swifter round the company;
And then Gherardi entered with an eye
Of ostentatious trouble, and a crowd
Surrounded him, and some were weeping loud.

They found Ginevra dead! if it be death,
To lie without motion, or pulse, or breath,
With waxen cheeks, and limbs cold, stiff, and white,
And open eyes, whose fixt and glassy light
Mockt at the speculation they had owned.
If it be death, when there is felt around
A smell of clay, a pale and icy glare,
And silence, and a sense that lifts the hair
From the scalp to the ankles, as it were
Corruption from the spirit passing forth,
And giving all it shrouded to the earth,
And leaving as swift lightning in its flight
Ashes, and smoke, and darkness: in our night
Of thought we know thus much of death, — no more
Than the unborn dream of our life before
Their barks are wreckt on its inhospitable shore.

The marriage feast and its solemnity
Was turned to funeral pomp — the company
With heavy hearts and looks, broke up; nor they
Who loved the dead went weeping on their way
Alone, but sorrow mixt with sad surprise
Loosened the springs of pity in all eyes,
On which that form, whose fate they weep in vain,
Will never, thought they, kindle smiles again.
The lamps which half extinguisht in their haste
Gleamed few and faint o'er the abandoned feast,
Showed as it were within the vaulted room
A cloud of sorrow hanging, as if gloom
Had past out of men's minds into the air.
Some few yet stood around Gherardi there,
Friends and relations of the dead, — and he,
A loveless man, accepted torpidly
The consolation that he wanted not,
Awe in the place of grief within him wrought.
Their whispers made the solemn silence seem
More still — some wept, . . .
Some melted into tears without a sob,
And some with hearts that might be heard to throb
Leant on the table, and at intervals
Shuddered to hear thro' the deserted halls
And corridors the thrilling shrieks which came
Upon the breeze of night, that shook the flame
Of every torch and taper as it swept
From out the chamber where the women kept; —
Their tears fell on the dear companion cold
Of pleasures now departed; then was knolled
The bell of death, and soon the priests arrived,
And finding death their penitent had shrived,
Returned like ravens from a corpse whereon
A vulture has just feasted to the bone.
And then the mourning women came. —
. . . . .

THE DIRGE.

Old winter was gone
In his weakness back to the mountains hoar,
And the spring came down
From the planet that hovers upon the shore
Where the sea of sunlight encroaches
On the limits of wintry night; —
If the land, and the air, and the sea,
Rejoice not when spring approaches,
We did not rejoice in thee,
Ginevra!

She is still, she is cold
On the bridal couch,
One step to the white death-bed,
And one to the bier,
And one to the charnel — and one, oh where?
The dark arrow fled
In the noon.

Ere the sun thro' heaven once more has rolled,
The rats in her heart
Will have made their nest,
And the worms be alive in her golden hair,
While the spirit that guides the sun,
Sits throned in his flaming chair,
She shall sleep.

EVENING: PONTE A MARE, PISA.

I.

The sun is set; the swallows are asleep;
The bats are flitting fast in the gray air;
The slow soft toads out of damp corners creep,
And evening's breath, wandering here and there
Over the quivering surface of the stream,
Wakes not one ripple from its summer dream.

II.

There is no dew on the dry grass to-night,
Nor damp within the shadow of the trees;
The wind is intermitting, dry, and light;
And in the inconstant motion of the breeze
The dust and straws are driven up and down,
And whirled about the pavement of the town.

III.

Within the surface of the fleeting river
The wrinkled image of the city lay,
Immovably unquiet, and for ever
It trembles, but it never fades away;
Go to the . . .
You, being changed, will find it then as now.

IV.

The chasm in which the sun has sunk is shut
By darkest barriers of cinereous cloud,
Like mountain over mountain huddled — but
Growing and moving upwards in a crowd,
And over it a space of watery blue,
Which the keen evening star is shining thro'.

THE BOAT ON THE SERCHIO.

Our boat is asleep on Serchio's stream,
Its sails are folded like thoughts in a dream,
The helm sways idly, hither and thither;
Dominic, the boatman, has brought the mast,
And the oars and the sails; but 't is sleeping fast,
Like a beast, unconscious of its tether.

The stars burnt out in the pale blue air,
And the thin white moon lay withering there,
To tower, and cavern, and rift and tree,
The owl and the bat fled drowsily.
Day had kindled the dewy woods,
And the rocks above and the stream below,
And the vapors in their multitudes,
And the Apennine's shroud of summer snow,
And clothed with light of aëry gold
The mists in their eastern caves uprolled.

Day had awakened all things that be,
The lark and the thrush and the swallow free,
And the milkmaid's song and the mower's scythe,
And the matin-bell and the mountain bee:
Fire-flies were quencht on the dewy corn,
Glow-worms went out on the river's brim,
Like lamps which a student forgets to trim:
The beetle forgot to wind his horn,
The crickets were still in the meadow and hill:
Like a flock of rooks at a farmer's gun
Night's dreams and terrors, every one,
Fled from the brains which are their prey
From the lamp's death to the morning ray.

All rose to do the task He set to each,
Who shaped us to his ends and not our own;
The million rose to learn, and one to teach
What none yet ever knew or can be known.
And many rose
Whose woe was such that fear became desire; —
Melchior and Lionel were not among those;
They from the throng of men had stept aside,
And made their home under the green hillside.
It was that hill, whose intervening brow
Screens Lucca from the Pisan's envious eye,
Which the circumfluous plain waving below,
Like a wide lake of green fertility,
With streams and fields and marshes bare,
Divides from the far Apennines — which lie
Islanded in the immeasurable air.

"What think you, as she lies in her green cove,
Our little sleeping boat is dreaming of?"
"If morning dreams are true, why I should guess
That she was dreaming of our idleness,
And of the miles of watery way
We should have led her by this time of day." —

"Never mind," said Lionel,
"Give care to the winds, they can bear it well
About yon poplar tops; and see!
The white clouds are driving merrily,
And the stars we miss this morn will light
More willingly our return to-night. —
How it whistles, Dominic's long black hair!
List my dear fellow; the breeze blows fair:
Hear how it sings into the air."

"Of us and of our lazy motions,"
Impatiently said Melchior,
"If I can guess a boat's emotions;
And how we ought, two hours before,
To have been the devil knows where."
And then, in such transalpine Tuscan
As would have killed a Della-Cruscan,
. . . .
So, Lionel according to his art
Weaving his idle words, Melchior said:
"She dreams that we are not yet out of bed;
We'll put a soul into her, and a heart
Which like a dove chased by a dove shall beat."
. . . .
"Ay, heave the ballast overboard,
And stow the eatables in the aft locker."
"Would not this keg be best a little lowered?"
"No, now all 's right." "Those bottles of warm tea —
(Give me some straw) — must be stowed tenderly;
Such as we used, in summer after six,
To cram in great-coat pockets, and to mix
Hard eggs and radishes and rolls at Eton,
And, coucht on stolen hay in those green harbors
Farmers called gaps, and we schoolboys called arbors,
Would feast till eight."
. . . .
With a bottle in one hand,
As if his very soul were at a stand,
Lionel stood — when Melchior brought him steady: —
"Sit at the helm — fasten this sheet — all ready!"

The chain is loost, the sails are spread,
The living breath is fresh behind,
As with dews and sunrise fed,
Comes the laughing morning wind; —
The sails are full, the boat makes head
Against the Serchio's torrent fierce,
Then flags with intermitting course,
And hangs upon the wave, and stems
The tempest of the . . .
Which fervid from its mountain source

Shallow, smooth and strong doth come, —
Swift as fire, tempestuously
It sweeps into the affrighted sea;
In morning's smile its eddies coil,
Its billows sparkle, toss and boil,
Torturing all its quiet light
Into columns fierce and bright.

The Serchio, twisting forth
Between the marble barriers which it clove
At Ripafratta, leads thro' the dread chasm
The wave that died the death which lovers love,
Living in what it sought; as if this spasm
Had not yet past, the toppling mountains cling,
But the clear stream in full enthusiasm
Pours itself on the plain, then wandering
Down one clear path of effluence crystalline,
Sends its superfluous waves, that they may fling
At Arno's feet tribute of corn and wine,
Then, thro' the pestilential deserts wild
Of tangled marsh and woods of stunted pine,
It rushes to the Ocean.

MUSIC.

I.

I PANT for the music which is divine,
My heart in its thirst is a dying flower;
Pour forth the sound like enchanted wine,
Loosen the notes in a silver shower;
Like a herbless plain, for the gentle rain,
I gasp, I faint, till they wake again.

II.

Let me drink of the spirit of that sweet sound,
More, oh more, — I am thirsting yet,
It loosens the serpent which care has bound
Upon my heart to stifle it;
The dissolving strain, thro' every vein,
Passes into my heart and brain.

III.

As the scent of a violet withered up,
Which grew by the brink of a silver lake;
When the hot noon has drained its dewy cup,
And mist there was none its thirst to slake —
And the violet lay dead while the odor flew
On the wings of the wind o'er the waters blue —

IV.

As one who drinks from a charmèd cup
Of foaming and sparkling and murmuring wine,
Whom, a mighty Enchantress filling up,
Invites to love with her kiss divine . . .

SONNET TO BYRON.

[I AM afraid these verses will not please you, but]
If I esteemed you less, Envy would kill
Pleasure, and leave to Wonder and Despair
The ministration of the thoughts that fill
The mind which, like a worm whose life may share
A portion of the unapproachable,
Marks your creations rise as fast and fair
As perfect worlds at the Creator's will.
But such is my regard that nor your power
To soar above the heights where others [climb],
Nor fame, that shadow of the unborn hour
Cast from the envious future on the time,
Move one regret for his unhonored name
Who dares these words: — the worm beneath the sod
May lift itself in homage of the God.

FRAGMENT ON KEATS,

WHO DESIRED THAT ON HIS TOMB SHOULD BE INSCRIBED —

"HERE lieth One whose name was writ on water."

But, ere the breath that could erase it blew,
Death, in remorse for that fell slaughter,
Death, the immortalizing winter, flew
Athwart the stream, — and time's printless torrent grew
A scroll of crystal, blazoning the name
Of Adonais. —

FRAGMENT: "METHOUGHT I WAS A BILLOW IN THE CROWD."

METHOUGHT I was a billow in the crowd
Of common men, that stream without a shore,
That ocean which at once is deaf and loud;
That I, a man, stood amid many more
By a wayside . . . . which the aspect bore
Of some imperial metropolis,
Where mighty shapes — pyramid, dome, and tower —
Gleamed like a pile of crags.

TO-MORROW.

WHERE art thou, beloved To-morrow?
When young and old and strong and weak,
Rich and poor, thro' joy and sorrow,
Thy sweet smiles we ever seek, —
In thy place — ah! well-a-day!
We find the thing we fled — To-day.

STANZA.[1]

IF I walk in Autumn's even
While the dead leaves pass,
If I look on Spring's soft heaven, —
Something is not there which was.
Winter's wondrous frost and snow,
Summer's clouds, where are they now?

FRAGMENT: A WANDERER.

HE wanders, like a day-appearing dream,
Thro' the dim wildernesses of the mind;
Thro' desert woods and tracts, which seem
Like ocean, homeless, boundless, unconfined.

FRAGMENT: PEACE SURROUNDING LIFE.

THE babe is at peace within the womb,
The corpse is at rest within the tomb,
We begin in what we end.

FRAGMENT: "I FAINT, I PERISH WITH MY LOVE!"

I FAINT, I perish with my love! I grow
Frail as a cloud whose [splendors] pale
Under the evening's ever-changing glow:
I die like mist upon the gale,
And like a wave under the calm I fail.

FRAGMENT: THE LADY OF THE SOUTH.

FAINT with love, the Lady of the South
Lay in the paradise of Lebanon
Under a heaven of cedar boughs; the drouth
Of love was on her lips; the light was gone
Out of her eyes.

FRAGMENT: THE AWAKENER.

COME, thou awakener of the spirit's ocean,
Zephyr, whom to thy cloud or cave
No thought can trace! speed with thy gentle motion!

FRAGMENT: RAIN.

THE gentleness of rain was in the wind.

FRAGMENT: AMBUSHED DANGERS.

WHEN soft winds and sunny skies
With the green earth harmonize,

[1] Perhaps in continuation of "To-morrow." — ED.

And the young and dewy dawn,
Bold as an unhunted fawn,
Up the windless heaven is gone, —
Laugh — for ambusht in the day, —
Clouds and whirlwinds watch their prey.

FRAGMENT: "AND THAT I WALK THUS PROUDLY CROWNED."

And that I walk thus proudly crowned withal
Is that 't is my distinction; if I fall,
I shall not weep out of the vital day,
To-morrow dust, nor wear a dull decay.

FRAGMENT: "THE RUDE WIND IS SINGING."

The rude wind is singing
The dirge of the music dead,
The cold worms are clinging
Where kisses were lately fed.

FRAGMENT: "GREAT SPIRIT."

Great Spirit whom the sea of boundless thought
Nurtures within its unimagined caves,
In which thou sittest sole, as in my mind,
Giving a voice to its mysterious waves.

FRAGMENT: "O THOU IMMORTAL DEITY."

O thou immortal deity
Whose throne is in the depth of human thought,
I do adjure thy power and thee
By all that man may be, by all that he is not,
By all that he has been and yet must be!

FRAGMENT: FALSE LAURELS AND TRUE.

"What art thou, Presumptuous, who profanest
The wreath to mighty poets only due,
Even whilst like a forgotten moon thou wanest?
Touch not those leaves which for the eternal few
Who wander o'er the paradise of fame,
In sacred dedication ever grew:
One of the crowd thou art without a name."
"Ah, friend, 't is the false laurel that I wear;
Bright tho' it seem, it is not the same
As that which bound Milton's immortal hair;
Its dew is poison and the hopes that quicken
Under its chilling shade, tho' seeming fair,
Are flowers which die almost before they sicken."

NOTE ON POEMS OF 1821, BY MRS. SHELLEY.

My task becomes inexpressibly painful as the year draws near that which sealed our earthly fate, and each poem, and each event it records, has a real or mysterious connection with the fatal catastrophe. I feel that I am incapable of putting on paper the history of those times. The heart of the man, abhorred of the poet, who could

"peep and botanise
Upon his mother's grave,"

does not appear to me more inexplicably framed than that of one who can dissect and probe past woes, and repeat to the public ear the groans drawn from them in the throes of their agony.

The year 1821 was spent in Pisa, or at the Baths of San Giuliano. We were not, as our wont had been, alone; friends had gathered round us. Nearly all are dead, and, when Memory recurs to the past, she wanders among tombs. The genius, with all his blighting errors and mighty powers; the companion of Shelley's ocean-wanderings, and the sharer of his fate, than whom no man ever existed more gentle, generous, and fearless, and others, who found in Shelley's society, and in his great knowledge and warm sympathy,

delight, instruction, and solace; have joined him beyond the grave. A few survive who have felt life a desert since he left it. What misfortune can equal death? Change can convert every other into a blessing, or heal its sting — death alone has no cure. It shakes the foundations of the earth on which we tread; it destroys its beauty; it casts down our shelter; it exposes us bare to desolation. When those we love have passed into eternity, "life is the desert and the solitude" in which we are forced to linger — but never find comfort more.

There is much in the "Adonais" which seems now more applicable to Shelley himself than to the young and gifted poet whom he mourned. The poetic view he takes of death, and the lofty scorn he displays towards his calumniators, are as a prophecy on his own destiny when received among immortal names, and the poisonous breath of critics has vanished into emptiness before the fame he inherits.

Shelley's favorite taste was boating; when living near the Thames or by the Lake of Geneva, much of his life was spent on the water. On the shore of every lake or stream or sea near which he dwelt, he had a boat moored. He had latterly enjoyed this pleasure again. There are no pleasure-boats on the Arno; and the shallowness of its waters (except in winter-time, when the stream is too turbid and impetuous for boating) rendered it difficult to get any skiff light enough to float. Shelley, however, overcame the difficulty; he, together with a friend, contrived a boat such as the huntsmen carry about with them in the Maremma, to cross the sluggish but deep streams that intersect the forests, — a boat of laths and pitched canvas. It held three persons; and he was often seen on the Arno in it, to the horror of the Italians, who remonstrated on the danger, and could not understand how any one could take pleasure in an exercise that risked life. "Ma va per la vita!" they exclaimed. I little thought how true their words would prove. He once ventured, with a friend, on the glassy sea of a calm day, down the Arno and round the coast to Leghorn, which, by keeping close in shore, was very practicable. They returned to Pisa by the canal, when, missing the direct cut, they got entangled among weeds, and the boat upset; a wetting was all the harm done, except that the intense cold of his drenched clothes made Shelley faint. Once I went down with him to the mouth of the Arno, where the stream, then high and swift, met the tideless sea, and disturbed its sluggish waters. It was a waste and dreary scene; the desert sand stretched into a point surrounded by waves that broke idly though perpetually around; it was a scene very similar to Lido, of which he had said —

> "I love all waste
> And solitary places; where we taste
> The pleasure of believing what we see
> Is boundless, as we wish our souls to be:
> And such was this wide ocean, and this shore
> More barren than its billows."

Our little boat was of greater use, unaccompanied by any danger, when we removed to the Baths. Some friends lived at the village of Pugnano, four miles off, and we went to and fro to see them, in our boat, by the canal; which, fed by the Serchio, was, though an artificial, a full and picturesque stream, making its way under verdant banks, sheltered by trees that dipped their boughs into the murmuring waters. By day, multitudes of ephemera darted to and fro on the surface; at night, the fireflies came out among the shrubs on the banks; the cicale at noonday kept up their hum; the aziola cooed in the quiet evening. It was a pleasant summer, bright in all but Shelley's health and inconstant spirits; yet he enjoyed himself greatly, and became more and more attached to the part of the country where chance appeared to cast us. Sometimes he projected taking a farm situated on the height of one of the near hills, surrounded by chestnut and pine woods, and overlooking a wide extent of country: or settling still farther in the maritime Apennines, at Massa. Several of his slighter and unfinished poems were inspired by these scenes, and by the companions around us. It is the

nature of that poetry, however, which overflows from the soul oftener to express sorrow and regret than joy; for it is when oppressed by the weight of life, and away from those he loves, that the poet has recourse to the solace of expression in verse.

Still, Shelley's passion was the ocean; and he wished that our summers, instead of being passed among the hills near Pisa, should be spent on the shores of the sea It was very difficult to find a spot. We shrank from Naples from a fear that the heats would disagree with Percy: Leghorn had lost its only attraction, since our friends who had resided there had returned to England, and Monte Nero being the resort of many English, we did not wish to find ourselves in the midst of a colony of chance travellers. No one then thought it possible to reside at Via Reggio, which latterly has become a summer resort. The low lands and bad air of Maremma stretch the whole length of the western shores of the Mediterranean, till broken by the rocks and hills of Spezia. It was a vague idea, but Shelley suggested an excursion to Spezia, to see whether it would be feasible to spend a summer there. The beauty of the bay enchanted him. We saw no house to suit us; but the notion took root, and many circumstances, enchained as by fatality, occurred to urge him to execute it.

He looked forward this autumn with great pleasure to the prospect of a visit from Leigh Hunt. When Shelley visited Lord Byron at Ravenna, the latter had suggested his coming out, together with the plan of a periodical work in which they should all join. Shelley saw a prospect of good for the fortunes of his friend, and pleasure in his society; and instantly exerted himself to have the plan executed. He did not intend himself joining in the work: partly from pride, not wishing to have the air of acquiring readers for his poetry by associating it with the compositions of more popular writers; and also because he might feel shackled in the free expression of his opinions, if any friends were to be compromised. By those opinions, carried even to their utmost extent, he wished to live and die, as being in his conviction not only true, but such as alone would conduce to the moral improvement and happiness of mankind. The sale of the work might meanwhile, either really or supposedly, be injured by the free expression of his thoughts; and this evil he resolved to avoid.

POEMS WRITTEN IN 1822.

THE ZUCCA.

I.

Summer was dead and Autumn was expiring,
And infant Winter laught upon the land
All cloudlessly and cold;—when I, desiring
More in this world than any understand,
Wept o'er the beauty, which like sea retiring,
Had left the earth bare as the wave-worn sand
Of my lorn heart, and o'er the grass and flowers
Pale for the falsehood of the flattering Hours.

II.

Summer was dead, but I yet lived to weep
The instability of all but weeping;
And on the Earth lulled in her winter sleep
I woke, and envied her as she was sleeping.
Too happy Earth! over thy face shall creep
The wakening vernal airs, until thou, leaping
From unremembered dreams, shalt see
No death divide thy immortality.

III.

I loved — oh no, I mean not one of ye,
Or any earthly, tho' ye are dear

As human heart to human heart may be;—
I loved, I know not what — but this low sphere
And all that it contains, contains not thee,
Thou, whom seen nowhere, I feel everywhere.
From heaven and earth, and all that in them are,
Veiled art thou, like a star.

IV.

By Heaven and Earth, from all whose shapes thou flowest,
Neither to be contained, delayed, nor hidden,
Making divine the loftiest and the lowest,
When for a moment thou art not forbidden
To live within the life which thou bestowest;
And leaving noblest things vacant and chidden,
Cold as a corpse after the spirit's flight,
Blank as the sun after the birth of night.

V.

In winds, and trees, and streams, and all things common,
In music and the sweet unconscious tone
Of animals, and voices which are human,
Meant to express some feelings of their own;
In the soft motions and rare smile of woman,
In flowers and leaves, and in the grass fresh-shown,
Or dying in the autumn, I the most
Adore thee present or lament thee lost.

VI.

And thus I went lamenting, when I saw
A plant upon the river's margin lie,
Like one who loved beyond his nature's law,
And in despair had cast him down to die;
Its leaves which had outlived the frost, the thaw
Had blighted; like a heart which hatred's eye
Can blast not, but which pity kills; the dew
Lay on its spotted leaves like tears too true.

VII.

The Heavens had wept upon it, but the Earth
Had crusht it on her unmaternal breast.

. . . .

VIII.

I bore it to my chamber, and I planted
It in a vase full of the lightest mould;
The winter beams which out of Heaven slanted
Fell thro' the window panes, disrobed of cold,
Upon its leaves and flowers; the star which panted
In evening for the Day, whose car has rolled
Over the horizon's wave, with looks of light
Smiled on it from the threshold of the night.

IX.

The mitigated influences of air
And light revived the plant, and from it grew
Strong leaves and tendrils, and its flowers fair,
Full as a cup with the vine's burning dew,
O'erflowed with golden colors; an atmosphere
Of vital warmth infolded it anew,
And every impulse sent to every part
The unbeheld pulsations of its heart.

X.

Well might the plant grow beautiful and strong,
Even if the air and sun had smiled not on it;
For one wept o'er it all the winter long

Tears pure as Heaven's rain, which fell upon it
Hour after hour; for sounds of softest song
Mixt with the stringèd melodies that won it
To leave the gentle lips on which it slept,
Had loost the heart of him who sat and wept.

XI.

Had loost his heart, and shook the leaves and flowers
On which he wept, the while the savage storm
Waked by the darkest of December's hours
Was raving round the chamber husht and warm;
The birds were shivering in their leafless bowers,
The fish were frozen in the pools, the form
Of every summer plant was dead . . .
Whilst this . . .

. . . .

THE MAGNETIC LADY TO HER PATIENT.

I.

"Sleep, sleep on! forget thy pain;
My hand is on thy brow,
My spirit on thy brain;
My pity on thy heart, poor friend;
And from my fingers flow
The powers of life, and like a sign,
Seal thee from thine hour of woe;
And brood on thee, but may not blend
With thine.

II.

"Sleep, sleep on! I love thee not;
But when I think that he
Who made and makes my lot
As full of flowers as thine of weeds,
Might have been lost like thee;
And that a hand which was not mine,
Might then have charmed his agony
As I another's — my heart bleeds
For thine.

III.

"Sleep, sleep, and with the slumber of
The dead and the unborn
Forget thy life and love;
Forget that thou must wake forever;
Forget the world's dull scorn;
Forget lost health, and the divine
Feelings which died in youth's brief morn;
And forget me, for I can never
Be thine.

IV.

"Like a cloud big with a May shower,
My soul weeps healing rain,
On thee, thou withered flower;
It breathes mute music on thy sleep;
Its odor calms thy brain;
Its light within thy gloomy breast
Spreads like a second youth again.
By mine thy being is to its deep
Possest.

V.

"The spell is done. How feel you now?"
"Better — Quite well," replied
The sleeper. — "What would do
You good when suffering and awake?
What cure your head and side? —"
"What would cure, that would kill me, Jane:
And as I must on earth abide
Awhile, yet tempt me not to break
My chain."

LINES: "WHEN THE LAMP IS SHATTERED."

I.

When the lamp is shattered
The light in the dust lies dead —
When the cloud is scattered
The rainbow's glory is shed.
When the lute is broken,
Sweet tones are remembered not;
When the lips have spoken,
Loved accents are soon forgot.

II.

As music and splendor
Survive not the lamp and the lute,

The heart's echoes render
No song when the spirit is mute: —
No song but sad dirges,
Like the wind through a ruined cell,
Or the mournful surges
That ring the dead seaman's knell.

III.

When hearts have once mingled
Love first leaves the well-built nest,
The weak one is singled
To endure what it once possest.
O Love! who bewailest
The frailty of all things here,
Why choose you the frailest
For your cradle, your home, and your bier?

IV.

Its passions will rock thee
As the storms rock the ravens on high:
Bright reason will mock thee,
Like the sun from a wintry sky.
From thy nest every rafter
Will rot, and thine eagle home
Leave thee naked to laughter,
When leaves fall and cold winds come.

TO JANE: THE INVITATION.

BEST and brightest, come away!
Fairer far than this fair Day,
Which, like thee to those in sorrow,
Comes to bid a sweet good-morrow
To the rough Year just awake
In its cradle on the brake.
The brightest hour of unborn Spring,
Thro' the winter wandering,
Found, it seems, the halcyon Morn
To hoar February born;
Bending from Heaven, in azure mirth,
It kist the forehead of the Earth,
And smiled upon the silent sea,
And bade the frozen streams be free,
And waked to music all their fountains,
And breathed upon the frozen mountains,
And like a prophetess of May
Strewed flowers upon the barren way,
Making the wintry world appear
Like one on whom thou smilest, dear.

Away, away, from men and towns,
To the wild wood and the downs —
To the silent wilderness
Where the soul need not repress
Its music lest it should not find
An echo in another's mind,
While the touch of Nature's art
Harmonizes heart to heart.
I leave this notice on my door
For each accustomed visitor: —
"I am gone into the fields
To take what this sweet hour yields; —
Reflection, you may come to-morrow,
Sit by the fireside with Sorrow. —
You with the unpaid bill, Despair, —
You tiresome verse-reciter, Care, —
I will pay you in the grave, —
Death will listen to your stave.
Expectation too, be off!
To-day is for itself enough;
Hope in pity mock not Woe
With smiles, nor follow where I go;
Long having lived on thy sweet food,
At length I find one moment 's good
After long pain — with all your love,
This you never told me of."

Radiant Sister of the Day,
Awake! arise! and come away!
To the wild woods and the plains,
And the pools where Winter rains
Image all their roof of leaves,
Where the pine its garland weaves
Of sapless green and ivy dun
Round stems that never kiss the sun;
Where the lawns and pastures be,
And the sandhills of the sea; —
Where the melting hoar-frost wets
The daisy-star that never sets,
And wind-flowers, and violets,
Which yet join not scent to hue,
Crown the pale year weak and new;
When the night is left behind
In the deep east, dun and blind,
And the blue noon is over us,
And the multitudinous
Billows murmur at our feet,
Where the earth and ocean meet,
And all things seem only one
In the universal sun.

TO JANE: THE RECOLLECTION.

I.

Now the last day of many days,
All beautiful and bright as thou,
The loveliest and the last, is dead,
Rise, Memory, and write its praise!
Up to thy wonted work! come, trace
The epitaph of glory fled, —
For now the Earth has changed its face,
A frown is on the Heaven's brow.

II.

We wandered to the Pine Forest
That skirts the Ocean's foam,
The lightest wind was in its nest,
The tempest in its home.
The whispering waves were half asleep,
The clouds were gone to play,
And on the bosom of the deep,
The smile of Heaven lay;
It seemed as if the hour were one
Sent from beyond the skies,
Which scattered from above the sun
A light of Paradise.

III.

We paused amid the pines that stood
The giants of the waste,
Tortured by storms to shapes as rude
As serpents interlaced,
And soothed by every azure breath,
That under heaven is blown,
To harmonies and hues beneath,
As tender as its own;
Now all the tree-tops lay asleep,
Like green waves on the sea,
As still as in the silent deep
The ocean woods may be.

IV.

How calm it was! — the silence there
By such a chain was bound
That even the busy woodpecker
Made stiller by her sound
The inviolable quietness;
The breath of peace we drew
With its soft motion made not less
The calm that round us grew.
There seemed from the remotest seat
Of the white mountain waste,
To the soft flower beneath our feet,
A magic circle traced, —
A spirit interfused around,
A thrilling silent life,
To momentary peace it bound
Our mortal nature's strife; —
And still I felt the centre of
The magic circle there,
Was one fair form that filled with love
The lifeless atmosphere.

V.

We paused beside the pools that lie
Under the forest bough,
Each seemed as 't were a little sky
Gulft in a world below;
A firmament of purple light,
Which in the dark earth lay,
More boundless than the depth of night,
And purer than the day —
In which the lovely forests grew
As in the upper air,
More perfect both in shape and hue
Than any spreading there,
There lay the glade and neighboring lawn,
And thro' the dark green wood
The white sun twinkling like the dawn
Out of a speckled cloud.
Sweet views which in our world above
Can never well be seen,
Were imaged by the water's love
Of that fair forest green.
And all was interfused beneath
With an elysian glow,
An atmosphere without a breath,
A softer day below.
Like one beloved the scene had lent
To the dark water's breast,
Its every leaf and lineament
With more than truth exprest;
Until an envious wind crept by,
Like an unwelcome thought,
Which from the mind's too faithful eye
Blots one dear image out.
Tho' thou art ever fair and kind,
The forests ever green,
Less oft is peace in Shelley's mind,
Than calm in waters seen.

CANCELLED PASSAGE.

WERE not the crocuses that grew
Under that ilex-tree
As beautiful in scent and hue
As ever fed the bee?

WITH A GUITAR, TO JANE.

ARIEL to Miranda. — Take
The slave of Music, for the sake
Of him who is the slave of thee,
And teach it all the harmony
In which thou canst, and only thou,
Make the delighted spirit glow,
Till joy denies itself again,
And, too intense, is turned to pain;
For by permission and command
Of thine own Prince Ferdinand,
Poor Ariel sends this silent token
Of more than ever can be spoken;
Your guardian spirit, Ariel, who,
From life to life, must still pursue
Your happiness; — for thus alone
Can Ariel ever find his own.
From Prospero's enchanted cell,
As the mighty verses tell,
To the throne of Naples, he
Lit you o'er the trackless sea,
Flitting on, your prow before,
Like a living meteor.
When you die, the silent Moon,
In her interlunar swoon,
Is not sadder in her cell
Than deserted Ariel.
When you live again on earth,
Like an unseen star of birth,
Ariel guides you o'er the sea
Of life from your nativity.
Many changes have been run,
Since Ferdinand and you begun
Your course of love, and Ariel still
Has trackt your steps, and served your will;
Now, in humbler, happier lot,
This is all remembered not;
And now, alas! the poor sprite is
Imprisoned, for some fault of his,
In a body like a grave; —
From you he only dares to crave,
For his service and his sorrow,
A smile to-day, a song to-morrow.

The artist who this idol wrought,
To echo all harmonious thought,
Felled a tree, while on the steep
The woods were in their winter sleep,
Rockt in that repose divine
On the wind-swept Apennine;
And dreaming, some of Autumn past,
And some of Spring approaching fast,
And some of April buds and showers,
And some of songs in July bowers,
And all of love; and so this tree, —
O that such our death may be! —
Died in sleep and felt no pain,
To live in happier form again:
From which, beneath Heaven's fairest star,
The artist wrought this loved Guitar,
And taught it justly to reply,
To all who question skilfully,
In language gentle as thine own;
Whispering in enamoured tone
Sweet oracles of woods and dells,
And summer winds in sylvan cells;
For it had learnt all harmonies
Of the plains and of the skies,
Of the forests and the mountains,
And the many-voicèd fountains;
The clearest echoes of the hills,
The softest notes of falling rills,
The melodies of birds and bees,
The murmuring of summer seas,
And pattering rain, and breathing dew,
And airs of evening; and it knew
That seldom-heard mysterious sound,
Which, driven on its diurnal round
As it floats thro' boundless day,
Our world enkindles on its way —
All this it knows, but will not tell
To those who cannot question well
The spirit that inhabits it;
It talks according to the wit
Of its companions; and no more
Is heard than has been felt before,
By those who tempt it to betray
These secrets of an elder day:
But sweetly as its answers will
Flatter hands of perfect skill,
It keeps its highest, holiest tone
For our belovèd Jane alone.

TO JANE: "THE KEEN STARS WERE TWINKLING."

I.

THE keen stars were twinkling,
And the fair moon was rising among them,
Dear Jane!
The guitar was tinkling,
But the notes were not sweet till you sung them
Again.

II.

As the moon's soft splendor
O'er the faint cold starlight of heaven
Is thrown,
So your voice most tender
To the strings without soul had then given
Its own.

III.

The stars will awaken,
Tho' the moon sleep a full hour later,
To-night;
No leaf will be shaken
Whilst the dews of your melody scatter
Delight.

IV.

Tho' the sound overpowers,
Sing again, with your dear voice revealing
A tone
Of some world far from ours,
Where music and moonlight and feeling
Are one.

A DIRGE.

ROUGH wind, that moanest loud
Grief too sad for song;
Wild wind, when sullen cloud
Knells all the night long;
Sad storm, whose tears are vain,
Bare woods, whose branches stain,
Deep caves and dreary main,
Wail, for the world's wrong!

LINES WRITTEN IN THE BAY OF LERICI.

SHE left me at the silent time
When the moon had ceast to climb
The azure path of Heaven's steep,
And like an albatross asleep,
Balanced on her wings of light,
Hovered in the purple night,
Ere she sought her ocean nest
In the chambers of the West.
She left me, and I stayed alone
Thinking over every tone
Which, tho' silent to the ear,
The enchanted heart could hear,
Like notes which die when born, but still
Haunt the echoes of the hill;
And feeling ever — oh, too much! —
The soft vibration of her touch,
As if her gentle hand, even now,
Lightly trembled on my brow;
And thus, altho' she absent were,
Memory gave me all of her
That even Fancy dares to claim:—
Her presence had made weak and tame
All passions, and I lived alone
In the time which is our own:
The past and future were forgot,
As they had been, and would be, not.
But soon, the guardian angel gone,
The demon reassumed his throne
In my faint heart. I dare not speak
My thoughts, but thus disturbed and weak
I sat and saw the vessels glide
Over the ocean bright and wide,
Like spirit-wingèd chariots sent
O'er some serenest element
For ministrations strange and far;
As if to some Elysian star
Sailed for drink to medicine
Such sweet and bitter pain as mine.
And the wind that winged their flight
From the land came fresh and light,
And the scent of wingèd flowers,
And the coolness of the hours
Of dew, and sweet warmth left by day,
Were scattered o'er the twinkling bay.
And the fisher with his lamp
And spear about the low rocks damp
Crept, and struck the fish which came
To worship the delusive flame.

Too happy they, whose pleasure sought
Extinguishes all sense and thought
Of the regret that pleasure leaves,
Destroying life alone, not peace!

LINES: "WE MEET NOT AS WE PARTED."

I.

We meet not as we parted,
We feel more than all may see,
My bosom is heavy-hearted,
And thine full of doubt for me.
One moment has bound the free.

II.

That moment is gone forever,
Like lightning that flasht and died,
Like a snowflake upon the river,
Like a sunbeam upon the tide,
Which the dark shadows hide.

III.

That moment from time was singled
As the first of a life of pain,
The cup of its joy was mingled
— Delusion too sweet tho' vain!
Too sweet to be mine again.

IV.

Sweet lips, could my heart have hidden
That its life was crusht by you,
Ye would not have then forbidden
The death which a heart so true
Sought in your briny dew.

V.

. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
Methinks too little cost
For a moment so found, so lost!

THE ISLE.

There was a little lawny islet
By anemone and violet,
Like mosaic, paven:
And its roof was flowers and leaves
Which the summer's breath enweaves
Where nor sun nor showers nor breeze
Pierce the pines and tallest trees,
Each a gem engraven.
Girt by many an azure wave
With which the clouds and mountains pave
A lake's blue chasm.

FRAGMENT: TO THE MOON.

Bright wanderer, fair coquette of heaven,
To whom alone it has been given
To change and be adored for ever,
Envy not this dim world, for never
But once within its shadows grew
One fair as ——

EPITAPH.

These are two friends whose lives were undivided;
So let their memory be, now they have glided
Under the grave; let not their bones be parted,
For their two hearts in life were single-hearted.

NOTE ON POEMS OF 1822, BY MRS. SHELLEY.

This morn thy gallant bark
Sailed on a sunny sea:
'T is noon, and tempest dark
Have wreckt it on the lee.
Ah woe! ah woe!
By Spirits of the deep
Thou 'rt cradled on the billow
To thy eternal sleep.

Thou sleep'st upon the shore
Beside the knelling surge,
And Sea-nymphs evermore
Shall sadly chant thy dirge.
They come, they come,
The Spirits of the deep, —
While near thy seaweed pillow
My lonely watch I keep.

From far across the sea
I hear a loud lament,
By Echo's voice for thee
From ocean's caverns sent.

Oh list! oh list!
The Spirits of the deep!
They raise a wail of sorrow,
While I for ever weep.

With this last year of the life of Shelley these Notes end. They are not what I intended them to be. I began with energy, and a burning desire to impart to the world, in worthy language, the sense I have of the virtues and genius of the beloved and the lost; my strength has failed under the task. Recurrence to the past, full of its own deep and unforgotten joys and sorrows, contrasted with succeeding years of painful and solitary struggle, has shaken my health. Days of great suffering have followed my attempts to write, and these again produced a weakness and languor that spread their sinister influence over these Notes. I dislike speaking of myself, but cannot help apologizing to the dead, and to the public, for not having executed in the manner I desired the history I engaged to give of Shelley's writings.[1]

The winter of 1822 was passed in Pisa, if we might call that season winter in which autumn merged into spring after the interval of but few days of bleaker weather. Spring sprang up early, and with extreme beauty. Shelley had conceived the idea of writing a tragedy on the subject of Charles I. It was one that he believed adapted for a drama; full of intense interest, contrasted character, and busy passion. He had recommended it long before, when he encouraged me to attempt a play. Whether the subject proved more difficult than he anticipated, or whether in fact he could not bend his mind away from the broodings and wanderings of thought, divested from human interest, which he best loved, I cannot tell; but he proceeded slowly, and threw it aside for one of the most mystical of his poems, the "Triumph of Life," on which he was employed at the last.

His passion for boating was fostered at this time by having among our friends several sailors. His favorite companion, Edward Ellerker Williams, of the 8th Light Dragoons, had begun his life in the navy, and had afterwards entered the army; he had spent several years in India, and his love for adventure and manly exercises accorded with Shelley's taste. It was their favorite plan to build a boat such as they could manage themselves, and, living on the sea-coast, to enjoy at every hour and season the pleasure they loved best. Captain Roberts, R.N., undertook to build the boat at Genoa, where he was also occupied in building the *Bolivar* for Lord Byron. Ours was to be an open boat, on a model taken from one of the royal dockyards. I have since heard that there was a defect in this model, and that it was never seaworthy. In the month of February, Shelley and his friend went to Spezia to seek for houses for us. Only one was to be found at all suitable; however, a trifle such as not finding a house could not stop Shelley; the one found was to serve for all. It was unfurnished; we sent our furniture by sea, and with a good deal of precipitation, arising from his impatience, made our removal. We left Pisa on the 26th of April.

The Bay of Spezia is of considerable extent, and divided by a rocky promontory into a larger and smaller one. The town of Lerici is situated on the eastern point, and in the depth of the smaller bay, which bears the name of this town, is the village of San Terenzo. Our house, Casa Magni, was close to this village; the sea came up to the door, a steep hill sheltered it behind. The proprietor of the estate on which it was situated was insane; he had begun to erect a large house at the summit of the hill behind, but his malady prevented its being finished, and

[1] I at one time feared that the correction of the press might be less exact through my illness; but I believe that it is nearly free from error. Some asterisks occur in a few pages, as they did in the volume of *Posthumous Poems*, either because they refer to private concerns, or because the original manuscript was left imperfect. Did any one see the papers from which I drew that volume, the wonder would be how any eyes or patience were capable of extracting it from so confused a mass, interlined and broken into fragments, so that the sense could only be deciphered and joined by guesses which might seem rather intuitive than founded on reasoning. Yet I believe no mistake was made.

it was falling into ruin. He had (and this to the Italians had seemed a glaring symptom of very decided madness) rooted up the olives on the hillside, and planted forest trees. These were mostly young, but the plantation was more in English taste than I ever elsewhere saw in Italy; some fine walnut and ilex trees intermingled their dark massy foliage, and formed groups which still haunt my memory, as then they satiated the eye with a sense of loveliness. The scene was indeed of unimaginable beauty. The blue extent of waters, the almost landlocked bay, the near castle of Lerici shutting it in to the east, and distant Porto Venere to the west; the varied forms of the precipitous rocks that bound in the beach, over which there was only a winding rugged footpath towards Lerici, and none on the other side; the tideless sea leaving no sands nor shingle, formed a picture such as one sees in Salvator Rosa's landscapes only. Sometimes the sunshine vanished when the sirocco raged — the "ponente" the wind was called on that shore. The gales and squalls that hailed our first arrival surrounded the bay with foam; the howling wind swept round our exposed house, and the sea roared unremittingly, so that we almost fancied ourselves on board ship. At other times sunshine and calm invested sea and sky, and the rich tints of Italian heaven bathed the scene in bright and ever-varying tints.

The natives were wilder than the place. Our near neighbors of San Terenzo were more like savages than any people I ever before lived among. Many a night they passed on the beach, singing, or rather howling; the women dancing about among the waves that broke at their feet, the men leaning against the rocks and joining in their loud wild chorus. We could get no provisions nearer than Sarzana, at a distance of three miles and a half off, with the torrent of the Magra between; and even there the supply was very deficient. Had we been wrecked on an island of the South Seas, we could scarcely have felt ourselves farther from civilization and comfort; but, where the sun shines the latter becomes an unnecessary luxury, and we had enough society among ourselves. Yet I confess housekeeping became rather a toilsome task, especially as I was suffering in my health, and could not exert myself actively.

At first the fatal boat had not arrived, and was expected with great impatience. On Monday, 12th of May, it came. Williams records the long-wished-for fact in his journal: "Cloudy and threatening weather. M. Maglian called; and after dinner, and while walking with him on the terrace, we discovered a strange sail coming round the point of Porto Venere, which proved at length to be Shelley's boat. She had left Genoa on Thursday last, but had been driven back by the prevailing bad winds. A Mr. Heslop and two English seamen brought her round, and they speak most highly of her performances. She does indeed excite my surprise and admiration. Shelley and I walked to Lerici, and made a stretch off the land to try her: and I find she fetches whatever she looks at. In short, we have now a perfect plaything for the summer." — It was thus that short-sighted mortals welcomed Death, he having disguised his grim form in a pleasing mask! The time of the friends was now spent on the sea; the weather became fine, and our whole party often passed the evenings on the water when the wind promised pleasant sailing. Shelley and Williams made longer excursions; they sailed several times to Massa. They had engaged one of the seamen who brought her round, a boy, by name Charles Vivian; and they had not the slightest apprehension of danger. When the weather was unfavorable, they employed themselves with alterations in the rigging, and by building a boat of canvas and reeds, as light as possible, to have on board the other for the convenience of landing in waters too shallow for the larger vessel. When Shelley was on board, he had his papers with him; and much of the "Triumph of Life" was written as he sailed or weltered on that sea which was soon to engulf him.

The heats set in in the middle of June; the days became excessively hot. But the sea-breeze cooled the air at noon, and extreme heat always put Shelley in spirits. A long drought had preceded the heat; and prayers for rain were being put up in the churches, and processions of relics for the same effect took place in every town. At this time we received letters announcing the arrival of Leigh Hunt at Genoa. Shelley was very eager to see him. I was confined to my room by severe illness, and could not move; it was agreed that Shelley and Williams should go to Leghorn in the boat. Strange that no fear of danger crossed our minds! Living on the sea-shore, the ocean became as a plaything: as a child may sport with a lighted stick, till a spark inflames a forest, and spreads destruction over all, so did we fearlessly and blindly tamper with danger, and make a game of the terrors of the ocean. Our Italian neighbors, even, trusted themselves as far as Massa in the skiff; and the running down the line of coast to Leghorn gave no more notion of peril than a fair-weather inland navigation would have done to those who had never seen the sea. Once, some months before, Trelawny had raised a warning voice as to the difference of our calm bay and the open sea beyond; but Shelley and his friends, with their one sailor-boy, thought themselves a match for the storms of the Mediterranean, in a boat which they looked upon as equal to all it was put to do.

On the 1st of July they left us. If ever shadow of future ill darkened the present hour, such was over my mind when they went. During the whole of our stay at Lerici, an intense presentiment of coming evil brooded over my mind, and covered this beautiful place and genial summer with the shadow of coming misery. I had vainly struggled with these emotions — they seemed accounted for by my illness; but at this hour of separation they recurred with renewed violence. I did not anticipate danger for them, but a vague expectation of evil shook me to agony, and I could scarcely bring myself to let them go. The day was calm and clear; and, a fine breeze rising at twelve, they weighed for Leghorn. They made the run of about fifty miles in seven hours and a half. The *Bolivar* was in port; and, the regulations of the Health-office not permitting them to go on shore after sunset, they borrowed cushions from the larger vessel, and slept on board their boat.

They spent a week at Pisa and Leghorn. The want of rain was severely felt in the country. The weather continued sultry and fine. I have heard that Shelley all this time was in brilliant spirits. Not long before, talking of presentiment, he had said the only one that he ever found infallible was the certain advent of some evil fortune when he felt peculiarly joyous. Yet, if ever fate whispered of coming disaster, such inaudible but not unfelt prognostics hovered around us. The beauty of the place seemed unearthly in its excess: the distance we were at from all signs of civilization, the sea at our feet, its murmurs or its roaring forever in our ears, — all these things led the mind to brood over strange thoughts, and, lifting it from everyday life, caused it to be familiar with the unreal. A sort of spell surrounded us; and each day, as the voyagers did not return, we grew restless and disquieted, and yet, strange to say, we were not fearful of the most apparent danger.

The spell snapped, it was all over; an interval of agonizing doubt — of days passed in miserable journeys to gain tidings, of hopes that took firmer root even as they were more baseless — was changed to the certainty of the death that eclipsed all happiness for the survivors for evermore.

There was something in our fate peculiarly harrowing. The remains of those we lost were cast on shore; but, by the quarantine-laws of the coast, we were not permitted to have possession of them — the law with respect to everything cast on land by the sea being that such should be burned, to prevent the possibility of any remnant bringing the plague into Italy; and no representation could alter the law.

At length, through the kind and unwearied exertions of Mr. Dawkins, our Chargé d'Affaires at Florence, we gained permission to receive the ashes after the bodies were consumed. Nothing could equal the zeal of Trelawny in carrying our wishes into effect. He was indefatigable in his exertions, and full of forethought and sagacity in his arrangements. It was a fearful task; he stood before us at last, his hands scorched and blistered by the flames of the funeral-pyre, and by touching the burnt relics as he placed them in the receptacles prepared for the purpose. And there, in compass of that small case, was gathered all that remained on earth of him whose genius and virtue were a crown of glory to the world — whose love had been the source of happiness, peace, and good, — to be buried with him!

The concluding stanzas of the "Adonais" pointed out where the remains ought to be deposited; in addition to which our beloved child lay buried in the cemetery at Rome. Thither Shelley's ashes were conveyed; and they rest beneath one of the antique weed-grown towers that recur at intervals in the circuit of the massy ancient wall of Rome. He selected the hallowed place himself; there is

> "the sepulchre,
> Oh, not of him, but of our joy! —
>
> "And gray walls moulder round, on which dull Time
> Feeds, like slow fire upon a hoary brand,
> And one keen pyramid with wedge sublime,
> Pavilioning the dust of him who planned
> This refuge for his memory, doth stand
> Like flame transformed to marble; and beneath
> A field is spread, on which a newer band
> Have pitcht in heaven's smile their camp of death,
> Welcoming him we lose with scarce extinguisht breath."

Could sorrow for the lost, and shuddering anguish at the vacancy left behind, be soothed by poetic imaginations, there was something in Shelley's fate to mitigate pangs which yet, alas! could not be so mitigated; for hard reality brings too miserably home to the mourner all that is lost of happiness, all of lonely unsolaced struggle that remains. Still, though dreams and hues of poetry cannot blunt grief, it invests his fate with a sublime fitness, which those less nearly allied may regard with complacency. A year before he had poured into verse all such ideas about death as give it a glory of its own. He had, as it now seems, almost anticipated his own destiny; and, when the mind figures his skiff wrapped from sight by the thunder-storm, as it was last seen upon the purple sea, and then, as the cloud of the tempest passed away, no sign remained of where it had been [1] — who but will regard as a prophecy the last stanza of the "Adonais"?

> "The breath whose might I have invoked in song
> Descends on me; my spirit's bark is driven
> Far from the shore, far from the trembling throng
> Whose sails were never to the tempest given;
> The massy earth and sphered skies are riven!
> I am borne darkly, fearfully, afar!
> Whilst, burning thro' the inmost veil of heaven,
> The soul of Adonais, like a star,
> Beacons from the abode where the Eternal are"
>
> PUTNEY, *May* 1, 1839.

[1] Captain Roberts watched the vessel with his glass from the top of the lighthouse of Leghorn, on its homeward track. They were off Via Reggio, at some distance from shore, when a storm was driven over the sea. It enveloped them and several larger vessels in darkness. When the cloud passed onwards, Roberts looked again, and saw every other vessel sailing on the ocean except their little schooner, which had vanished. From that time he could scarcely doubt the fatal truth; yet we fancied that they might have been driven towards Elba or Corsica, and so be saved. The observation made as to the spot where the boat disappeared caused it to be found, through the exertions of Trelawny for that effect. It had gone down in ten fathom water, it had not capsized, and, except such things as had floated from her, everything was found on board exactly as it had been placed when they sailed. The boat itself was uninjured. Roberts possessed himself of her, and decked her; but she proved not seaworthy, and her shattered planks now lie rotting on the shore of one of the Ionian islands, on which she was wrecked.

TRANSLATIONS.

HYMN TO MERCURY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK OF HOMER.

I.

SING, Muse, the son of Maia and of Jove,
The Herald-child, king of Arcadia
And all its pastoral hills, whom in sweet love
Having been interwoven, modest May
Bore Heaven's dread Supreme — an antique grove
Shadowed the cavern where the lovers lay
In the deep night, unseen by Gods or Men,
And white-armed Juno slumbered sweetly then.

II.

Now, when the joy of Jove had its fulfilling,
And Heaven's tenth moon chronicled her relief,
She gave to light a babe all babes excelling,
A schemer subtle beyond all belief;
A shepherd of thin dreams, a cow-stealing,
A night-watching, and door-waylaying thief,
Who 'mongst the Gods was soon about to thieve,
And other glorious actions to achieve.

III.

The babe was born at the first peep of day;
He began playing on the lyre at noon,
And the same evening did he steal away
Apollo's herds; — the fourth day of the moon
On which him bore the venerable May,
From her immortal limbs he leapt full soon,
Nor long could in the sacred cradle keep,
But out to seek Apollo's herds would creep.

IV.

Out of the lofty cavern wandering
He found a tortoise, and cried out — "A treasure!"
(For Mercury first made the tortoise sing)
The beast before the portal at his leisure
The flowery herbage was depasturing,
Moving his feet in a deliberate measure
Over the turf. Jove's profitable son
Eyeing him laught, and laughing thus begun: —

V.

"A useful god-send are you to me now,
King of the dance, companion of the feast,
Lovely in all your nature! Welcome, you
Excellent plaything! Where, sweet mountain beast,
Got you that speckled shell? Thus much I know,
You must come home with me and be my guest;
You will give joy to me, and I will do
All that is in my power to honor you.

VI.

"Better to be at home than out of door; —
So come with me, and tho' it has been said
That you alive defend from magic power,
I know you will sing sweetly when you 're dead."
Thus having spoken, the quaint infant bore,
Lifting it from the grass on which it fed,
And grasping it in his delighted hold,
His treasured prize into the cavern old.

VII.

Then scooping with a chisel of gray steel,
He bored the life and soul out of the beast —
Not swifter a swift thought of woe or weal
Darts thro' the tumult of a human breast

Which thronging cares annoy — not swifter wheel
The flashes of its torture and unrest
Out of the dizzy eyes — than Maia's son
All that he did devise hath featly done.

VIII.

And thro' the tortoise's hard stony skin
At proper distances small holes he made,
And fastened the cut stems of reeds within,
And with a piece of leather overlaid
The open space and fixt the cubits in,
Fitting the bridge to both, and stretcht o'er all
Symphonious cords of sheep-gut rhythmical.

IX.

When he had wrought the lovely instrument,
He tried the chords, and made division meet
Preluding with the plectrum, and there went
Up from beneath his hand a tumult sweet
Of mighty sounds, and from his lips he sent
A strain of unpremeditated wit
Joyous and wild and wanton — such you may
Hear among revellers on a holiday.

X.

He sung how Jove and May of the bright sandal
Dallied in love not quite legitimate;
And his own birth, still scoffing at the scandal,
And naming his own name, did celebrate;
His mother's cave and servant maids he planned all
In plastic verse, her household stuff and state,
Perennial pot, trippet, and brazen pan, —
But singing, he conceived another plan.

XI.

Seized with a sudden fancy for fresh meat,
He in his sacred crib deposited
The hollow lyre, and from the cavern sweet
Rusht with great leaps up to the mountain's head,
Revolving in his mind some subtle feat
Of thievish craft, such as a swindler might
Devise in the lone season of dun night.

XII.

Lo! the great Sun under the ocean's bed has
Driven steeds and chariot — The child meanwhile strode
O'er the Pierian mountains clothed in shadows,
Where the immortal oxen of the God
Are pastured in the flowering unmown meadows,
And safely stalled in a remote abode —
The archer Argicide, elate and proud,
Drove fifty from the herd, lowing aloud.

XIII.

He drove them wandering o'er the sandy way,
But, being ever mindful of his craft,
Backward and forward drove he them astray,
So that the tracks which seemed before, were aft;
His sandals then he threw to the ocean spray,
And for each foot he wrought a kind of raft
Of tamarisk, and tamarisk-like sprigs,
And bound them in a lump with withy twigs.

XIV.

And on his feet he tied these sandals light,
The trail of whose wide leaves might not betray
His track; and then, a self-sufficing wight,
Like a man hastening on some distant way,
He from Pieria's mountain bent his flight;
But an old man perceived the infant pass
Down green Onchestus heapt like beds with grass.

XV.

The old man stood dressing his sunny vine:
"Halloo! old fellow with the crookèd shoulder!
You grub those stumps? before they will bear wine
Methinks even you must grow a little older:
Attend, I pray, to this advice of mine,
As you would 'scape what might appal a bolder —
Seeing, see not — and hearing, hear not — and —
If you have understanding—understand."

XVI.

So saying, Hermes roused the oxen vast;
O'er shadowy mountain and resounding dell,
And flower-paven plains, great Hermes past;
Till the black night divine, which favoring fell
Around his steps, grew gray, and morning fast
Wakened the world to work, and from her cell
Sea-strewn, the Pallantean Moon sublime
Into her watch-tower just began to climb.

XVII.

Now to Alpheus he had driven all
The broad-foreheaded oxen of the Sun;
They came unwearied to the lofty stall
And to the water troughs which ever run
Thro' the fresh fields — and when with rushgrass tall,
Lotus and all sweet herbage, every one
Had pastured been, the great God made them move
Towards the stall in a collected drove.

XVIII.

A mighty pile of wood the God then heapt,
And having soon conceived the mystery
Of fire, from two smooth laurel branches stript
The bark, and rubbed them in his palms, — on high
Suddenly forth the burning vapor leapt,
And the divine child saw delightedly —
Mercury first found out for human weal
Tinder-box, matches, fire-irons, flint and steel.

XIX.

And fine dry logs and roots innumerous
He gathered in a delve upon the ground —
And kindled them — and instantaneous
The strength of the fierce flame was breathed around:
And whilst the might of glorious Vulcan thus
Wrapt the great pile with glare and roaring sound,
Hermes dragged forth two heifers, lowing loud,
Close to the fire — such might was in the God.

XX.

And on the earth upon their backs he threw
The panting beasts, and rolled them o'er and o'er,
And bored their lives out. Without more ado
He cut up fat and flesh, and down before
The fire, on spits of wood he placed the two,
Toasting their flesh and ribs, and all the gore
Purst in the bowels; and while this was done
He stretcht their hides over a craggy stone.

XVI.

We mortals let an ox grow old, and then
Cut it up after long consideration, —
But joyous-minded Hermes from the glen
Drew the fat spoils to the more open station

Of a flat smooth space, and portioned them; and when
He had by lot assigned to each a ration
Of the twelve Gods, his mind became aware
Of all the joys which in religion are.

XXII.

For the sweet savor of the roasted meat
Tempted him tho' immortal. Natheles
He checkt his haughty will and did not eat,
Tho' what it cost him words can scarce express,
And every wish to put such morsels sweet
Down his most sacred throat, he did repress;
But soon within the lofty portalled stall
He placed the fat and flesh and bones and all.

XXIII.

And every trace of the fresh butchery
And cooking, the God soon made disappear,
As if it all had vanisht thro' the sky;
He burned the hoofs and horns and head and hair,
The insatiate fire devoured them hungrily;—
And when he saw that everything was clear,
He quencht the coals, and trampled the black dust,
And in the stream his bloody sandals tost.

XXIV.

All night he workt in the serene moonshine —
But when the light of day was spread abroad
He sought his natal mountain-peaks divine.
On his long wandering, neither man nor god
Had met him, since he killed Apollo's kine,
Nor house-dog had barkt at him on his road;
Now he obliquely thro' the keyhole past,
Like a thin mist, or an autumnal blast.

XXV.

Right thro' the temple of the spacious cave
He went with soft light feet — as if his tread
Fell not on earth; no sound their falling gave;
Then to his cradle he crept quick, and spread
The swaddling-clothes about him; and the knave
Lay playing with the covering of the bed
With his left hand about his knees — the right
Held his belovèd tortoise-lyre tight.

XXVI.

There he lay, innocent as a new-born child,
As gossips say; but tho' he was a god,
The goddess, his fair mother, unbeguiled
Knew all that he had done being abroad:
"Whence come you, and from what adventure wild,
You cunning rogue, and where have you abode
All the long night, clothed in your impudence?
What have you done since you departed hence?

XXVII.

"Apollo soon will pass within this gate
And bind your tender body in a chain
Inextricably tight, and fast as fate,
Unless you can delude the God again,
Even when within his arms — ah, runagate!
A pretty torment both for gods and men
Your father made when he made you!"
— "Dear mother,"
Replied sly Hermes, "Wherefore scold and bother?

XXVIII.

"As if I were like other babes as old,
And understood nothing of what is what;

And cared at all to hear my mother scold.
I in my subtle brain a scheme have got,
Which whilst the sacred stars round Heaven are rolled
Will profit you and me — nor shall our lot
Be as you counsel, without gifts or food,
To spend our lives in this obscure abode.

XXIX.

"But we will leave this shadow-peopled cave
And live among the Gods, and pass each day
In high communion, sharing what they have
Of profuse wealth and unexhausted prey;
And from the portion which my father gave
To Phœbus, I will snatch my share away,
Which if my father will not — natheless I,
Who am the king of robbers, can but try.

XXX.

"And, if Latona's son should find me out,
I'll countermine him by a deeper plan;
I'll pierce the Pythian temple-walls, tho' stout,
And sack the fane of every thing I can —
Caldrons and tripods of great worth no doubt,
Each golden cup and polisht brazen pan,
All the wrought tapestries and garments gay." —
So they together talkt; — meanwhile the Day,

XXXI.

Ethereal born, arose out of the flood
Of flowing Ocean, bearing light to men.
Apollo past toward the sacred wood,
Which from the inmost depths of its green glen
Echoes the voice of Neptune, — and there stood
On the same spot in green Onchestus then
That same old animal, the vine-dresser,
Who was employed hedging his vineyard there.

XXXII.

Latona's glorious Son began: — "I pray
Tell, ancient hedger of Onchestus green,
Whether a drove of kine has past this way,
All heifers with crookt horns? for they have been
Stolen from the herd in high Pieria,
Where a black bull was fed apart, between
Two woody mountains in a neighboring glen,
And four fierce dogs watcht there, unanimous as men.

XXXIII.

"And what is strange, the author of this theft
Has stolen the fatted heifers, every one,
But the four dogs and the black bull are left: —
Stolen they were last night at set of sun,
Of their soft beds and their sweet food bereft —
Now tell me, man born ere the world begun,
Have you seen any one pass with the cows?" —
To whom the man of overhanging brows:

XXXIV.

"My friend, it would require no common skill
Justly to speak of everything I see:
On various purposes of good or ill
Many pass by my vineyard, — and to me
'T is difficult to know the invisible
Thoughts, which in all those many minds may be: —
Thus much alone I certainly can say,
I tilled these vines till the decline of day,

XXXV.

"And then I thought I saw, but dare not speak
With certainty of such a wondrous thing,
A child, who could not have been born a week,
Those fair-horned cattle closely following,
And in his hand he held a polisht stick:
And, as on purpose, he walkt wavering
From one side to the other of the road,
And with his face opposed the steps he trod."

XXXVI.

Apollo hearing this, past quickly on —
No wingèd omen could have shown more clear
That the deceiver was his father's son.
So the God wraps a purple atmosphere
Around his shoulders, and like fire is gone
To famous Pylos, seeking his kine there,
And found their track and his, yet hardly cold,
And cried — "What wonder do mine eyes behold!

XXXVII.

"Here are the footsteps of the hornèd herd
Turned back towards their fields of asphodel; —
But these! are not the tracks of beast or bird,
Gray wolf, or bear, or lion of the dell,
Or manèd Centaur — sand was never stirred
By man or woman thus! Inexplicable!
Who with unwearied feet could e'er impress
The sand with such enormous vestiges?

XXXVIII.

"That was most strange — but this is stranger still!"
Thus having said, Phœbus impetuously
Sought high Cyllene's forest-cinctured hill,
And the deep cavern where dark shadows lie,
And where the ambrosial nymph with happy will
Bore the Saturnian's love-child, Mercury —
And a delightful odor from the dew
Of the hill pastures, at his coming, flew.

XXXIX.

And Phœbus stoopt under the craggy roof
Archt over the dark cavern: — Maia's child
Perceived that he came angry, far aloof,
About the cows of which he had been beguiled,
And over him the fine and fragrant woof
Of his ambrosial swaddling clothes he piled —
As among fire-brands lies a burning spark
Covered, beneath the ashes cold and dark.

XL.

There, like an infant who had suckt his fill
And now was newly washt and put to bed,
Awake, but courting sleep with weary will,
And gathered in a lump, hands, feet, and head,
He lay, and his belovèd tortoise still
He grapst and held under his shoulder-blade.
Phœbus the lovely mountain-goddess knew,
Not less her subtle, swindling baby, who

XLI.

Lay swathed in his sly wiles. Round every crook
Of the ample cavern, for his kine, Apollo
Lookt sharp; and when he saw them not, he took
The glittering key, and opened three great hollow

Recesses in the rock — where many a nook
Was filled with the sweet food immortals swallow,
And mighty heaps of silver and of gold
Were piled within — a wonder to behold!

XLII.

And white and silver robes, all overwrought
With cunning workmanship of tracery sweet —
Except among the Gods there can be naught
In the wide world to be compared with it.
Latona's offspring, after having sought
His herds in every corner, thus did greet
Great Hermes: — "Little cradled rogue, declare
Of my illustrious heifers, where they are!

XLIII.

"Speak quickly! or a quarrel between us
Must rise, and the event will be, that I
Shall hurl you into dismal Tartarus,
In fiery gloom to dwell eternally;
Nor shall your father nor your mother loose
The bars of that black dungeon — utterly
You shall be cast out from the light of day,
To rule the ghosts of men, unblest as they."

XLIV.

To whom thus Hermes slily answered: — "Son
Of great Latona, what a speech is this!
Why come you here to ask me what is done
With the wild oxen which it seems you miss?
I have not seen them, nor from any one
Have heard a word of the whole business;
If you should promise an immense reward,
I could not tell more than you now have heard.

XLV.

"An ox-stealer should be both tall and strong,
And I am but a little new-born thing,
Who, yet at least, can think of nothing wrong: —
My business is to suck, and sleep, and fling
The cradle-clothes about me all day long, —
Or half asleep, hear my sweet mother sing,
And to be washt in water clean and warm,
And husht and kist and kept secure from harm.

XLVI.

"O, let not e'er this quarrel be averred!
The astounded Gods would laugh at you, if e'er
You should allege a story so absurd,
As that a new-born infant forth could fare
Out of his home after a savage herd.
I was born yesterday — my small feet are
Too tender for the roads so hard and rough: —
And if you think that this is not enough,

XLVII.

"I swear a great oath, by my father's head,
That I stole not your cows, and that I know
Of no one else who might, or could, or did. —
Whatever things cows are, I do not know,
For I have only heard the name." — This said,
He winkt as fast as could be, and his brow
Was wrinkled, and a whistle loud gave he,
Like one who hears some strange absurdity.

XLVIII.

Apollo gently smiled and said: — "Aye, aye, —
You cunning little rascal, you will bore
Many a rich man's house, and your array
Of thieves will lay their siege before his door,
Silent as night, in night; and many a day
In the wild glens rough shepherds will deplore
That you or yours, having an appetite,
Met with their cattle, comrade of the night!

XLIX.

"And this among the Gods shall be your gift,
To be considered as the lord of those
Who swindle, house-break, sheep-steal, and shop-lift; —
But now, if you would not your last sleep doze;
Crawl out!" — Thus saying, Phœbus did uplift
The subtle infant in his swaddling-clothes,
And in his arms, according to his wont,
A scheme devised the illustrious Argiphont.

L.

. . . . . .
. . . . . .
And sneezed and shuddered — Phœbus on the grass
Him threw, and whilst all that he had designed
He did perform — eager altho' to pass,
Apollo darted from his mighty mind
Towards the subtle babe the following scoff: —
"Do not imagine this will get you off,

LI.

"You little swaddled child of Jove and May!"
And seized him: — "By this omen I shall trace
My noble herds, and you shall lead the way." —
Cyllenian Hermes from the grassy place,
Like one in earnest haste to get away,
Rose, and with hands lifted towards his face
Round both his ears — up from his shoulders drew
His swaddling clothes, and — "What mean you to do

LII.

"With me, you unkind God?" said Mercury:
"Is it about these cows you tease me so?
I wish the race of cows were perisht! I
Stole not your cows — I do not even know
What things cows are. Alas! I well may sigh.
That since I came into this world of woe,
I should have ever heard the name of one —
But I appeal to the Saturnian's throne."

LIII.

Thus Phœbus and the vagrant Mercury
Talkt without coming to an explanation,
With adverse purpose. As for Phœbus, he
Sought not revenge, but only information,
And Hermes tried with lies and roguery
To cheat Apollo. — But when no evasion
Served — for the cunning one his match had found —
He paced on first over the sandy ground.

LIV.

He of the Silver Bow the child of Jove
Followed behind, till to their heavenly Sire
Came both his children — beautiful as Love,
And from his equal balance did require
A judgment in the cause wherein they strove.
O'er odorous Olympus and its snows

A murmuring tumult as they came
arose, —

LV.

And from the folded depths of the great
Hill,
While Hermes and Apollo reverent
stood
Before Jove's throne, the indestructible
Immortals rusht in mighty multitude;
And whilst their seats in order due they
fill,
The lofty Thunderer in a careless
mood
To Phœbus said: — "Whence drive you
this sweet prey,
This herald-baby, born but yesterday? —

LVI.

"A most important subject, trifler, this
To lay before the Gods!" — "Nay,
father, nay,
When you have understood the business,
Say not that I alone am fond of prey.
I found this little boy in a recess
Under Cyllene's mountains far away —
A manifest and most apparent thief,
A scandal-monger beyond all belief.

LVII.

"I never saw his like either in heaven
Or upon earth for knavery or craft: —
Out of the field my cattle yester-even,
By the low shore on which the loud
sea laught,
He right down to the river-ford had
driven;
And mere astonishment would make
you daft
To see the double kind of footsteps
strange
He has imprest wherever he did range.

LVIII.

"The cattle's track on the black dust,
full well
Is evident, as if they went towards
The place from which they came — that
asphodel
Meadow, in which I feed my many
herds, —
His steps were most incomprehensible —
I know not how I can describe in
words
Those tracks — he could have gone along
the sands
Neither upon his feet nor on his hands; —

LIX.

"He must have had some other stranger
mode
Of moving on: those vestiges immense,
Far as I traced them on the sandy road,
Seemed like the trail of oak-toppings:
— but thence
No mark nor track denoting where they
trod
The hard ground gave: — but, working
at his fence,
A mortal hedger saw him as he past
To Pylos, with the cows, in fiery haste.

LX.

"I found that in the dark he quietly
Had sacrificed some cows, and before
light
Had thrown the ashes all dispersedly
About the road — then, still as gloomy
night,
Had crept into his cradle, either eye
Rubbing, and cogitating some new
sleight.
No eagle could have seen him as he lay
Hid in his cavern from the peering day.

LXI.

"I taxt him with the fact, when he
averred
Most solemnly that he did neither see
Nor even had in any manner heard
Of my lost cows, whatever things cows
be;
Nor could he tell, tho' offered a reward,
Not even who could tell of them to
me."
So speaking, Phœbus sate; and Hermes
then
Addrest the Supreme Lord of Gods and
men: —

LXII.

"Great Father, you know clearly beforehand
That all which I shall say to you is sooth;
I am a most veracious person, and
Totally unacquainted with untruth.
At sunrise, Phœbus came, but with no band
Of Gods to bear him witness, in great wrath,
To my abode, seeking his heifers there,
And saying that I must show him where they are,

LXIII.

"Or he would hurl me down the dark abyss.
I know that every Apollonian limb
Is clothed with speed and might and manliness,
As a green bank with flowers — but unlike him
I was born yesterday, and you may guess
He well knew this when he indulged the whim
Of bullying a poor little new-born thing
That slept, and never thought of cow-driving.

LXIV.

"Am I like a strong fellow who steals kine?
Believe me, dearest Father, such you are,
This driving of the herds is none of mine;
Across my threshold did I wander ne'er,
So may I thrive! I reverence the divine
Sun and the Gods, and I love you, and care
Even for this hard accuser — who must know
I am as innocent as they or you.

LXV.

"I swear by these most gloriously-wrought portals —
(It is, you will allow, an oath of might)
Thro' which the multitude of the Immortals
Pass and repass for ever, day and night,
Devising schemes for the affairs of mortals —
That I am guiltless; and I will requite,
Altho' mine enemy be great and strong,
His cruel threat — do thou defend the young!"

LXVI.

So speaking, the Cyllenian Argiphont
Winkt, as if now his adversary was fitted:—
And Jupiter according to his wont,
Laught heartily to hear the subtle-witted
Infant give a plausible account,
And every word a lie. But he remitted
Judgment at present — and his exhortation
Was, to compose the affair by arbitration.

LXVII.

And they by mighty Jupiter were bidden
To go forth with a single purpose both,
Neither the other chiding nor yet chidden:
And Mercury with innocence and truth
To lead the way, and show where had hidden
The mighty heifers. — Hermes, nothing loth,
Obeyed the Ægis-bearer's will — for he
Is able to persuade all easily.

LXVIII.

These lovely children of Heaven's highest Lord
Hastened to Pylos and the pastures wide
And lofty stalls by the Alphean ford,
Where wealth in the mute night is multiplied
With silent growth. Whilst Hermes drove the herd
Out of the stony cavern, Phœbus spied
The hides of those the little babe had slain,
Stretcht on the precipice above the plain.

LXIX.

"How was it possible," then Phœbus said,

"That you, a little child, born yesterday,
A thing on mother's milk and kisses fed,
Could two prodigious heifers ever flay!
Even I myself may well hereafter dread
Your prowess, offspring of Cyllenian May,
When you grow strong and tall." — He spoke, and bound
Stiff withy bands the infant's wrists around.

LXX.

He might as well have bound the oxen wild;
The withy bands, though starkly interknit,
Fell at the feet of the immortal child,
Loosened by some device of his quick wit.
Phœbus perceived himself again beguiled,
And stared — while Hermes sought some hole or pit,
Looking askance and winking fast as thought,
Where he might hide himself and not be caught.

LXXI.

Sudden he changed his plan, and with strange skill
Subdued the strong Latonian, by the might
Of winning music, to his mightier will;
His left hand held the lyre, and in his right
The plectrum struck the chords — unconquerable
Up from beneath his hand in circling flight
The gathering music rose — and sweet as Love
The penetrating notes did live and move

LXXII.

Within the heart of great Apollo. — He
Listened with all his soul, and laught for pleasure.
Close to his side stood harping fearlessly
The unabashèd boy; and to the measure
Of the sweet lyre, there followed loud and free
His joyous voice; for he unlockt the treasure
Of his deep song, illustrating the birth
Of the bright Gods, and the dark desert Earth:

LXXIII.

And how to the Immortals every one
A portion was assigned of all that is;
But chief Mnemosyne did Maia's son
Clothe in the light of his loud melodies; —
And as each God was born or had begun
He in their order due and fit degrees
Sung of his birth and being — and did move
Apollo to unutterable love.

LXXIV.

These words were wingèd with his swift delight:
"You heifer-stealing schemer, well do you
Deserve that fifty oxen should requite
Such minstrelsies as I have heard even now.
Comrade of feasts, little contriving wight,
One of your secrets I would gladly know,
Whether the glorious power you now show forth
Was folded up within you at your birth,

LXXV.

"Or whether mortal taught or God inspired
The power of unpremeditated song?
Many divinest sounds have I admired,
The Olympian Gods and mortal men among;
But such a strain of wondrous, strange, untired,
And soul-awakening music, sweet and strong,
Yet did I never hear except from thee,
Offspring of May, impostor Mercury!

LXXVI.

"What Muse, what skill, what unimagined use,
What exercise of subtlest art, has given

Thy songs such power? — for those who hear may choose
From three, the choicest of the gifts of Heaven,
Delight, and love, and sleep, — sweet sleep, whose dews
Are sweeter than the balmy tears of even: —
And I, who speak this praise, am that Apollo
Whom the Olympian Muses ever follow:

LXXVII.

"And their delight is dance and the blithe noise
Of song and overflowing poesy;
And sweet, even as desire, the liquid voice
Of pipes, that fills the clear air thrillingly;
But never did my inmost soul rejoice
In this dear work of youthful revelry
As now. I wonder at thee, son of Jove;
Thy harpings and thy song are soft as love.

LXXVIII.

"Now since thou hast, altho' so very small,
Science of arts so glorious, thus I swear,
And let this cornel javelin, keen and tall,
Witness between us what I promise here, —
That I will lead thee to the Olympian Hall,
Honored and mighty, with thy mother dear,
And many glorious gifts in joy will give thee,
And even at the end will ne'er deceive thee."

LXXIX.

To whom thus Mercury with prudent speech: —
"Wisely hast thou inquirèd of my skill:
I envy thee no thing I know to teach
Even this day: — for both in word and will
I would be gentle with thee; thou canst reach
All things in thy wise spirit, and thy sill
Is highest in heaven among the sons of Jove,
Who loves thee in the fulness of his love.

LXXX.

"The Councellor Supreme has given to thee
Divinest gifts, out of the amplitude
Of his profuse exhaustless treasury;
By thee, 't is said, the depths are understood
Of his far voice; by thee the mystery
Of all oracular fates, — and the dread mood
Of the diviner is breathed up, even I —
A child — perceive thy might and majesty —

LXXXI.

"Thou canst seek out and compass all that wit
Can find or teach; — yet since thou wilt, come take
The lyre — be mine the glory giving it —
Strike the sweet chords, and sing aloud, and wake
Thy joyous pleasure out of many a fit
Of trancèd sound — and with fleet fingers make
Thy liquid-voicèd comrade talk with thee, —
It can talk measured music eloquently.

LXXXII.

"Then bear it boldly to the revel loud,
Love-wakening dance, or feast of solemn state,
A joy by night or day — for those endowed
With art and wisdom who interrogate
It teaches, babbling in delightful mood
All things which make the spirit most elate,
Soothing the mind with sweet familiar play,
Chasing the heavy shadows of dismay.

LXXXIII.

"To those who are unskilled in its sweet tongue,
Tho' they should question most impetuously
Its hidden soul, it gossips something wrong —
Some senseless and impertinent reply.
But thou who art as wise as thou art strong
Canst compass all that thou desirest. I
Present thee with this music-flowing shell,
Knowing thou canst interrogate it well.

LXXXIV.

"And let us two henceforth together feed
On this green mountain slope and pastoral plain,
The herds in litigation — they will breed
Quickly enough to recompense our pain,
If to the bulls and cows we take good heed; —
And thou, tho' somewhat over fond of gain,
Grudge me not half the profit." — Having spoke,
The shell he proffered, and Apollo took.

LXXXV.

And gave him in return the glittering lash,
Installing him as herdsman; — from the look
Of Mercury then laught a joyous flash.
And then Apollo with the plectrum strook
The chords, and from beneath his hands a crash
Of mighty sounds rusht up, whose music shook
The soul with sweetness, and like an adept
His sweeter voice a just accordance kept.

LXXXVI.

The herd went wandering o'er the divine mead,
Whilst these most beautiful Sons of Jupiter
Won their swift way up to the snowy head
Of white Olympus, with the joyous lyre
Soothing their journey; and their father dread
Gathered them both into familiar
Affection sweet, — and then, and now, and ever,
Hermes must love Him of the Golden Quiver,

LXXXVII.

To whom he gave the lyre that sweetly sounded,
Which skilfully he held and played thereon.
He piped the while, and far and wide rebounded
The echo of his pipings; every one
Of the Olympians sat with joy astounded,
While he conceived another piece of fun,
One of his old tricks — which the God of Day
Perceiving, said: — "I fear thee, Son of May; —

LXXXVIII.

"I fear thee and thy sly chameleon spirit,
Lest thou should steal my lyre and crookèd bow;
This glory and power thou dost from Jove inherit,
To teach all craft upon the earth below;
Thieves love and worship thee — it is thy merit
To make all mortal business ebb and flow
By roguery: — now, Hermes, if you dare,
By sacred Styx a mighty oath to swear

LXXXIX.

"That you will never rob me, you will do
A thing extremely pleasing to my heart."
Then Mercury sware by the Stygian dew,
That he would never steal his bow or dart,
Or lay his hands on what to him was due,

Or ever would employ his powerful art
Against his Pythian fane. Then Phœbus swore
There was no God or man whom he loved more.

XC.

"And I will give thee as a good-will token,
The beautiful wand of wealth and happiness;
A perfect three-leaved rod of gold unbroken,
Whose magic will thy footsteps ever bless;
And whatsoever by Jove's voice is spoken
Of earthly or divine from its recess,
It, like a loving soul, to thee will speak,
And more than this, do thou forbear to seek.

XCI.

"For, dearest child, the divinations high
Which thou requirest, 't is unlawful ever
That thou, or any other deity
Should understand — and vain were the endeavor;
For they are hidden in Jove's mind, and I
In trust of them, have sworn that I would never
Betray the counsels of Jove's inmost will
To any God — the oath was terrible.

XCII.

"Then, golden-wanded brother, ask me not
To speak the fates by Jupiter designed;
But be it mine to tell their various lot
To the unnumbered tribes of human kind.
Let good to these, and ill to those be wrought
As I dispense — but he who comes consigned
By voice and wings of perfect augury
To my great shrine, shall find avail in me.

XCIII.

"Him will I not deceive, but will assist;
But he who comes relying on such birds
As chatter vainly, who would strain and twist
The purpose of the Gods with idle words,
And deems their knowledge light, he shall have misst
His road — whilst I among my other hoards
His gifts deposit. Yet, O son of May,
I have another wondrous thing to say.

XCIV.

"There are three Fates, three virgin Sisters, who
Rejoicing in their wind-outspeeding wings,
Their heads with flour snowed over white and new,
Sit in a vale round which Parnassus flings
Its circling skirts — from these I have learned true
Vaticinations of remotest things.
My father cared not. Whilst they search out dooms,
They sit apart and feed on honeycombs.

XCV.

"They, having eaten the fresh honey, grow
Drunk with divine enthusiasm, and utter
With earnest willingness the truth they know;
But if deprived of that sweet food, they mutter
All plausible delusions; — these to you
I give; — if you inquire, they will not stutter;
Delight your own soul with them: — any man
You would instruct may profit if he can.

XCVI.

"Take these and the fierce oxen, Maia's child —

O'er many a horse and toil-enduring mule,
O'er jaggèd-jawèd lions, and the wild
White-tuskèd boars, o'er all, by field or pool,
Of cattle which the mighty Mother mild
Nourishes in her bosom, thou shalt rule —
Thou dost alone the veil from death uplift —
Thou givest not — yet this is a great gift."

XCVII.

Thus King Apollo loved the child of May
In truth, and Jove covered their love with joy,
Hermes with Gods and men even from that day
Mingled, and wrought the latter much annoy,
And little profit, going far astray
Thro' the dun night. Farewell, delightful Boy,
Of Jove and Maia sprung, — never by me,
Nor thou, nor other songs, shall unremembered be.

HOMER'S HYMN TO CASTOR AND POLLUX.

Ye wild-eyed Muses, sing the Twins of Jove,
Whom the fair-ankled Leda, mixt in love
With mighty Saturn's heaven-obscuring Child,
On Taygetus, that lofty mountain wild,
Brought forth in joy, mild Pollux void of blame,
And steed-subduing Castor, heirs of fame.
These are the Powers who earth-born mortals save
And ships, whose flight is swift along the wave.
When wintry tempests o'er the savage sea
Are raging, and the sailors tremblingly
Call on the Twins of Jove with prayer and vow,
Gathered in fear upon the lofty prow,
And sacrifice with snow-white lambs, the wind
And the huge billow bursting close behind,
Even then beneath the weltering waters bear
The staggering ship — they suddenly appear,
On yellow wings rushing athwart the sky,
And lull the blasts in mute tranquillity,
And strew the waves on the white ocean's bed,
Fair omen of the voyage; from toil and dread,
The sailors rest, rejoicing in the sight,
And plough the quiet sea in safe delight.

HOMER'S HYMN TO THE MOON.

Daughters of Jove, whose voice is melody,
Muses, who know and rule all minstrelsy!
Sing the wide-wingèd Moon. Around the earth,
From her immortal head in Heaven shot forth,
Far light is scattered — boundless glory springs;
Where'er she spreads her many-beaming wings
The lampless air glows round her golden crown.

But when the Moon divine from Heaven is gone
Under the sea, her beams within abide,
Till, bathing her bright limbs in Ocean's tide,
Clothing her form in garments glittering far,
And having yoked to her immortal car
The beam-invested steeds, whose necks on high
Curve back, she drives to a remoter sky
A western Crescent, borne impetuously.
Then is made full the circle of her light,
And as she grows, her beams more bright and bright,
Are poured from Heaven, where she is hovering then,
A wonder and a sign to mortal men.

The Son of Saturn with this glorious Power
Mingled in love and sleep — to whom she bore,
Pandeia, a bright maid of beauty rare
Among the Gods, whose lives eternal are.

Hail Queen, great Moon, white-armed Divinity,
Fair-haired and favorable, thus with thee,
My song beginning, by its music sweet
Shall make immortal many a glorious feat
Of demigods, with lovely lips, so well
Which minstrels, servants of the muses, tell.

HOMER'S HYMN TO THE SUN.

Offspring of Jove, Calliope, once more
To the bright Sun, thy hymn of music pour;
Whom to the child of star-clad Heaven and Earth
Euryphaessa, large-eyed nymph, brought forth;
Euryphaessa, the famed sister fair,
Of great Hyperion, who to him did bear
A race of loveliest children; the young Morn,
Whose arms are like twin roses newly born,
The fair-haired Moon, and the immortal Sun,
Who, borne by heavenly steeds his race doth run
Unconquerably, illuming the abodes
Of mortal men and the eternal gods.

Fiercely look forth his awe-inspiring eyes,
Beneath his golden helmet, whence arise
And are shot forth afar, clear beams of light;
His countenance with radiant glory bright
Beneath his graceful locks far shines around,
And the light vest with which his limbs are bound
Of woof ethereal, delicately twined
Glows in the stream of the uplifting wind.
His rapid steeds soon bear him to the west;
Where their steep flight his hands divine arrest,
And the fleet car with yoke of gold, which he
Sends from bright heaven beneath the shadowy sea.

HOMER'S HYMN TO THE EARTH: MOTHER OF ALL.

O universal mother, who dost keep
From everlasting thy foundations deep,
Eldest of things, Great Earth, I sing of thee;
All shapes that have their dwelling in the sea,
All things that fly, or on the ground divine
Live, move, and there are nourisht — these are thine;
These from thy wealth thou dost sustain; from thee
Fair babes are born, and fruits on every tree
Hang ripe and large, revered Divinity!

The life of mortal men beneath thy sway
Is held; thy power both gives and takes away!
Happy are they whom thy mild favors nourish,
All things unstinted round them grow and flourish.
For them, endures the life-sustaining field
Its load of harvest, and their cattle yield
Large increase, and their house with wealth is filled.
Such honored dwell in cities fair and free,
The homes of lovely women, prosperously;
Their sons exult in youth's new budding gladness,
And their fresh daughters free from care or sadness,

With bloom-inwoven dance and happy song,
On the soft flowers the meadow-grass among,
Leap round them sporting — such delights by thee,
Are given, rich Power, revered Divinity.

Mother of gods, thou wife of starry Heaven,
Farewell! be thou propitious, and be given
A happy life for this brief melody,
Nor thou nor other songs shall unremembered be.

HOMER'S HYMN TO MINERVA.

I SING the glorious Power with azure eyes,
Athenian Pallas! tameless, chaste, and wise,
Tritogenia, town-preserving maid,
Revered and mighty; from his awful head
Whom Jove brought forth, in warlike armor drest,
Golden, all radiant! wonder strange possest
The everlasting Gods that shape to see,
Shaking a javelin keen, impetuously
Rush from the crest of Ægis-bearing Jove;
Fearfully Heaven was shaken, and did more
Beneath the might of the Cerulean-eyed;
Earth dreadfully resounded, far and wide,
And lifted from its depths, the sea swelled high
In purple billows, the tide suddenly
Stood still, and great Hyperion's son long time
Checkt his swift steeds, till where she stood sublime,
Pallas from her immortal shoulders threw
The arms divine: wise Jove rejoiced to view.
Child of the Ægis-bearer, hail to thee,
Nor thine nor others' praise shall unremembered be.

HOMER'S HYMN TO VENUS.

[Vv. 1–55, with some omissions.]

MUSE, sing the deeds of golden Aphrodite,
Who wakens with her smile the lulled delight
Of sweet desire, taming the eternal kings
Of Heaven, and men, and all the living things
That fleet along the air, or whom the sea,
Or earth with her maternal ministry
Nourish innumerable, thy delight
All seek O crownèd Aphrodite!
Three spirits canst thou not deceive or quell,
Minerva, child of Jove, who loves too well
Fierce war and mingling combat, and the fame
Of glorious deeds, to heed thy gentle flame.
Diana golden-shafted queen,
Is tamed not by thy smiles; the shadows green
Of the wild woods, the bow, the . . .
And piercing cries amid the swift pursuit
Of beasts among waste mountains, such delight
Is hers, and men who know and do the right.
Nor Saturn's first-born daughter, Vesta chaste,
Whom Neptune and Apollo wooed the last,
Such was the will of ægis-bearing Jove;
But sternly she refused the ills of Love,
And by her mighty father's head she swore
An oath not unperformed, that evermore
A virgin she would live mid deities
Divine: her father, for such gentle ties
Renounced, gave glorious gifts, thus in his hall
She sits and feeds luxuriously. O'er all

In every fane, her honors first arise
From men — the eldest of Divinities.

These spirits she persuades not, nor deceives,
But none beside escape, so well she weaves
Her unseen toils; nor mortal men, nor gods
Who live secure in their unseen abodes.
She won the soul of him whose fierce delight
Is thunder — first in glory and in might.
And, as she willed, his mighty mind deceiving,
With mortal limbs his deathless limbs inweaving
Concealed him from his spouse and sister fair,
Whom to wise Saturn ancient Rhea bare.
but in return,
In Venus Jove did soft desire awaken,
That by her own enchantments overtaken,
She might, no more from human union free,
Burn for a nursling of mortality.
For once, amid the assembled Deities,
The laughter-loving Venus from her eyes
Shot forth the light of a soft starlight smile,
And boasting said, that she, secure the while,
Could bring at will to the assembled gods
The mortal tenants of earth's dark abodes,
And mortal offspring from a deathless stem
She could produce in scorn and spite of them.
Therefore he poured desire into her breast
Of young Anchises,
Feeding his herds among the mossy fountains
Of the wide Ida's many-folded mountains,
Whom Venus saw, and loved, and the love clung
Like waving fire her senses wild among.

THE CYCLOPS.

A SATYRIC DRAMA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK OF EURIPIDES.

SILENUS.	ULYSSES.
CHORUS OF SATYRS.	THE CYCLOPS.

Silenus. O Bacchus, what a world of toil, both now
And ere these limbs were overworn with age,
Have I endured for thee! First, when thou fled'st
The mountain-nymphs who nurst thee, driven afar
By the strange madness Juno sent upon thee;
Then in the battle of the sons of Earth,
When I stood foot by foot close to thy side,
No unpropitious fellow-combatant,
And driving thro' his shield my wingêd spear,
Slew vast Enceladus. Consider now,
Is it a dream of which I speak to thee?
By Jove it is not, for you have the trophies!
And now I suffer more than all before.
For when I heard that Juno had devised
A tedious voyage for you, I put to sea
With all my children quaint in search of you,
And I myself stood on the beakèd prow
And fixt the naked mast, and all my boys
Leaning upon their oars, with splash and strain
Made white with foam the green and purple sea, —
And so we sought you, king. We were sailing
Near Malea, when an eastern wind arose,
And drove us to this wild Ætnean rock;
The one-eyed children of the Ocean God,
The man-destroying Cyclopses inhabit,
On this wild shore, their solitary caves,
And one of these, named Polypheme, has caught us

To be his slaves; and so, for all delight
Of Bacchic sports, sweet dance and melody,
We keep this lawless giant's wandering flocks.
My sons indeed, on far declivities,
Young things themselves, tend on the youngling sheep,
But I remain to fill the water-casks,
Or sweeping the hard floor, or ministering
Some impious and abominable meal
To the fell Cyclops. I am wearied of it!
And now I must scrape up the littered floor
With this great iron rake, so to receive
My absent master and his evening sheep
In a cave neat and clean. Even now I see
My children tending the flocks hitherward.
Ha! what is this! are your Sicinnian measures
Even now the same, as when with dance and song
You brought young Bacchus to Althæa's halls?

Chorus of Satyrs.

STROPHE.

Where has he of race divine
Wandered in the winding rocks?
Here the air is calm and fine
For the father of the flocks;—
Here the grass is soft and sweet,
And the river-eddies meet
In the trough beside the cave,
Bright as in their fountain wave.—
Neither here, nor on the dew
Of the lawny uplands feeding?
Oh, you come! — a stone at you
Will I throw to mend your breeding;—
Get along, you hornèd thing,
Wild, seditious, rambling!

EPODE.

An Iacchic melody
To the golden Aphrodite
Will I lift, as erst did I
Seeking her and her delight
With the Mænads, whose white feet
To the music glance and fleet.
Bacchus, O belovèd, where,
Shaking wide thy yellow hair,
Wanderest thou alone, afar?
To the one-eyed Cyclops, we
Who by right thy servants are,
Minister in misery,
In these wretched goat-skins clad,
Far from thy delights and thee.

Silenus. Be silent, sons; command the slaves to drive
The gathered flocks into the rock-rooft cave.
Chorus. Go! But what needs this serious haste, O father?
Silenus. I see a Grecian vessel on the coast,
And thence the rowers with some general
Approaching to this cave. — About their necks
Hang empty vessels, as they wanted food,
And water-flasks. — Oh miserable strangers!
Whence come they that they know not what and who
My master is, approaching at ill hour
The inhospitable roof of Polypheme,
And the Cyclopian jaw-bone, man-destroying?
Be silent, Satyrs, while I ask and hear
Whence coming, they arrive the Ætnean hill.
Ulysses. Friends, can you show me some clear water spring,
The remedy of our thirst? Will any one
Furnish with food seamen in want of it?
Ha! what is this? We seem to be arrived
At the blithe court of Bacchus. I observe
This sportive band of Satyrs near the caves.
First let me greet the elder. — Hail!
Silenus. Hail thou,
O Stranger! tell thy country and thy race.

Ulysses. The Ithacan Ulysses and the king
Of Cephalonia.
Silenus. Oh! I know the man,
Wordy and shrewd, the son of Sisyphus.
Ulysses. I am the same, but do not rail upon me. —
Silenus. Whence sailing do you come to Sicily?
Ulysses. From Ilion, and from the Trojan toils.
Silenus. How toucht you not at your paternal shore?
Ulysses. The strength of tempests bore me here by force.
Silenus. The self-same accident occurred to me.
Ulysses. Were you then driven here by stress of weather?
Silenus. Following the Pirates who had kidnapt Bacchus.
Ulysses. What land is this, and who inhabit it? —
Silenus. Ætna, the loftiest peak in Sicily.
Ulysses. And are there walls, and tower-surrounded towns?
Silenus. There are not. — These lone rocks are bare of men.
Ulysses. And who possess the land? the race of beasts?
Silenus. Cyclops, who live in caverns, not in houses.
Ulysses. Obeying whom? Or is the state popular?
Silenus. Shepherds: no one obeys any in aught.
Ulysses. How live they? do they sow the corn of Ceres?
Silenus. On milk and cheese, and on the flesh of sheep.
Ulysses. Have they the Bromian drink from the vine's stream?
Silenus. Ah! no; they live in an ungracious land.
Ulysses. And are they just to strangers? — hospitable?
Silenus. They think the sweetest thing a stranger brings
Is his own flesh.
Ulysses. What! do they eat man's flesh?
Silenus. No one comes here who is not eaten up.
Ulysses. The Cyclops now — where is he? Not at home?
Silenus. Absent on Ætna, hunting with his dogs.
Ulysses. Know'st thou what thou must do to aid us hence?
Silenus. I know not: we will help you all we can.
Ulysses. Provide us food, of which we are in want.
Silenus. Here is not anything, as I said, but meat.
Ulysses. But meat is a sweet remedy for hunger.
Silenus. Cow's milk there is, and store of curdled cheese.
Ulysses. Bring out: — I would see all before I bargain.
Silenus. But how much gold will you engage to give?
Ulysses. I bring no gold, but Bacchic juice.
Silenus. Oh joy!
'T is long since these dry lips were wet with wine.
Ulysses. Maron, the son of the God, gave it me.
Silenus. Whom I have nurst a baby in my arms.
Ulysses. The son of Bacchus, for your clearer knowledge.
Silenus. Have you it now? — or is it in the ship?
Ulysses. Old man, this skin contains it, which you see.
Silenus. Why this would hardly be a mouthful for me.
Ulysses. Nay, twice as much as you can draw from thence.
Silenus. You speak of a fair fountain, sweet to me.
Ulysses. Would you first taste of the unmingled wine?
Silenus. 'T is just — tasting invites the purchaser.
Ulysses. Here is the cup, together with the skin.
Silenus. Pour: that the draught may fillip my remembrance.
Ulysses. See!

Silenus. Papaiax! what a sweet smell it has!
Ulysses. You see it then? —
Silenus. By Jove, no! but I smell it.
Ulysses. Taste, that you may not praise it in words only.
Silenus. Babai! Great Bacchus calls me forth to dance!
Joy! joy!
Ulysses. Did it flow sweetly down your throat?
Silenus. So that it tingled to my very nails.
Ulysses. And in addition I will give you gold.
Silenus. Let gold alone! only unlock the cask.
Ulysses. Bring out some cheeses now, or a young goat.
Silenus. That will I do, despising any master.
Yes, let me drink one cup, and I will give
All that the Cyclops feed upon their mountains.

. . . . . .

Chorus. Ye have taken Troy and laid your hands on Helen?
Ulysses. And utterly destroyed the race of Priam.

. . . . . .

Silenus. The wanton wretch! she was bewitcht to see
The many-colored anklets and the chain
Of woven gold which girt the neck of Paris,
And so she left that good man Menelaus.
There should be no more women in the world
But such as are reserved for me alone. —
See, here are sheep, and here are goats, Ulysses,
Here are unsparing cheeses of prest milk;
Take them; depart with what good speed ye may;
First leaving my reward, the Bacchic dew
Of joy-inspiring grapes.
Ulysses. Ah me! Alas!
What shall we do? the Cyclops is at hand!
Old man, we perish! whither can we fly?
Silenus. Hide yourselves quick within that hollow rock.
Ulysses. 'T were perilous to fly into the net.
Silenus. The cavern has recesses numberless;
Hide yourselves quick.
Ulysses. That will I never do!
The mighty Troy would be indeed disgraced
If I should fly one man. How many times
Have I withstood, with shield immovable,
Ten thousand Phrygians! — if I needs must die,
Yet will I die with glory; — if I live,
The praise which I have gained will yet remain.
Silenus. What, ho! assistance, comrades, haste, assistance!

The CYCLOPS, SILENUS, ULYSSES; CHORUS.

Cyclops. What is this tumult? Bacchus is not here,
Nor tympanies nor brazen castanets.
How are my young lambs in the cavern? Milking
Their dams or playing by their sides? And is
The new cheese prest into the bulrush baskets?
Speak! I'll beat some of you till you rain tears —
Look up, not downwards when I speak to you.
Silenus. See! I now gape at Jupiter himself,
I stare upon Orion and the stars.
Cyclops. Well, is the dinner fitly cookt and laid?
Silenus. All ready, if your throat is ready too.
Cyclops. Are the bowls full of milk besides?
Silenus. O'er-brimming;
So you may drink a tunful if you will.
Cyclops. Is it ewe's milk or cow's milk, or both mixt? —
Silenus. Both, either; only pray don't swallow me.

Cyclops. By no means. ——
. . . . . .
What is this crowd I see beside the stalls?
Outlaws or thieves? for near my cavern-home,
I see my young lambs coupled two by two
With willow bands; mixt with my cheeses lie
Their implements; and this old fellow here
Has his bald head broken with stripes.
Silenus. Ah me!
I have been beaten till I burn with fever.
Cyclops. By whom? Who laid his fist upon your head?
Silenus. Those men, because I would not suffer them
To steal your goods.
Cyclops. Did not the rascals know
I am a God, sprung from the race of heaven?
Silenus. I told them so, but they bore off your things,
And ate the cheese in spite of all I said,
And carried out the lambs — and said, moreover,
They'd pin you down with a three-cubit collar,
And pull your vitals out thro' your one eye,
Torture your back with stripes, then binding you,
Throw you as ballast into the ship's hold,
And then deliver you, a slave, to move
Enormous rocks, or found a vestibule.
Cyclops. In truth? Nay, haste, and place in order quickly
The cooking knives, and heap upon the hearth,
And kindle it, a great faggot of wood —
As soon as they are slaughtered, they shall fill
My belly, broiling warm from the live coals,
Or boiled and seethed within the bubbling caldron.
I am quite sick of the wild mountain game,
Of stags and lions I have gorged enough,
And I grow hungry for the flesh of men.
Silenus. Nay, master, something new is very pleasant
After one thing forever, and of late
Very few strangers have approacht our cave.
Ulysses. Hear, Cyclops, a plain tale on the other side.
We, wanting to buy food, came from our ship
Into the neighborhood of your cave, and here
This old Silenus gave us in exchange
These lambs for wine, the which he took and drank,
And all by mutual compact, without force.
There is no word of truth in what he says,
For slyly he was selling all your store.
Silenus. I? May you perish, wretch —
Ulysses. If I speak false!
Silenus. Cyclops, I swear by Neptune who begot thee,
By mighty Triton and by Nereus old,
Calypso and the glaucous ocean Nymphs,
The sacred waves and all the race of fishes —
Be these the witnesses, my dear sweet master,
My darling little Cyclops, that I never
Gave any of your stores to these false strangers; —
If I speak false may those whom most I love,
My children, perish wretchedly!
Chorus. There stop!
I saw him giving these things to the strangers.
If I speak false then may my father perish,
But do not thou wrong hospitality.
Cyclops. You lie! I swear that he is juster far
Than Rhadamanthus — I trust more in him.
But let me ask, whence have ye sailed, O strangers?
Who are you? And what city nourisht ye?
Ulysses. Our race is Ithacan — having destroyed
The town of Troy, the tempests of the sea

Have driven us on thy land, O Polypheme.
Cyclops. What, have ye shared in the unenvied spoil
Of the false Helen, near Scamander's stream?
Ulysses. The same, having endured a woful toil.
Cyclops. Oh, basest expedition! sailed ye not
From Greece to Phrygia for one woman's sake?
Ulysses. 'T was the Gods' work — no mortal was in fault.
But, O great offspring of the ocean-king,
We pray thee and admonish thee with freedom,
That thou dost spare thy friends who visit thee,
And place no impious food within thy jaws.
For in the depths of Greece we have upreared
Temples to thy great father, which are all
His homes. The sacred bay of Tænarus
Remains inviolate, and each dim recess
Scoopt high on the Malean promontory,
And airy Sunium's silver-veinèd crag,
Which divine Pallas keeps unprofaned ever,
The Gerastian asylums, and whate'er
Within wide Greece our enterprise has kept
From Phrygian contumely; and in which
You have a common care, for you inhabit
The skirts of Grecian land, under the roots
Of Ætna and its crags, spotted with fire.
Turn them to converse under human laws,
Receive us shipwreckt suppliants, and provide
Food, clothes, and fire, and hospitable gifts;
Nor fixing upon oxen-piercing spits
Our limbs, so fill your belly and your jaws.
Priam's wide land has widowed Greece enough;
And weapon-wingèd murder heapt together
Enough of dead, and wives are husbandless,
And ancient women and gray fathers wail
Their childless age; — if you should roast the rest,
And 't is a bitter feast that you prepare,
Where then would any turn? Yet be persuaded;
Forego the lust of your jaw-bone; prefer
Pious humanity to wicked will:
Many have bought too dear their evil joys.
Silenus. Let me advise you, do not spare a morsel
Of all his flesh. If you should eat his tongue
You would become most eloquent, O Cyclops.
Cyclops. Wealth, my good fellow, is the wise man's God,
All other things are a pretence and boast.
What are my father's ocean promontories,
The sacred rocks whereon he dwells, to me?
Stranger, I laugh to scorn Jove's thunderbolt,
I know not that his strength is more than mine.
As to the rest I care not: — When he pours
Rain from above, I have a close pavilion
Under this rock, in which I lie supine,
Feasting on a roast calf or some wild beast,
And drinking pans of milk, and gloriously
Emulating the thunder of high heaven.
And when the Thracian wind pours down the snow,
I wrap my body in the skins of beasts,
Kindle a fire, and bid the snow whirl on.
The earth, by force, whether it will or no,
Bringing forth grass, fattens my flocks and herds,
Which, to what other God but to myself
And this great belly, first of deities,
Should I be bound to sacrifice? I well know
The wise man's only Jupiter is this,
To eat and drink during his little day,

And give himself no care. And as for those
Who complicate with laws the life of man,
I freely give them tears for their reward.
I will not cheat my soul of its delight,
Or hesitate in dining upon you:—
And that I may be quit of all demands,
These are my hospitable gifts;—fierce fire
And yon ancestral caldron, which o'er-bubbling
Shall finely cook your miserable flesh.
Creep in!—

. . . . . .

Ulysses. Ai! ai! I have escaped the Trojan toils,
I have escaped the sea, and now I fall
Under the cruel grasp of one impious man.
O Pallas, mistress, Goddess, sprung from Jove,
Now, now, assist me! Mightier toils than Troy
Are these;—I totter on the chasms of peril;—
And thou who inhabitest the thrones
Of the bright stars, look, hospitable Jove,
Upon this outrage of thy deity,
Otherwise be considered as no God!

Chorus (alone).

For your gaping gulf, and your gullet wide
The ravin is ready on every side,
The limbs of the strangers are cookt and done,
There is boiled meat, and roast meat, and meat from the coal,
You may chop it, and tear it, and gnash it for fun,
An hairy goat's-skin contains the whole.
Let me but escape, and ferry me o'er
The stream of your wrath to a safer shore,
The Cyclops Ætnean is cruel and bold,
He murders the strangers
That sit on his hearth,
And dreads no avengers
To rise from the earth.
He roasts the men before they are cold,
He snatches them broiling from the coal,
And from the caldron pulls them whole,
And minces their flesh and gnaws their bone
With his cursèd teeth, till all be gone.
Farewell, foul pavilion:
Farewell, rites of dread!
The Cyclops vermilion,
With slaughter uncloying,
Now feasts on the dead,
In the flesh of strangers joying!

Ulysses. O Jupiter! I saw within the cave
Horrible things; deeds to be feigned in words,
But not to be believed as being done.

Chorus. What! sawest thou the impious Polypheme
Feasting upon your loved companions now?

Ulysses. Selecting two, the plumpest of the crowd,
He graspt them in his hands.—

Chorus. Unhappy man!

. . . . . .

Ulysses. Soon as we came into this craggy place,
Kindling a fire, he cast on the broad hearth
The knotty limbs of an enormous oak,
Three waggon-loads at least, and then he strewed
Upon the ground, beside the red fire-light,
His couch of pine leaves; and he milkt the cows,
And pouring forth the white milk, filled a bowl
Three cubits wide and four in depth, as much
As would contain ten amphoræ, and bound it
With ivy wreaths; then placed upon the fire
A brazen pot to boil, and make red hot
The points of spits, not sharpened with the sickle,
But with a fruit tree bough, and with the jaws
Of axes for Ætnean slaughterings.[1]
And when this God-abandoned cook of hell
Had made all ready, he seized two of us

[1] I confess I do not understand this.

And killed them in a kind of measured manner;
For he flung one against the brazen rivets
Of the huge caldron, and seized the other
By the foot's tendon, and knockt out his brains
Upon the sharp edge of the craggy stone:
Then peeled his flesh with a great cooking-knife
And put him down to roast. The other's limbs
He chopt into the caldron to be boiled.
And I, with the tears raining from my eyes,
Stood near the Cyclops, ministering to him;
The rest, in the recesses of the cave,
Clung to the rock like bats, bloodless with fear.
When he was filled with my companions' flesh,
He threw himself upon the ground and sent
A loathsome exhalation from his maw.
Then a divine thought came to me. I filled
The cup of Maron, and I offered him
To taste, and said: — "Child of the Ocean God,
Behold what drink the vines of Greece produce,
The exultation and the joy of Bacchus."
He, satiated with his unnatural food,
Received it, and at one draught drank it off,
And taking my hand, praised me: — "Thou hast given
A sweet draught after a sweet meal, dear guest."
And I perceiving that it pleased him, filled
Another cup, well knowing that the wine
Would wound him soon and take a sure revenge.
And the charm fascinated him, and I
Plied him cup after cup, until the drink
Had warmed his entrails, and he sang aloud
In concert with my wailing fellow-seamen
A hideous discord — and the cavern rung.
I have stolen out, so that if you will
You may achieve my safety and your own.
But say, do you desire, or not, to fly
This uncompanionable man, and dwell
As was your wont among the Grecian Nymphs
Within the fanes of your belovèd God?
Your father there within agrees to it,
But he is weak and overcome with wine,
And caught as if with bird-lime by the cup,
He claps his wings and crows in doting joy.
You who are young escape with me, and find
Bacchus your ancient friend; unsuited he
To this rude Cyclops.

Chorus. Oh my dearest friend,
That I could see that day, and leave forever
The impious Cyclops.

. . . . . .

Ulysses. Listen then what a punishment I have
For this fell monster, how secure a flight
From your hard servitude.

Chorus. O sweeter far
Than is the music of an Asian lyre
Would be the news of Polypheme destroyed.

Ulysses. Delighted with the Bacchic drink he goes
To call his brother Cyclops — who inhabit
A village upon Ætna not far off.

Chorus. I understand, catching him when alone
You think by some measure to dispatch him,
Or thrust him from the precipice.

Ulysses. Oh no;
Nothing of that kind; my device is subtle.

Chorus. How then? I heard of old that thou wert wise.

Ulysses. I will dissuade him from this plan, by saying
It were unwise to give the Cyclopses
This precious drink, which if enjoyed alone
Would make life sweeter for a longer time.

When vanquisht by the Bacchic power,
he sleeps,
There is a trunk of olive wood within,
Whose point having made sharp with
this good sword
I will conceal in fire, and when I see
It is alight, will fix it, burning yet,
Within the socket of the Cyclops' eye
And melt it out with fire — as when a
man
Turns by its handle a great augur round,
Fitting the framework of a ship with
beams,
So will I, in the Cyclops' fiery eye
Turn round the brand and dry the pupil
up.

Chorus. Joy! I am mad with joy at
your device.

Ulysses. And then with you, my
friends, and the old man,
We 'll load the hollow depth of our black
ship,
And row with double strokes from this
dread shore.

Chorus. May I, as in libations to a
God,
Share in the blinding him with the red
brand?
I would have some communion in his
death.

Ulysses. Doubtless: the brand is a
great brand to hold.

Chorus. Oh! I would lift a hundred
wagon-loads,
If like a wasp's nest I could scoop the
eye out
Of the detested Cyclops.

Ulysses. Silence now!
Ye know the close device — and when I
call,
Look ye obey the masters of the craft.
I will not save myself and leave behind
My comrades in the cave: I might es-
cape,
Having got clear from that obscure
recess,
But 't were unjust to leave in jeopardy
The dear companions who sailed here
with me.

Chorus.

Come! who is first, that with his hand
Will urge down the burning brand
Thro' the lids, and quench and pierce
The Cyclops' eye so fiery fierce?

Semichorus I. (*Song within.*)

Listen! listen! he is coming,
A most hideous discord humming.
Drunken, museless, awkward, yelling,
Far along his rocky dwelling;
Let us with some comic spell
Teach the yet unteachable.
By all means he must be blinded,
If my council be but minded.

Semichorus II.

Happy those made odorous
With the dew which sweet grapes
weep,
To the village hastening thus,
Seek the vines that soothe to sleep,
Having first embraced thy friend,
There in luxury without end,
With the strings of yellow hair,
Of thy voluptuous leman fair,
Shalt sit playing on a bed! —
Speak what door is openèd?

Cyclops.

Ha! ha! ha! I'm full of wine,
Heavy with the joy divine,
With the young feast oversated,
Like a merchant's vessel freighted
To the water's edge, my crop
Is laden to the gullet's top.
The fresh meadow grass of spring
Tempts me forth thus wandering
To my brothers on the mountains,
Who shall share the wine's sweet
fountains.
Bring the cask, O stranger, bring!

Chorus.

One with eyes the fairest
Cometh from his dwelling,
Some one loves thee, rarest,
Bright beyond my telling.
In thy grace thou shinest
Like some nymph divinest,
In her caverns dewy: —
All delights pursue thee,
Soon pied flowers, sweet-breathing,
Shall thy head be wreathing.

Ulysses. Listen, O Cyclops, for I am well skilled
In Bacchus, whom I gave thee of to drink.
Cyclops. What sort of God is Bacchus then accounted?
Ulysses. The greatest among men for joy of life.
Cyclops. I gulpt him down with very great delight.
Ulysses. This is a God who never injures men.
Cyclops. How does the God like living in a skin?
Ulysses. He is content wherever he is put.
Cyclops. Gods should not have their body in a skin.
Ulysses. If he gives joy what is his skin to you?
Cyclops. I hate the skin, but love the wine within.
Ulysses. Stay here, now drink, and make your spirit glad.
Cyclops. Should I not share this liquor with my brothers?
Ulysses. Keep it yourself, and be more honored so.
Cyclops. I were more useful giving to my friends.
Ulysses. But village mirth breeds contests, broils, and blows.
Cyclops. When I am drunk none shall lay hands on me. —
Ulysses. A drunken man is better within doors.
Cyclops. He is a fool, who drinking, loves not mirth.
Ulysses. But he is wise, who drunk, remains at home.
Cpclops. What shall I do, Silenus? Shall I stay?
Silenus. Stay — for what need have you of pot companions?
Cyclops. Indeed this place is closely carpeted
With flowers and grass.
Silenus. And in the sun-warm noon
'T is sweet to drink. Lie down beside me now,
Placing your mighty sides upon the ground.
Cyclops. What do you put the cup behind me for?
Silenus. That no one here may touch it.
Cyclops. Thievish one!
You want to drink; — here place it in the midst.
And thou, O stranger, tell how art thou called?
Ulysses. My name is Nobody. What favor now
Shall I receive to praise you at your hands?
Cyclops. I'll feast on you the last of your companions.
Ulysses. You grant your guest a fair reward, O Cyclops.
Cyclops. Ha! what is this? Stealing the wine, you rogue!
Silenus. It was this stranger kissing me because
I looked so beautiful.
Cyclops. You shall repent
For kissing the coy wine that loves you not.
Silenus. By Jupiter! you said that I am fair.
Cyclops. Pour out, and only give me the cup full.
Silenus. How is it mixt? let me observe.
Cyclops. Curse you!
Give it me so.
Silenus. Not till I see you wear
That coronal, and taste the cup to you.
Cyclops. Thou wily traitor!
Silenus. But the wine is sweet.
Ay, you will roar if you are caught in drinking.
Cyclops. See now, my lip is clean and all my beard.
Silenus. Now put your elbow right and drink again.
As you see me drink — . . .
Cyclops. How now?
Silenus. Ye Gods, what a delicious gulp!
Cyclops. Guest, take it; — you pour out the wine for me.
Ulysses. The wine is well accustomed to my hand.
Cyclops. Pour out the wine!
Ulysses. I pour; only be silent.

Cyclops. Silence is a hard task to him who drinks.
Ulysses. Take it and drink it off; leave not a dreg.
Oh, that the drinker died with his own draught!
Cyclops. Papai! the vine must be a sapient plant.
Ulysses. If you drink much after a mighty feast,
Moistening your thirsty maw, you will sleep well;
If you leave aught, Bacchus will dry you up.
Cyclops. Ho! ho! I can scarce rise. What pure delight!
The heavens and earth appear to whirl about.
Confusedly. I see the throne of Jove
And the clear congregation of the Gods.
Now if the Graces tempted me to kiss
I would not, for the loveliest of them all
I would not leave this Ganymede.
Silenus. Polypheme,
I am the Ganymede of Jupiter.
Cyclops. By Jove you are; I bore you off from Dardanus.
. . . .

Ulysses and the Chorus

Ulysses. Come, boys of Bacchus, children of high race,
This man within is folded up in sleep,
And soon will vomit flesh from his fell maw;
The brand under the shed thrusts out its smoke,
No preparation needs, but to burn out
The monster's eye; — but bear yourselves like men.
Chorus. We will have courage like the adamant rock,
All things are ready for you here; go in,
Before our father shall perceive the noise.
Ulysses. Vulcan, Ætnean king! burn out with fire
The shining eye of this thy neighboring monster!
And thou, O sleep, nursling of gloomy night,
Descend unmixt on this God-hated beast,
And suffer not Ulysses and his comrades,
Returning from their famous Trojan toils,
To perish by this man, who cares not either
For God or mortal; or I needs must think
That Chance is a supreme divinity,
And things divine are subject to her power.

Chorus.

Soon a crab the throat will seize
Of him who feeds upon his guest,
Fire will burn his lamp-like eyes
In revenge of such a feast!
A great oak stump now is lying
In the ashes yet undying.
Come, Maron, come!
Raging let him fix the doom,
Let him tear the eyelid up
Of the Cyclops — that his cup
May be evil!
Oh! I long to dance and revel
With sweet Bromian, long desired,
In loved ivy wreaths attired;
Leaving this abandoned home —
Will the moment ever come?
Ulysses. Be silent, ye wild things! Nay, hold your peace,
And keep your lips quite close; dare not to breathe,
Or spit, or e'en wink lest ye wake the monster,
Until his eye be tortured out with fire.
Chorus. Nay, we are silent, and we chaw the air.
Ulysses. Come now, and lend a hand to the great stake
Within — it is delightfully red hot.
Chorus. You then command who first should seize the stake
To burn the Cyclops' eye, that all may share
In the great enterprise.
Semichorus I. We are too far,
We cannot at this distance from the door
Thrust fire into his eye.
Semichorus II. And we just now
Have become lame; cannot move hand or foot.
Chorus. The same thing has occurred to us, — our ankles
Are sprained with standing here, I know not how.

Ulysses. What, sprained with standing still?
Chorus. And there is dust
Or ashes in our eyes, I know not whence.
Ulysses. Cowardly dogs! ye will not aid me then?
Chorus. With pitying my own back and my back bone,
And with not wishing all my teeth knockt out,
This cowardice comes of itself — but stay,
I know a famous Orphic incantation
To make the brand stick of its own accord
Into the skull of this one-eyed son of Earth.
Ulysses. Of old I knew ye thus by nature; now
I know ye better. — I will use the aid
Of my own comrades — Yet tho' weak of hand
Speak cheerfully, that so ye may awaken
The courage of my friends with your blithe words.
Chorus. This I will do with peril of my life,
And blind you with my exhortations, Cyclops.
Hasten and thrust,
And parch up to dust,
The eye of the beast,
Who feeds on his guest.
Burn and blind
The Ætnean hind!
Scoop and draw,
But beware lest he claw
Your limbs near his maw.
Cyclops. Ah me! my eyesight is parcht up to cinders.
Chorus. What a sweet pæan! sing me that again!
Cyclops. Ah me! indeed, what woe has fallen upon me!
But wretched nothings, think ye not to flee
Out of this rock; I, standing at the outlet,
Will bar the way and catch you as you pass.
Chorus. What are you roaring out, Cyclops?
Cyclops. I perish!
Chorus. For you are wicked.
Cyclops. And besides miserable.
Chorus. What, did you fall into the fire when drunk?
Cyclops. 'T was Nobody destroyed me.
Chorus. Why then no one
Can be to blame.
Cyclops. I say 't was Nobody
Who blinded me.
Chorus. Why then you are not blind.
Cyclops. I wish you were as blind as I am.
Chorus. Nay,
It cannot be that no one made you blind.
Cyclops. You jeer me; where, I ask, is Nobody?
Chorus. Nowhere, O Cyclops.
Cyclops. It was that stranger ruined me: — the wretch
First gave me wine and then burnt out my eye,
For wine is strong and hard to struggle with.
Have they escaped, or are they yet within?
Chorus. They stand under the darkness of the rock
And cling to it.
Cyclops. At my right hand or left?
Chorus. Close on your right.
Cyclops. Where?
Chorus. Near the rock itself.
You have them.
Cyclops. Oh, misfortune on misfortune!
I've crackt my skull.
Chorus. Now they escape you there.
Cyclops. Not there, altho' you say so.
Chorus. Not on that side.
Cyclops. Where then?
Chorus. They creep about you on your left.
Cyclops. Ah! I am mockt! They jeer me in my ills.
Chorus. Not there! he is a little there beyond you.
Cyclops. Detested wretch! where are you?
Ulysses. Far from you
I keep with care this body of Ulysses.

Cyclops. What do you say? You proffer a new name.
Ulysses. My father named me so; and I have taken
A full revenge for your unnatural feast;
I should have done ill to have burned down Troy
And not revenged the murder of my comrades.
Cyclops. Ai! ai! the ancient oracle is accomplisht;
It said that I should have my eyesight blinded
By you coming from Troy, yet it foretold
That you should pay the penalty for this
By wandering long over the homeless sea.
Ulysses. I bid thee weep — consider what I say,
I go towards the shore to drive my ship
To mine own land, o'er the Sicilian wave.
Cyclops. Not so, if whelming you with this huge stone
I can crush you and all your men together;
I will descend upon the shore, tho' blind,
Groping my way adown the steep ravine.
Chorus. And we, the shipmates of Ulysses now,
Will serve our Bacchus all our happy lives.

EPIGRAMS.

I. — TO STELLA.

FROM THE GREEK OF PLATO.

THOU wert the morning star among the living,
Ere thy fair light had fled; —
Now, having died, thou art as Hesperus, giving
New splendor to the dead.

II. — KISSING HELENA.

FROM THE GREEK OF PLATO.

KISSING Helena, together
With my kiss, my soul beside it
Came to my lips, and there I kept it, —
For the poor thing had wandered thither,
To follow where the kiss should guide it,
Oh, cruel I, to intercept it!

III. — SPIRIT OF PLATO.

FROM THE GREEK.

EAGLE! why soarest thou above that tomb?
To what sublime and star-ypaven home
Floatest thou?
"I am the image of swift Plato's spirit,
Ascending heaven — Athens doth inherit
His corpse below."

IV. — CIRCUMSTANCE.

FROM THE GREEK.

A MAN who was about to hang himself,
Finding a purse, then threw away his rope;
The owner, coming to reclaim his pelf,
The halter found and used it. So is Hope
Changed for Despair — one laid upon the shelf,
We take the other. Under heaven's high cope
Fortune is God — all you endure and do
Depends on circumstance as much as you.

FRAGMENT OF THE ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF ADONIS.

FROM THE GREEK OF BION.

I MOURN Adonis dead — loveliest Adonis —
Dead, dead Adonis — and the Loves lament.
Sleep no more, Venus, wrapt in purple woof —
Wake, violet-stolèd queen, and weave the crown
Of Death, — 't is Misery calls, — for he is dead.

The lovely one lies wounded in the mountains,
His white thigh struck with the white tooth; he scarce
Yet breathes; and Venus hangs in agony there.
The dark blood wanders o'er his snowy limbs,
His eyes beneath their lids are lustreless,
The rose has fled from his wan lips, and there
That kiss is dead, which Venus gathers yet.

A deep deep wound Adonis . . .
A deeper Venus bears upon her heart.
See, his belovèd dogs are gathering round —
The Oread nymphs are weeping — Aphrodite
With hair unbound is wandering thro' the woods,
Wildered, ungirt, unsandalled — the thorns pierce
Her hastening feet and drink her sacred blood.
Bitterly screaming out she is driven on
Thro' the long vales; and her Assyrian boy,
Her love, her husband calls — The purple blood
From his struck thigh stains her white navel now,
Her bosom, and her neck before like snow.

Alas for Cytherea—the Loves mourn—
The lovely, the beloved is gone — and now
Her sacred beauty vanishes away.
For Venus whilst Adonis lived was fair —
Alas her loveliness is dead with him.
The oaks and mountains cry "Ai! ai! Adonis!"
The springs their waters changed to tears and weep —
The flowers are withered up with grief . . .

Ai! ai! Adonis is dead
Echo resounds Adonis dead.
Who will weep not thy dreadful woe, O Venus?
Soon as she saw and knew the mortal wound
Of her Adonis — saw the life-blood flow
From his fair thigh, now wasting, wailing loud
She clasp't him and cried "Stay, Adonis!
Stay dearest one, . . .
and mix my lips with thine —
Wake yet a while Adonis — oh but once,
That I may kiss thee now for the last time —
But for as long as one short kiss may live —
Oh let thy breath flow from thy dying soul
Even to my mouth and heart, that I may suck
That . . .

FRAGMENT OF THE ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF BION.

FROM THE GREEK OF MOSCHUS.

Ye Dorian woods and waves lament aloud, —
Augment your tide, O streams, with fruitless tears,
For the belovèd Bion is no more.
Let every tender herb and plant and flower,
From each dejected bud and drooping bloom,
Shed dews of liquid sorrow, and with breath
Of melancholy sweetness on the wind
Diffuse its languid love; let roses blush,
Anemones grow paler for the loss
Their dells have known; and thou, O hyacinth,
Utter thy legend now — yet more, dumb flower,
Than "Ah! alas!"—thine is no common grief —
Bion the [sweetest singer] is no more.

FROM THE GREEK OF MOSCHUS.

Τὰν ἅλα τὰν γλαυκὰν ὅταν ὤνεμος ἀτρέμα βάλλῃ— κ. τ. λ.

When winds that move not its calm surface sweep

The azure sea, I love the land no more;
The smiles of the serene and tranquil deep
Tempt my unquiet mind. — But when the roar
Of Ocean's gray abyss resounds, and foam
Gathers upon the sea, and vast waves burst,
I turn from the drear aspect to the home
Of earth and its deep woods, where intersperst,
When winds blow loud, pines make sweet melody.
Whose house is some lone bark, whose toil the sea,
Whose prey the wandering fish, an evil lot
Has chosen. — But I my languid limbs will fling
Beneath the plane, where the brook's murmuring
Moves the calm spirit, but disturbs it not.

PAN, ECHO, AND THE SATYR.

FROM THE GREEK OF MOSCHUS.

PAN loved his neighbor Echo — but that child
Of Earth and Air pined for the Satyr leaping;
The Satyr loved with wasting madness wild
The bright nymph Lyda, — and so three went weeping.
As Pan loved Echo, Echo loved the Satyr,
The Satyra Lyda — and so love consumed them. —
And thus to each — which was a woful matter —
To bear what they inflicted Justice doomed them;
For in as much as each might hate the lover,
Each loving, so was hated. — Ye that love not
Be warned — in thought turn this example over,
That when ye love — the like return ye prove not.

FROM VERGIL'S TENTH ECLOGUE.

[Vv. 1-26.]

MELODIOUS Arethusa, o'er my verse
Shed thou once more the spirit of thy stream:
Who denies verse to Gallus? So, when thou
Glidest beneath the green and purple gleam
Of Syracusan waters, mayst thou flow
Unmingled with the bitter Doric dew!
Begin, and, whilst the goats are browsing now
The soft leaves, in our way let us pursue
The melancholy loves of Gallus. List!
We sing not to the dead: the wild woods knew
His sufferings, and their echoes . . .
Young Naiads, in what far woodlands wild
Wandered ye when unworthy love possest
Your Gallus? Not where Pindus is up-piled,
Nor where Parnassus' sacred mount, nor where
Aonian Aganippe expands . . .
The laurels and the myrtle-copses dim.
The pine-encircled mountain, Mænalus,
The cold crags of Lycæus, weep for him;
And Sylvan, crowned with rustic coronals,
Came shaking in his speed the budding wands
And heavy lilies which he bore: we knew
Pan the Arcadian.
. . . . . .
What madness is this, Gallus? Thy heart's care
With willing steps pursues another there.

SONNET.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF DANTE.

Dante Alighieri to Guido Cavalcanti.

GUIDO, I would that Lapo, thou, and I
Led by some strong enchantment, might ascend

A magic ship, whose charmèd sails should fly
With winds at will where'er our thoughts might wend,
And that no change, nor any evil chance
Should mar our joyous voyage; but if might be,
That even satiety should still enhance
Between our hearts their strict community:
And that the bounteous wizard then would place
Vanna and Bice and my gentle love,
Companions of our wandering, and would grace
With passionate talk, wherever we might rove,
Our time, and each were as content and free
As I believe that thou and I should be.

THE FIRST CANZONE OF THE CONVITO.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF DANTE.

I.

Ye who intelligent the third heaven move,
Hear the discourse which is within my Heart,
Which cannot be declared, it seems so new;
The Heaven whose course follows your power and art,
Oh, gentle creatures that ye are! me drew,
And therefore may I dare to speak to you,
Even of the life which now I live — and yet
I pray that ye will hear me when I cry,
And tell of mine own Heart this novelty;
How the lamenting Spirit moans in it,
And how a voice there murmurs against her
Who came on the refulgence of your sphere.

II.

A sweet Thought, which was once the life within
This heavy Heart, many a time and oft
Went up before our Father's feet, and there
It saw a glorious Lady throned aloft;
And its sweet talk of her my soul did win,
So that I said, "Thither I too will fare."
That Thought is fled, and one doth now appear
Which tyrannizes me with such fierce stress,
That my heart trembles — ye may see it leap —
And on another Lady bids me keep
Mine eyes, and says — "Who would have blessedness
Let him but look upon that Lady's eyes,
Let him not fear the agony of sighs."

III.

This lowly Thought, which once would talk with me
Of a bright Seraph sitting crowned on high,
Found such a cruel foe it died, and so
My Spirit wept, the grief is hot even now —
And said, "Alas for me! how swift could flee
That piteous thought which did my life console!"
And the afflicted one questioning
Mine eyes, if such a Lady saw they never,
And why they would . . .
I said: "Beneath those eyes might stand for ever
He whom regards must kill with . . .
To have known their power stood me in little stead,
Those eyes have lookt on me, and I am dead."

IV.

"Thou art not dead, but thou hast wanderèd,

Thou Soul of ours, who thyself dost fret,
A Spirit of gentle Love beside me said;
For that fair Lady, whom thou dost regret,
Hath so transformed the life which thou hast led,
Thou scornest it, so worthless art thou made.
And see how meek, how pitiful, how staid,
Yet courteous, in her majesty she is.
And still call thou her 'Woman' in thy thought;
Her whom, if thou thyself deceivest not,
Thou wilt behold deckt with such loveliness,
That thou wilt cry '[Love] only Lord, lo here
Thy handmaiden, do what thou wilt with her.' ''

v.

My Song, I fear that thou wilt find but few
Who fitly shall conceive thy reasoning
Of such hard matter dost thou entertain.
Whence, if by misadventure chance should bring
Thee to base company, as chance may do,
Quite unaware of what thou dost contain,
I prithee comfort thy sweet self again,
My last delight; tell them that they are dull,
And bid them own that thou art beautiful.

MATILDA GATHERING FLOWERS.

FROM THE PURGATORIO OF DANTE, CANTO XXVIII, 1–51.

And earnest to explore within — around
The divine wood, whose thick green living woof
Tempered the young day to the sight — I wound
Up the green slope, beneath the forest's roof,
With slow soft steps leaving the mountain's steep,
And sought those inmost labyrinths, motion-proof

Against the air, that in that stillness deep
And solemn, struck upon my forehead bare,
The slow soft stroke of a continuous . . .

In which the leaves tremblingly were
All bent towards that part where earliest
The sacred hill obscures the morning air.

Yet were they not so shaken from the rest,
But that the birds, percht on the utmost spray,
Incessantly renewing their blithe quest,

With perfect joy received the early day,
Singing within the glancing leaves, whose sound
Kept a low burden to their roundelay,

Such as from bough to bough gathers around
The pine forest on bleak Chiassi's shore,
When Æolus Sirocco has unbound.

My slow steps had already borne me o'er
Such space within the antique wood, that I
Perceived not where I entered any more,

When, lo! a stream whose little waves went by,
Bending towards the left thro' grass that grew
Upon its bank, impeded suddenly

My going on. Water of purest hue
On earth, would appear turbid and impure
Compared with this, whose unconcealing dew,

Dark, dark, yet clear, moved under the obscure
Eternal shades, whose interwoven looms
The rays of moon or sunlight ne'er endure.

I moved not with my feet, but mid the glooms
Pierced with my charmèd eye contemplating
The mighty multitude of fresh May blooms

Which starred that night, when, even as a thing
That suddenly for blank astonishment
Charms every sense, and makes all thought take wing,

A solitary woman! and she went
Singing and gathering flower after flower,
With which her way was painted and besprent.

Bright lady, who, if looks had ever power
To bear true witness of the heart within,
Dost bask under the beams of love, come lower

Towards this bank. I prithee let me win
This much of thee, to come, that I may hear
Thy song; like Proserpine, in Enna's glen,

Thou seemest to my fancy, singing here
And gathering flowers, as that fair maiden when
She lost the spring, and Ceres her, more dear.

FRAGMENT

ADAPTED FROM THE VITA NUOVA OF DANTE.

WHAT Mary is when she a little smiles
I cannot even tell or call to mind,
It is a miracle, so new, so rare.

SONNET

FROM THE ITALIAN OF CAVALCANTI.

GUIDO CAVALCANTI TO DANTE ALIGHIERI.

RETURNING from its daily quest, my Spirit
Changed thoughts and vile in thee doth weep to find:
It grieves me that thy mild and gentle mind
Those ample virtues which it did inherit
Has lost. Once thou didst loathe the multitude
Of blind and madding men — I then loved thee —
I loved thy lofty songs and that sweet mood
When thou wert faithful to thyself and me.
I dare not now thro' thy degraded state
Own the delight thy strains inspire — in vain
I seek what once thou wert — we can not meet
As we were wont. Again and yet again
Ponder my words: so the false Spirit shall fly
And leave to thee thy true integrity.

SCENES FROM THE MAGICO PRODIGIOSO.

FROM THE SPANISH OF CALDERON.

SCENE I. — *Enter* CYPRIAN, *dressed as a Student;* CLARIN *and* MOSCON *as poor Scholars, with books.*

Cyprian. In the sweet solitude of this calm place,
This intricate wild wilderness of trees
And flowers and undergrowth of odorous plants,
Leave me; the books you brought out of the house
To me are ever best society.
And while with glorious festival and song,
Antioch now celebrates the consecration
Of a proud temple to great Jupiter,
And bears his image in loud jubilee
To its new shrine, I would consume what still
Lives of the dying day, in studious thought,
Far from the throng and turmoil. You, my friends,
Go, and enjoy the festival; it will
Be worth your pains. You may return for me

When the sun seeks its grave among the billows,
Which among dim gray clouds on the horizon,
Dance like white plumes upon a hearse; — and here
I shall expect you.

Moscon. I can not bring my mind,
Great as my haste to see the festival
Certainly is, to leave you, Sir, without
Just saying some three or four thousand words.
How is it possible that on a day
Of such festivity, you can be content
To come forth to a solitary country
With three or four old books, and turn your back
On all this mirth?

Clarin. My master's in the right;
There is not anything more tiresome
Than a procession day, with troops, and priests,
And dances, and all that.

Moscon. From first to last,
Clarin, you are a temporising flatterer:
You praise not what you feel but what he does; —
Toad-eater!

Clarin. You lie — under a mistake —
For this is the most civil sort of lie
That can be given to a man's race. I now
Say what I think.

Cyprian. Enough, you foolish fellows!
Pufft up with your own doting ignorance,
You always take the two sides of one question.
Now go; and as I said, return for me
When night falls, veiling in its shadows wide
This glorious fabric of the universe.

Moscon. How happens it, altho' you can maintain
The folly of enjoying festivals,
That yet you go there?

Clarin. Nay, the consequence
Is clear: — who ever did what he advises
Others to do? —

Moscon. Would that my feet were wings,
So would I fly to Livia. [*Exit.*

Clarin. To speak truth,
Livia is she who has surprised my heart;
But he is more than half-way there. — Soho!
Livia, I come; good sport, Livia, soho!
[*Exit.*

Cyprian. Now, since I am alone, let me examine
The question which has long disturbed my mind
With doubt, since first I read in Plinius
The words of mystic import and deep sense
In which he defines God. My intellect
Can find no God with whom these marks and signs
Fitly agree. It is a hidden truth
Which I must fathom.

[CYPRIAN *reads; the* DÆMON, *dressed in a Court dress, enters.*]

Dæmon. Search even as thou wilt,
But thou shalt never find what I can hide.

Cyprian. What noise is that among the boughs? Who moves?
What art thou? —

Dæmon. 'T is a foreign gentleman.
Even from this morning I have lost my way
In this wild place; and my poor horse at last,
Quite overcome, has stretcht himself upon
The enamelled tapestry of this mossy mountain,
And feeds and rests at the same time. I was
Upon my way to Antioch upon business
Of some importance, but wrapt up in cares
(Who is exempt from this inheritance?)
I parted from my company, and lost
My way, and lost my servants and my comrades.

Cyprian. 'T is singular that even within the sight
Of the high towers of Antioch you could lose
Your way. Of all the avenues and green paths

Of this wild wood there is not one but leads,
As to its centre, to the walls of Antioch;
Take which you will you cannot miss your road.
Dæmon. And such is ignorance! Even in the sight
Of knowledge, it can draw no profit from it,
But as it still is early, and as I
Have no acquaintances in Antioch,
Being a stranger there, I will even wait
The few surviving hours of the day,
Until the night shall conquer it. I see
Both by your dress and by the books in which
You find delight and company, that you
Are a great student; — for my part, I feel
Much sympathy in such pursuits.
Cyprian. Have you
Studied much?
Dæmon. No, — and yet I know enough
Not to be wholly ignorant.
Cyprian. Pray, Sir,
What science may you know? —
Dæmon. Many.
Cyprian. Alas!
Much pains must we expend on one alone,
And even then attain it not; — but you
Have the presumption to assert that you
Know many without study.
Dæmon. And with truth.
For in the country whence I come the sciences
Require no learning, — they are known.
Cyprian. Oh would
I were of that bright country! for in this
The more we study, we the more discover
Our ignorance.
Dæmon. It is so true, that I
Had so much arrogance as to oppose
The chair of the most high Professorship,
And obtained many votes, and tho' I lost,
The attempt was still more glorious, than the failure
Could be dishonorable. If you believe not,
Let us refer it to dispute respecting
That which you know the best, and altho' I
Know not the opinion you maintain, and tho'
It be the true one, I will take the contrary.
Cyprian. The offer gives me pleasure. I am now
Debating with myself upon a passage
Of Plinius, and my mind is rackt with doubt
To understand and know who is the God
Of whom he speaks.
Dæmon. It is a passage, if
I recollect it right, coucht in these words:
"God is one supreme goodness, one pure essence,
One substance, and one sense, all sight, all hands.
Cyprian. 'T is true.
Dæmon. What difficulty find you here?
Cyprian. I do not recognize among the Gods
The God defined by Plinius; if he must
Be supreme goodness, even Jupiter
Is not supremely good; because we see
His deeds are evil, and his attributes
Tainted with mortal weakness; in what manner
Can supreme goodness be consistent with
The passions of humanity?
Dæmon. The wisdom
Of the old world maskt with the names of Gods
The attributes of Nature and of Man;
A sort of popular philosophy.
Cyprian. This reply will not satisfy me, for
Such awe is due to the high name of God
That ill should never be imputed. Then
Examining the question with more care,
It follows, that the Gods would always will
That which is best, were they supremely good.
How then does one will one thing, one another?

And that you may not say that I allege
Poetical or philosophic learning:—
Consider the ambiguous responses
Of their oracular statues; from two shrines
Two armies shall obtain the assurance of
One victory. Is it not indisputable
That two contending wills can never lead
To the same end? And being opposite,
If one be good is not the other evil?
Evil in God is inconceivable;
But supreme goodness fails among the Gods
Without their union.

Dæmon. I deny your major.
These responses are means towards some end
Unfathomed by our intellectual beam.
They are the work of providence, and more
The battle's loss may profit those who lose,
Than victory advantage those who win.

Cyprian. That I admit; and yet that God should not
(Falsehood is incompatible with deity)
Assure the victory; it would be enough
To have permitted the defeat. If God
Be all sight, — God, who had beheld the truth,
Would not have given assurance of an end
Never to be accomplisht: thus, altho'
The Deity may according to his attributes
Be well distinguisht into persons, yet
Even in the minutest circumstance
His essence must be one.

Dæmon. To attain the end
The affections of the actors in the scene
Must have been thus influenced by his voice.

Cyprian. But for a purpose thus subordinate
He might have employed Genii, good or evil, —
A sort of spirits called so by the learned,
Who roam about inspiring good or evil,
And from whose influence and existence we
May well infer our immortality.
Thus God might easily, without descent
To a gross falsehood in his proper person,
Have moved the affections by this mediation
To the just point.

Dæmon. These trifling contradictions
Do not suffice to impugn the unity
Of the high Gods; in things of great importance
They still appear unanimous; consider
That glorious fabric man, — his workmanship
Is stampt with one conception.

Cyprian. Who made man
Must have, methinks, the advantage of the others.
If they are equal, might they not have risen
In opposition to the work, and being
All hands, according to our author here,
Have still destroyed even as the other made?
If equal in their power, unequal only
In opportunity, which of the two
Will remain conqueror?

Dæmon. On impossible
And false hypothesis there can be built
No argument. Say, what do you infer
From this?

Cyprian. That there must be a mighty God
Of supreme goodness and of highest grace,
All sight, all hands, all truth, infallible,
Without an equal and without a rival,
The cause of all things and the effect of nothing,
One power, one will, one substance, and one essence.
And in whatever persons, one or two,
His attributes may be distinguisht, one
Sovereign power, one solitary essence,
One cause of all cause. [*They rise.*

Dæmon. How can I impugn
So clear a consequence?

Cyprian. Do you regret
My victory?

Dæmon. Who but regrets a check
In rivalry of wit? I could reply
And urge new difficulties, but will now
Depart, for I hear steps of men approaching,
And it is time that I should now pursue
My journey to the city.

Cyprian. Go in peace!
Dæmon. Remain in peace! — Since thus it profits him
To study, I will wrap his senses up
In sweet oblivion of all thought, but of
A piece of excellent beauty; and as I
Have power given me to wage enmity
Against Justina's soul, I will extract
From one effect two vengeances.
[*Aside and exit.*
Cyprian. I never
Met a more learned person. Let me now
Revolve this doubt again with careful mind. [*He reads.*
FLORO *and* LELIO *enter.*
Lelio. Here stop. These toppling rocks and tangled boughs,
Impenetrable by the noonday beam,
Shall be sole witnesses of what we —
Floro. Draw!
If there were words, here is the place for deeds.
Lelio. Thou needest not instruct me; well I know
That in the field, the silent tongue of steel
Speaks thus, — [*They fight.*
Cyprian. Ha! what is this? Lelio, — Floro,
Be it enough that Cyprian stands between you,
Altho' unarmed.
Lelio. Whence comest thou, to stand
Between me and my vengeance!
Floro. From what rocks
And desert cells?
Enter MOSCON *and* CLARIN.
Moscon. Run! run! for where we left
My master, I now hear the clash of swords.
Clarin. I never run to approach things of this sort,
But only to avoid them. Sir! Cyprian! sir!
Cyprian. Be silent, fellows! What! two friends who are
In blood and fame the eyes and hope of Antioch,
One of the noble race of the Colalti,
The other son o' the Governor, adventure
And cast away, on some slight cause no doubt,
Two lives, the honor of their country?
Lelio. Cyprian!
Altho' my high respect towards your person
Holds now my sword suspended, thou canst not
Restore it to the slumber of the scabbard:
Thou knowest more of science than the duel;
For when two men of honor take the field,
No counsel nor respect can make them friends
But one must die in the dispute.
Floro. I pray
That you depart hence with your people, and
Leave us to finish what we have begun
Without advantage. —
Cyprian. Tho' you may imagine
That I know little of the laws of duel,
Which vanity and valor instituted,
You are in error. By my birth I am
Held no less than yourselves to know the limits
Of honor and of infamy, nor has study
Quencht the free spirit which first ordered them;
And thus to me, as one well experienced
In the false quicksands of the sea of honor,
You may refer the merits of the case;
And if I should perceive in your relation
That either has the right to satisfaction
From the other, I give you my word of honor
To leave you.
Lelio. Under this condition then
I will relate the cause, and you will cede
And must confess the impossibility
Of compromise; for the same lady is
Beloved by Floro and myself.
Floro. It seems
Much to me that the light of day should look
Upon that idol of my heart — but he —
Leave us to fight, according to thy word.
Cyprian. Permit one question further: is the lady
Impossible to hope or not?

Lelio. She is
So excellent, that if the light of day
Should excite Floro's jealousy, it were
Without just cause, for even the light of day
Trembles to gaze on her.
Cyprian. Would you for your
Part, marry her?
Floro. Such is my confidence.
Cyprian. And you?
Lelio. Oh! would that I could lift my hope
So high, for tho' she is extremely poor,
Her virtue is her dowry.
Cyprian. And if you both
Would marry her, is it not weak and vain,
Culpable and unworthy, thus beforehand
To slur her honor? What would the world say
If one should slay the other, and if she
Should afterwards espouse the murderer?

[*The rivals agree to refer their quarrel to* CYPRIAN; *who in consequence visits* JUSTINA, *and becomes enamoured of her: she disdains him, and he retires to a solitary sea-shore.*

SCENE II.

Cyprian.

O memory! permit it not
That the tyrant of my thought
Be another soul that still
Holds dominion o'er the will,
That would refuse, but can no more,
To bend, to tremble, and adore.
Vain idolatry! — I saw,
And gazing, became blind with error;
Weak ambition, which the awe
Of her presence bound to terror!
So beautiful she was — and I,
Between my love and jealousy,
Am so convulst with hope and fear,
Unworthy as it may appear; —
So bitter is the life I live,
That, hear me, Hell! I now would give
To thy most detested spirit
My soul, for ever to inherit,
To suffer punishment and pine,
So this woman may be mine.
Hear'st thou, Hell! dost thou reject it?
My soul is offered!
Dæmon (unseen). I accept it.
[*Tempest, with thunder and lightning.*

Cyprian.

What is this? ye heavens for ever pure,
At once intensely radiant and obscure!
Athwart the ethereal halls
The lightning's arrow and the thunder-balls
The day affright.
As from the horizon round,
Burst with earthquake sound,
In mighty torrents the electric fountains; —
Clouds quench the sun, and thunder-smoke
Strangles the air, and fire eclipses heaven.
Philosophy, thou canst not even
Compel their causes underneath thy yoke;
From yonder clouds even to the waves below
The fragments of a single ruin choke
Imagination's flight;
For, on flakes of surge, like feathers light,
The ashes of the desolation cast
Upon the gloomy blast,
Tell of the footsteps of the storm.
And nearer see the melancholy form
Of a great ship, the outcast of the sea,
Drives miserably!
And it must fly the pity of the port,
Or perish, and its last and sole resort
Is its own raging enemy.
The terror of the thrilling cry
Was a fatal prophecy
Of coming death, who hovers now
Upon that shattered prow,
That they who die not may be dying still.
And not alone the insane elements
Are populous with wild portents,
But that sad ship is as a miracle
Of sudden ruin, for it drives so fast
It seems as if it had arrayed its form
With the headlong storm.
It strikes — I almost feel the shock, —
It stumbles on a jagged rock, —
Sparkles of blood on the white foam are cast. [*A tempest.*

All exclaim within. We are all lost.
Dæmon (within). Now from this plank will I
Pass to the land and thus fulfil my scheme.

Cyprian.

As in contempt of the elemental rage
A man comes forth in safety, while the ship's
Great form is in a watery eclipse
Obliterated from the Ocean's page,
And round its wreck the huge sea-monsters sit,
A horrid conclave, and the whistling wave
Is heapt over its carcase, like a grave.

The DÆMON *enters as escaped from the sea.*

Dæmon (aside). It was essential to my purposes
To wake a tumult on the sapphire ocean,
That in this unknown form I might at length
Wipe out the blot of the discomfiture
Sustained upon the mountain, and assail
With a new war the soul of Cyprian,
Forging the instruments of his destruction
Even from his love and from his wisdom. — Oh!
Beloved earth, dear mother, in thy bosom
I seek a refuge from the monster who
Precipitates itself upon me.
Cyprian. Friend,
Collect thyself; and be the memory
Of thy late suffering, and thy greatest sorrow
But as a shadow of the past, — for nothing
Beneath the circle of the moon, but flows
And changes, and can never know repose.
Dæmon. And who art thou, before whose feet my fate
Has prostrated me?
Cyprian. One who, moved with pity,
Would soothe its stings.
Dæmon. Oh, that can never be!
No solace can my lasting sorrows find.
Cyprian. Wherefore?
Dæmon. Because my happiness is lost.
Yet I lament what has long ceast to be
The object of desire or memory,
And my life is not life.
Cyprian. Now, since the fury
Of this earthquaking hurricane is still,
And the crystalline heaven has reassumed
Its windless calm so quickly, that it seems
As if its heavy wrath had been awakened
Only to overwhelm that vessel, — speak,
Who art thou, and whence comest thou?
Dæmon. Far more
My coming hither cost, than thou hast seen
Or I can tell. Among my misadventures
This shipwreck is the least. Wilt thou hear?
Cyprian. Speak.
Dæmon. Since thou desirest, I will then unveil
Myself to thee; — for in myself I am
A world of happiness and misery;
This I have lost, and that I must lament
Forever. In my attributes I stood
So high and so heroically great,
In lineage so supreme, and with a genius
Which penetrated with a glance the world
Beneath my feet, that won by my high merit
A king — whom I may call the king of kings,
Because all others tremble in their pride
Before the terrors of his countenance,
In his high palace rooft with brightest gems
Of living light — call them the stars of Heaven —
Named me his counsellor. But the high praise
Stung me with pride and envy, and I rose
In mighty competition, to ascend
His seat and place my foot triumphantly
Upon his subject thrones. Chastised, I know
The depth to which ambition falls; too mad
Was the attempt, and yet more mad were now

Repentance of the irrevocable deed: —
Therefore I chose this ruin with the glory
Of not to be subdued, before the shame
Of reconciling me with him who reigns
By coward cession. — Nor was I alone,
Nor am I now, nor shall I be alone;
And there was hope, and there may still be hope,
For many suffrages among his vassals
Hailed me their lord and king, and many still
Are mine, and many more, perchance shall be.
Thus vanquisht, tho' in fact victorious,
I left his seat of empire, from mine eye
Shooting forth poisonous lightning, while my words
With inauspicious thunderings shook Heaven,
Proclaiming vengeance, public as my wrong,
And imprecating on his prostrate slaves
Rapine, and death, and outrage. Then I sailed
Over the mighty fabric of the world,
A pirate ambusht in its pathless sands,
A lynx croucht watchfully among its caves
And craggy shores; and I have wandered over
The expanse of these wild wildernesses
In this great ship, whose bulk is now dissolved
In the light breathings of the invisible wind,
And which the sea has made a dustless ruin,
Seeking ever a mountain, thro' whose forests
I seek a man whom I must now compel
To keep his word with me. I came arrayed
In tempest, and altho' my power could well
Bridle the forest winds in their career,
For other causes I forbore to soothe
Their fury to Favonian gentleness;
I could and would not; (thus I wake in him [*Aside.*
A love of magic art). Let not this tempest,
Nor the succeeding calm excite thy wonder;
For by my art the sun would turn as pale
As his weak sister with unwonted fear.
And, in my wisdom are the orbs of Heaven
Written as in a record; I have pierced
The flaming circles of their wondrous spheres
And know them as thou knowest every corner
Of this dim spot. Let it not seem to thee
That I boast vainly; wouldst thou that I work
A charm over this waste and savage wood,
This Babylon of crags and aged trees,
Filling its leafy coverts with a horror
Thrilling and strange? I am the friendless guest
Of these wild oaks and pines — and as from thee
I have received the hospitality
Of this rude place, I offer thee the fruit
Of years of toil in recompense; whate'er
Thy wildest dream presented to thy thought
As object of desire, that shall be thine.

. . . . . .

And thenceforth shall so firm an amity
'Twixt thee and me be, that neither fortune,
The monstrous phantom which pursues success,
That careful miser, that free prodigal,
Who ever alternates with changeful hand,
Evil and good, reproach and fame; nor Time,
That lodestar of the ages, to whose beam
The winged years speed o'er the intervals
Of their unequal revolutions; nor
Heaven itself, whose beautiful bright stars
Rule and adorn the world, can ever make
The least division between thee and me,
Since now I find a refuge in thy favor.

SCENE III. — *The* DÆMON *tempts* JUSTINA, *who is a Christian.*

Dæmon.

Abyss of Hell! I call on thee,
Thou wild misrule of thine own anarchy!
From thy prison-house set free
The spirits of voluptuous death,
That with their mighty breath
They may destroy a world of virgin thoughts;
Let her chaste mind with fancies thick as motes
Be peopled from thy shadowy deep,
Till her guiltless fantasy
Full to overflowing be!
And with sweetest harmony
Let birds, and flowers, and leaves and all things move
To love, only to love.
Let nothing meet her eyes
But signs of Love's soft victories;
Let nothing meet her ear
But sounds of Love's sweet sorrow,
So that from faith no succor she may borrow,
But, guided by my spirit blind
And in a magic snare entwined,
She may now seek Cyprian.
Begin, while I in silence bind
My voice, when thy sweet song thou hast began.

A Voice (*within*).

What is the glory far above
All else in human life!

All.

Love! love!

[*While these words are sung the* DÆMON *goes out at one door, and* JUSTINA *enters at another.*

The First Voice.

There is no form in which the fire
Of love its traces has imprest not.
Man lives far more in love's desire
Than by life's breath, soon possest not.
If all that lives must love or die,
All shapes on earth, or sea, or sky,
With one consent to Heaven cry
That the glory far above
All else in life is —

All.

Love! oh love!

Justina.

Thou melancholy thought which art
So flattering and so sweet, to thee
When did I give the liberty
Thus to afflict my heart?
What is the cause of this new power
Which doth my fevered being move,
Momently raging more and more?
What subtle pain is kindled now
Which from my heart doth overflow
Into my senses? —

All.

Love! oh love!

Justina.

'T is that enamoured nightingale
Who gives me the reply;
He ever tells the same soft tale
Of passion and of constancy
To his mate who rapt and fond
Listening sits a bough beyond.

Be silent, Nightingale — no more
Make me think, in hearing thee
Thus tenderly thy love deplore,
If a bird can feel his so,
What a man would feel for me.
And, voluptuous Vine, O thou
Who seekest most when least pursuing, —
To the trunk thou interlacest
Art the verdure which embracest,
And the weight which is its ruin, —
No more with green embraces, Vine,
Make me think on what thou lovest, —
For whilst thus thy boughs entwine,
I fear lest thou should'st teach me, sophist,
How arms might be entangled too.

Light-enchanted Sunflower, thou
Who gazest ever true and tender
On the sun's revolving splendor!
Follow not his faithless glance
With thy faded countenance,
Nor teach my beating heart to fear,
If leaves can mourn without a tear,
How must eyes weep! O Nightingale,
Cease from thy enamoured tale, —

Leafy Vine, unwreathe thy bower,
Restless Sunflower, cease to move,—
Or tell me all, what poisonous power
Ye use against me—

All.

Love! love! love!

Justina. It cannot be!—Whom have I ever loved?
Trophies of my oblivion and disdain,
Floro and Lelio did I not reject?
And Cyprian?

[*She becomes troubled at the name of Cyprian.*

Did I not requite him
With such severity, that he has fled
Where none has ever heard of him again?—
Alas! I now begin to fear that this
May be the occasion whence desire grows bold,
As if there were no danger. From the moment
That I pronounced to my own listening heart,
Cyprian is absent, O me miserable!
I know not what I feel! [*More calmly.* It must be pity
To think that such a man, whom all the world
Admired, should be forgot by all the world,
And I the cause.

[*She again becomes troubled.*

And yet if it were pity,
Florio and Lelio might have equal share,
For they are both imprisoned for my sake.
(*Calmly.*) Alas! what reasonings are these? it is
Enough I pity him, and that, in vain,
Without this ceremonious subtlety.
And woe is me! I know not where to find him now,
Even should I seek him thro' this wide world.

Enter DÆMON.

Dæmon. Follow, and I will lead thee where he is.

Justina. And who art thou, who hast found entrance hither,
Into my chamber thro' the doors and locks?
Art thou a monstrous shadow which my madness
Has formed in the idle air?

Dæmon. No. I am one
Called by the thought which tyrannizes thee
From his eternal dwelling; who this day
Is pledged to bear thee unto Cyprian.

Justina. So shall thy promise fail. This agony
Of passion which afflicts my heart and soul
May sweep imagination in its storm;
The will is firm.

Dæmon. Already half is done
In the imagination of an act.
The sin incurred, the pleasure then remains;
Let not the will stop half-way on the road.

Justina. I will not be discouraged, nor despair,
Altho' I thought it, and altho' 't is true
That thought is but a prelude to the deed:—
Thought is not in my power, but action is:
I will not move my foot to follow thee.

Dæmon. But a far mightier wisdom than thine own
Exerts itself within thee, with such power
Compelling thee to that which it inclines
That it shall force thy step; how wilt thou then
Resist, Justina?

Justina. By my free-will.

Dæmon. I
Must force thy will.

Justina. It is invincible;
It were not free if thou hadst power upon it.

[*He draws but cannot move her.*

Dæmon. Come, where a pleasure waits thee.

Justina. It were bought
Too dear.

Dæmon. 'T will soothe thy heart to softest peace.

Justina. 'T is dread captivity.

Dæmon. 'T is joy, 't is glory.

Justina. 'T is shame, 't is torment, 't is despair.
Dæmon. But how
Canst thou defend thyself from that or me,
If my power drags thee onward?
Justina. My defence
Consists in God.

[*He vainly endeavors to force her, and at last releases her.*

Dæmon. Woman, thou hast subdued me,
Only by not owning thyself subdued.
But since thou thus findest defence in God,
I will assume a feignèd form, and thus
Make thee a victim of my baffled rage.
For I will mask a spirit in thy form
Who will betray thy name to infamy,
And doubly shall I triumph in thy loss,
First by dishonoring thee, and then by turning
False pleasure to true ignominy.

[*Exit.*

Justina. I
Appeal to Heaven against thee; so that Heaven
May scatter thy delusions, and the blot
Upon my fame vanish in idle thought,
Even as flame dies in the envious air,
And as the floweret wanes at mòrning frost,
And thou shouldst never — But, alas! to whom
Do I still speak? — Did not a man but now
Stand here before me? — No, I am alone,
And yet I saw him. Is he gone so quickly?
Or can the heated mind engender shapes
From its own fear? Some terrible and strange
Peril is near. Lisander! father! lord!
Livia! —

Enter LISANDER *and* LIVIA.

Lisander. Oh my daughter! What?
Livia. What?
Justina. Saw you
A man go forth from my apartment now? —
I scarce contain myself!
Lisander. A man here!
Justina. Have you not seen him?
Livia. No, Lady.
Justina. I saw him.
Lisander. 'T is impossible; the doors
Which led to this apartment were all lockt.
Livia (*aside*). I dare say it was Moscon whom she saw,
For he was lockt up in my room.
Lisander. It must
Have been some image of thy fantasy.
Such melancholy as thou feedest is
Skilful in forming such in the vain air
Out of the motes and atoms of the day.
Livia. My master 's in the right.
Justina. Oh would it were
Delusion; but I fear some greater ill.
I feel as if out of my bleeding bosom
My heart was torn in fragments; ay,
Some mortal spell is wrought against my frame;
So potent was the charm, that had not God
Shielded my humble innocence from wrong,
I should have sought my sorrow and my shame
With willing steps. — Livia, quick, bring my cloak,
For I must seek refuge from these extremes
Even in the temple of the highest God
Where secretly the faithful worship.
Livia. Here.
Justina (*putting on her cloak*). In this, as in a shroud of snow, may I
Quench the consuming fire in which I burn,
Wasting away!
Lisander. And I will go with thee.
Livia. When once I see them safe out of the house
I shall breathe freely.
Justina. So do I confide
In thy just favor, Heaven!
Lisander. Let us go.
Justina. Thine is the cause, great God! turn for my sake,
And for thine own, mercifully to me!

SCENES FROM THE FAUST OF GOETHE.

SCENE I. — PROLOGUE IN HEAVEN.

The LORD *and the Host of Heaven. Enter three Archangels.*

Raphael.

THE sun makes music as of old
Amid the rival spheres of Heaven,
On its predestined circle rolled
With thunder speed: the Angels even
Draw strength from gazing on its glance,
Though none its meaning fathom may: —
The world's unwithered countenance
Is bright as at creation's day.

Gabriel.

And swift and swift, with rapid lightness,
The adornèd Earth spins silently,
Alternating Elysian brightness
With deep and dreadful night; the sea
Foams in broad billows from the deep
Up to the rocks, and rocks and ocean,
Onward, with spheres which never sleep,
Are hurried in eternal motion.

Michael.

And tempests in contention roar
From land to sea, from sea to land;
And, raging, weave a chain of power,
Which girds the earth, as with a band. —
A flashing desolation there,
Flames before the thunder's way;
But thy servants, Lord, revere
The gentle changes of thy day.

Chorus of the Three.

The Angels draw strength from thy glance,
Though no one comprehend thee may; —
Thy world's unwithered countenance
Is bright as on creation's day.[1]

Enter MEPHISTOPHELES.

Mephistopheles. As thou, O Lord, once more art kind enough
To interest thyself in our affairs —
And ask, "How goes it with you there below?"
And as indulgently at other times
Thou tookest not my visits in ill part,
Thou seest me here once more among thy household.
Tho' I should scandalize this company,
You will excuse me if I do not talk
In the high style which they think fashionable;
My pathos certainly would make you laugh too,
Had you not long since given over laughing.
Nothing know I to say of suns and worlds;

[1] *Raphael.* The sun sounds, according to ancient custom,
In the song of emulation of his brother-spheres.
And its fore-written circle
Fulfils with a step of thunder.
Its countenance gives the Angels strength
Though no one can fathom it.
The incredible high works
Are excellent as at the first day.
Gabriel. And swift, and inconceivably swift
The adornment of earth winds itself round,
And exchanges Paradise-clearness
With deep dreadful night.
The sea foams in broad waves
From its deep bottom, up to the rocks,
And rocks and sea are torn on together
In the eternal swift course of the spheres.
Michael. And storms roar in emulation
From sea to land, from land to sea,
And make, raging, a chain
Of deepest operation round about.
There flames a flashing destruction
Before the path of the thunderbolt.
But thy servants, Lord, revere
The gentle alternations of thy day.
Chorus. Thy countenance gives the Angels strength,
Though none can comprehend thee:
And all thy lofty works
Are excellent as at the first day.

Such is a literal translation of this astonishing chorus; it is impossible to represent in another language the melody of the versification; even the volatile strength and delicacy of the ideas escape in the crucible of translation, and the reader is surprised to find a *caput mortuum*.

I observe only how men plague themselves; —
The little god o' the world keeps the same stamp,
As wonderful as on creation's day: —
A little better would he live, hadst thou
Not given him a glimpse of Heaven's light
Which he calls reason, and employs it only
To live more beastly than any beast.
With reverence to your Lordship be it spoken,
He's like one of those long-legged grasshoppers,
Who flits and jumps about, and sings for ever
The same old song i' the grass. There let him lie,
Burying his nose in every heap of dung.
The Lord. Have you no more to say? Do you come here
Always to scold, and cavil, and complain?
Seems nothing ever right to you on earth?
Mephistopheles. No, Lord! I find all there, as ever, bad at best.
Even I am sorry for man's days of sorrow;
I could myself almost give up the pleasure
Of plaguing the poor things.
The Lord. Knowest thou Faust!
Mephistopheles. The Doctor?
The Lord. Ay; my servant Faust.
Mephistopheles. In truth
He serves you in a fashion quite his own;
And the fool's meat and drink are not of earth.
His aspirations bear him on so far
That he is half aware of his own folly,
For he demands from Heaven its fairest star,
And from the earth the highest joy it bears,
Yet all things far, and all things near, are vain
To calm the deep emotions of his breast.
The Lord. Tho' he now serves me in a cloud of error,
I will soon lead him forth to the clear day.
When trees look green full well the gardener knows
That fruits and blooms will deck the coming year.
Mephistopheles. What will you bet — now I am sure of winning —
Only, observe you give me full permission
To lead him softly on my path.
The Lord. As long
As he shall live upon the earth, so long
Is nothing unto thee forbidden — Man
Must err till he has ceased to struggle.
Mephistopheles. Thanks.
And that is all I ask; for willingly
I never made acquaintance with the dead.
The full fresh cheeks of youth are food for me,
And if a corpse knocks, I am not at home.
For I am like a cat — I like to play
A little with the mouse before I eat it.
The Lord. Well, well! it is permitted thee. Draw thou
His spirit from its springs; as thou find'st power,
Sieze him and lead him on thy downward path;
And stand ashamed when failure teaches thee
That a good man, even in his darkest longings,
Is well aware of the right way.
Mephistopheles. Well and good.
I am not in much doubt about my bet,
And if I lose, then 't is your turn to crow;
Enjoy your triumph then with a full breast.
Ay; dust shall he devour, and that with pleasure,
Like my old paramour, the famous Snake.
The Lord. Pray come here when it suits you; for I never
Had much dislike for people of your sort.
And, among all the Spirits who rebelled,
The knave was ever the least tedious to me.
The active spirit of man soon sleeps, and soon
He seeks unbroken quiet; therefore I

Have given him the Devil for a companion,
Who may provoke him to some sort of work,
And must create for ever. — But ye, pure
Children of God, enjoy eternal beauty; —
Let that which ever operates and lives
Clasp you within the limits of its love;
And seize with sweet and melancholy thoughts
The floating phantoms of its loveliness.
[*Heaven closes; the Archangels exeunt.*
Mephistopheles. From time to time I visit the old fellow,
And I take care to keep on good terms with him.
Civil enough is the same God Almighty,
To talk so freely with the Devil himself.

SCENE II. — MAY-DAY NIGHT.

SCENE. — *The Hartz Mountain, a desolate Country.*

FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES.

Mephistopheles. Would you not like a broomstick? As for me
I wish I had a good stout ram to ride;
For we are still far from the appointed place.
Faust. This knotted staff is help enough for me,
Whilst I feel fresh upon my legs. What good
Is there in making short a pleasant way?
To creep along the labyrinths of the vales,
And climb those rocks where ever-babbling springs,
Precipitate themselves in waterfalls,
Is the true sport that seasons such a path.
Already Spring kindles the birchen spray,
And the hoar pines already feel her breath:
Shall she not work also within our limbs!
Mephistopheles. Nothing of such an influence do I feel.
My body is all wintry, and I wish
The flowers upon our path were frost and snow.
But see how melancholy rises now,
Dimly uplifting her belated beam,
The blank unwelcome round of the red moon,
And gives so bad a light, that every step
One stumbles 'gainst some crag. With your permission,
I 'll call an Ignis-fatuus to our aid:
I see one yonder burning jollily.
Halloo, my friend! may I request that you
Would favor us with your bright company?
Why should you blaze away there to no purpose?
Pray be so good as light us up this way.
Ignis-fatuus. With reverence be it spoken, I will try
To overcome the lightness of my nature:
Our course, you know, is generally zig-zag.
Mephistopheles. Ha, ha! your worship thinks you have to deal
With men. Go straight on, in the Devil's name,
Or I shall puff your flickering life out.
Ignis-fatuus. Well,
I see you are the master of the house;
I will accommodate myself to you.
Only consider that to-night this mountain
Is all enchanted, and if a Jack-a-lantern
Shows you his way, tho' you should miss your own,
You ought not to be too exact with him.

FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES, *and* IGNIS-FATUUS, *in alternate Chorus.*

The limits of the sphere of dream,
The bounds of true and false, are past.
Lead us on, thou wandering Gleam,
Lead us onward, far and fast,
To the wide, the desert waste.

But see, how swift advance and shift
Trees behind trees, row by row, —
How, clift by clift, rocks bend and lift
Their frowning foreheads as we go.
The giant-snouted crags, ho! ho!
How they snort, and how they blow!

Thro' the mossy sods and stones,
Stream and streamlet hurry down —
A rushing throng! A sound of song
Beneath the vault of Heaven is blown!
Sweet notes of love, the speaking tones
Of this bright day, sent down to say
That Paradise on Earth is known,
Resound around, beneath, above.
All we hope and all we love
Finds a voice in this blithe strain,
Which wakens hill and wood and rill,
And vibrates far o'er field and vale,
And which Echo, like the tale
Of old times, repeats again.

To-whoo! to-whoo! near, nearer now
The sound of song, the rushing throng!
Are the screech, the lapwing, and the jay,
All awake as if 't were day?
See, with long legs and belly wide,
A salamander in the brake!
Every root is like a snake,
And along the loose hillside,
With strange contortions thro' the night,
Curls, to seize or to affright;
And, animated, strong, and many,
They dart forth polypus-antennæ,
To blister with their poison spume
The wanderer. Thro' the dazzling gloom
The many-colored mice, that thread
The dewy turf beneath our tread,
In troops each other's motions cross,
Thro' the heath and thro' the moss;
And, in legions intertangled,
The fire-flies flit, and swarm, and throng,
Till all the mountain depths are spangled.

Tell me, shall we go or stay?
Shall we onward? Come along!
Everything around is swept
Forward, onward, far away!
Trees and masses intercept
The sight, and wisps on every side
Are puffed up and multiplied.
Mephistopheles. Now vigorously seize my skirt, and gain
This pinnacle of isolated crag.
One may observe with wonder from this point,
How Mammon grows among the mountains.

Faust. Ay —
And strangely thro' the solid depth below
A melancholy light, like the red dawn,
Shoots from the lowest gorge of the abyss
Of mountains, lightning hitherward: there rise
Pillars of smoke, here clouds float gently by;
Here the light burns soft as the enkindled air,
Or the illumined dust of golden flowers;
And now it glides like tender colors spreading;
And now bursts forth in fountains from the earth;
And now it winds, one torrent of broad light,
Thro' the far valley with a hundred veins;
And now once more within that narrow corner
Masses itself into intensest splendor.
And near us, see, sparks spring out of the ground,
Like golden sand scattered upon the darkness;
The pinnacles of that black wall of mountains
That hems us in are kindled.
Mephistopheles. Rare: in faith!
Does not Sir Mammon gloriously illuminate
His palace for this festival — it is
A pleasure which you had not known before.
I spy the boisterous guests already.
Faust. How
The children of the wind rage in the air!
With what fierce strokes they fall upon my neck!

Mephistopheles.

Cling tightly to the old ribs of the crag.
Beware! for if with them thou warrest
In their fierce flight towards the wilderness,
Their breath will sweep thee into dust, and drag
Thy body to a grave in the abyss.
A cloud thickens the night.

Hark! how the tempest crashes
thro' the forest!
The owls fly out in strange
affright;
The columns of the evergreen palaces
Are split and shattered;
The roots creak, and stretch, and
groan;
And ruinously overthrown,
The trunks are crusht and shattered
By the fierce blast's unconquerable
stress.
Over each other crack and crash they all
In terrible and intertangled fall;
And thro' the ruins of the shaken moun-
tain
The airs hiss and howl —
It is not the voice of the fountain,
Nor the wolf in his midnight prowl.
Dost thou not hear?
Strange accents are ringing
Aloft, afar, anear?
The witches are singing!
The torrent of a raging wizard song
Streams the whole mountain along.

Chorus of Witches.

The stubble is yellow, the corn is green,
Now to the Brocken the witches go;
The mighty multitude here may be seen
Gathering, wizard and witch, below.
Sir Urian is sitting aloft in the air;
Hey over stock! and hey over stone!
'Twixt witches and incubi, what shall
be done?
Tell it who dare! tell it who dare!

A Voice.

Upon a sow-swine, whose farrows were
nine,
Old Baubo rideth alone.

Chorus.

Honor her, to whom honor is due,
Old mother Baubo, honor to you!
An able sow, with old Baubo upon her,
Is worthy of glory, and worthy of honor!
The legion of witches is coming behind,
Darkening the night, and outspeeding
the wind —

A Voice.

Which way comest thou?

A Voice.

Over Ilsenstein;
The owl was awake in the white moon-
shine;
I saw her at rest in her downy nest,
And she stared at me with her broad,
bright eyne.

Voices.

And you may now as well take your
course on to Hell,
Since you ride by so fast on the head-
long blast.

A Voice.

She dropt poison upon me as I past.
Here are the wounds —

Chorus of Witches.

Come away! come along!
The way is wide, the way is long,
But what is that for a Bedlam throng?
Stick with the prong, and scratch with
the broom.
The child in the cradle lies strangled at
home,
And the mother is clapping her hands. —

Semichorus of Wizards I.

We glide in
Like snails when the women are all
away;
And from a house once given over to
sin
Woman has a thousand steps to stray.

Semichorus II.

A thousand steps must a woman take
Where a man but a single spring will
make.

Voices above.

Come with us, come with us, from
Felsensee.

Voices below.

With what joy would we fly thro' the
upper sky!
We are washed, we are 'nointed, stark
naked are we;
But our toil and our pain are for ever
in vain.

Both Choruses.

The wind is still, the stars are fled,
The melancholy moon is dead;
The magic notes, like spark on spark,
Drizzle, whistling thro' the dark.
Come away!

Voices below.

Stay, oh stay!

Voices above.

Out of the crannies of the rocks,
Who calls?

Voices below.

Oh, let me join your flocks!
I, three hundred years have striven
To catch your skirt and mount to Heaven, —
And still in vain. Oh, might I be
With company akin to me!

Both Choruses.

Some on a ram and some on a prong,
On poles and on broomsticks we flutter along;
Forlorn is the wight who can rise not to-night.

A Half-Witch below.

I have been tripping this many an hour:
Are the others already so far before?
No quiet at home, and no peace abroad!
And less methinks is found by the road.

Chorus of Witches.

Come onward, away! aroint thee, aroint!
A witch to be strong must anoint — anoint —
Then every trough will be boat enough;
With a rag for a sail we can sweep thro' the sky,
Who flies not to-night, when means he to fly?

Both Choruses.

We cling to the skirt, and we strike on the ground;
Witch-legions thicken around and around;
Wizard-swarms cover the heath all over.
[*They descend.*

Mephistopheles.

What thronging, dashing, raging, rustling;
What whispering, babbling, hissing, bustling;
What glimmering, spurting, stinking, burning,
As Heaven and Earth were overturning.
There is a true witch element about us;
Take hold on me, or we shall be divided: —
Where are you?

Faust (*from a distance*). Here!

Mephistopheles. What!
I must exert my authority in the house.
Place for young Voland! pray make way, good people.
Take hold on me, doctor, and with one step
Let us escape from this unpleasant crowd:
They are too mad for people of my sort.
Just there shines a peculiar kind of light —
Something attracts me in those bushes. Come
This way: we shall slip down there in a minute.

Faust. Spirit of Contradiction! Well, lead on —
'T were a wise feat indeed to wander out
Into the Brocken upon May-day night,
And then to isolate oneself in scorn,
Disgusted with the humors of the time.

Mephistopheles. See yonder, round a many-colored flame
A merry club is huddled all together:
Even with such little people as sit there
One would not be alone.

Faust. Would that I were
Up yonder in the glow and whirling smoke,
Where the blind million rush impetuously
To meet the evil ones; there might I solve
Many a riddle that torments me!

Mephistopheles. Yet
Many a riddle there is tied anew
Inextricably. Let the great world rage!
We will stay here safe in the quiet dwellings.
'T is an old custom. Men have ever built

Their own small world in the great world of all.
I see young witches naked there, and old ones
Wisely attired with greater decency.
Be guided now by me, and you shall buy
A pound of pleasure with a dram of trouble.
I hear them tune their instruments — one must
Get used to this damned scraping. Come, I'll lead you
Among them; and what there you do and see,
As a fresh compact 'twixt us two shall be.
How say you now? this space is wide enough —
Look forth, you cannot see the end of it —
A hundred bonfires burn in rows, and they
Who throng around them seem innumerable:
Dancing and drinking, jabbering, making love,
And cooking, are at work. Now tell me, friend,
What is there better in the world than this?

Faust. In introducing us, do you assume
The character of wizard or of devil?

Mephistopheles. In truth, I generally go about
In strict incognito; and yet one likes
To wear one's orders upon gala days.
I have no ribbon at my knee; but here
At home, the cloven foot is honorable.
See you that snail there? — she comes creeping up,
And with her feeling eyes hath smelt out something.
I could not, if I would, mask myself here.
Come now, we 'll go about from fire to fire:
I'll be the pimp, and you shall be the lover.

[*To some old Women, who are sitting round a heap of glimmering coals.*

Old gentlewomen, what do you do out here?
You ought to be with the young rioters
Right in the thickest of the revelry —
But every one is best content at home.

General.

Who dare confide in right or a just claim?
So much as I have done for them! and now —
With women and the people 't is the same,
Youth will stand foremost ever, — age may go
To the dark grave unhonored.

Minister.

Nowadays
People assert their rights: they go too far;
But as for me, the good old times I praise;
Then we were all in all, 't was something worth
One's while to be in place and wear a star;
That was indeed the golden age on earth.

Parvenu.

We too are active, and we did and do
What we ought not, perhaps; and yet we now
Will seize, whilst all things are whirled round and round,
A spoke of Fortune's wheel, and keep our ground.

Author.

Who now can taste a treatise of deep sense
And ponderous volume? 't is impertinence
To write what none will read, therefore will I
To please the young and thoughtless people try.

Mephistopheles (*who at once appears to have grown very old*). I find the people ripe for the last day,
Since I last came up to the wizard mountain;
And as my little cask runs turbid now,
So is the world drained to the dregs.

Pedlar-witch. Look here, Gentlemen; do not hurry on so fast
And lose the chance of a good penny-worth.
I have a pack full of the choicest wares
Of every sort, and yet in all my bundle
Is nothing like what may be found on earth;
Nothing that in a moment will make rich
Men and the world with fine malicious mischief —
There is no dagger drunk with blood; no bowl
From which consuming poison may be drained
By innocent and healthy lips; no jewel,
The price of an abandoned maiden's shame;
No sword which cuts the bond it cannot loose,
Or stabs the wearer's enemy in the back;
No ——

Mephistopheles. Gossip, you know little of these times.
What has been, has been; what is done, is past,
They shape themselves into the innovations
They breed, and innovation drags us with it.
The torrent of the crowd sweeps over us:
You think to impel, and are yourself impelled.

Faust. Who is that yonder?

Mephistopheles. Mark her well. It is
Lilith.

Faust. Who?

Mephistopheles. Lilith, the first wife of Adam.
Beware of her fair hair, for she excels
All women in the magic of her locks;
And when she winds them round a young man's neck,
She will not ever set him free again.

Faust.

There sit a girl and an old woman — they
Seem to be tired with pleasure and with play.

Mephistopheles.

There is no rest to-night for any one:
When one dance ends another is begun;
Come, let us to it. We shall have rare fun.

[FAUST *dances and sings with a girl and* MEPHISTOPHELES *with an old Woman.*

Faust.

I had once a lovely dream
In which I saw an apple tree,
Where two fair apples with their gleam
To climb and taste attracted me.

The Girl.

She with apples you desired
From Paradise came long ago:
With you I feel that if required,
Such still within my garden grow.

. . . .

Procto-Phantasmist. What is this cursèd multitude about?
Have we not long since proved to demonstration
That ghosts move not on ordinary feet?
But these are dancing just like men and women.

The Girl. What does he want then at our ball?

Faust. Oh! he
Is far above us all in his conceit:
Whilst we enjoy, he reasons of enjoyment;
And any step which in our dance we tread,
If it be left out of his reckoning,
Is not to be considered as a step.
There are few things that scandalize him not:
And when you whirl round in the circle now,
As he went round the wheel in his old mill,
He says that you go wrong in all respects,
Especially if you congratulate him
Upon the strength of the resemblance.

Procto-Phantasmist. Fly!
Vanish! Unheard-of impudence! What, still there!
In this enlightened age too, since you have been

Proved not to exist! — But this infernal brood
Will hear no reason and endure no rule.
Are we so wise, and is the *pond* still haunted?
How long have I been sweeping out this rubbish
Of superstition, and the world will not
Come clean with all my pains! — it is a case
Unheard of!
The Girl. Then leave off teasing us so.
Procto-Phantasmist. I tell you, spirits, to your faces now,
That I should not regret this despotism
Of spirits, but that mine can wield it not.
To-night I shall make poor work of it,
Yet I will take a round with you, and hope
Before my last step in the living dance
To beat the poet and the devil together.
Mephistopheles. At last he will sit down in some foul puddle;
That is his way of solacing himself;
Until some leech, diverted with his gravity,
Cures him of spirits and the spirit together.
[*To* FAUST, *who has seceded from the dance.*
Why do you let that fair girl pass from you,
Who sang so sweetly to you in the dance?
Faust. A red mouse in the middle of her singing
Sprang from her mouth.
Mephistopheles. That was all right, my friend:
Be it enough that the mouse was not gray.
Do not disturb your hour of happiness
With close consideration of such trifles.
Faust. Then saw I ——
Mephistopheles. What?
Faust. Seest thou not a pale,
Fair girl, standing alone, far, far away?
She drags herself now forward with slow steps,
And seems as if she moved with shackled feet:
I cannot overcome the thought that she
Is like poor Margaret,
Mephistopheles. Let it be — pass on —
No good can come of it — it is not well
To meet it — it is an enchanted phantom,
A lifeless idol; with its numbing look,
It freezes up the blood of man; and they
Who meet its ghastly stare are turned to stone,
Like those who saw Medusa.
Faust. Oh, too true!
Her eyes are like the eyes of a fresh corpse
Which no belovèd hand has closed, alas!
That is the breast which Margaret yielded to me —
Those are the lovely limbs which I enjoyed!
Mephistopheles. It is all magic, poor deluded fool!
She looks to every one like his first love.
Faust. Oh, what delight! what woe! I cannot turn
My looks from her sweet piteous countenance.
How strangely does a single blood-red line,
Not broader than the sharp edge of a knife,
Adorn her lovely neck!
Mephistopheles. Ay, she can carry
Her head under her arm upon occasion;
Perseus has cut it off for her. These pleasures
End in delusion. — Gain this rising ground,
It is as airy here as in a . . .
And if I am not mightily deceived,
I see a theatre — What may this mean!
Attendant. Quite a new piece, the last of seven, for 't is
The custom now to represent that number.
'T is written by a Dilettante, and
The actors who perform are Dilettanti;
Excuse me, gentlemen; but I must vanish.
I am a Dilettante curtain-lifter.

JUVENILIA.

VERSES ON A CAT.

I.

A CAT in distress,
Nothing more, nor less;
Good folks, I must faithfully tell ye,
As I am a sinner,
Waits for some dinner
To stuff out its own little belly.

II.

You would not easily guess
All the modes of distress
Which torture the tenants of earth;
And the various evils,
Which like so many devils,
Attend the poor souls from their birth.

III.

Some a living require,
And others desire
An old fellow out of the way;
And which is the best
I leave to be guessed,
For I cannot pretend to say.

IV.

One wants society,
Another variety,
Others a tranquil life;
Some want food,
Others, as good,
Only want a wife.

V.

But this poor little cat
Only wanted a rat,
To stuff out its own little maw;
And it were as good
Some people had such food,
To make them *hold their jaw!*

FRAGMENT: OMENS.

HARK! the owlet flaps his wings
In the pathless dell beneath;
Hark! 't is the night-raven sings
Tidings of approaching death.

EPITAPHIUM.

[LATIN VERSION OF THE EPITAPH IN GRAY'S ELEGY.]

I.

HIC sinu fessum caput hospitali
Cespitis dormit juvenis, nec illi
Fata ridebant, popularis ille
Nescius auræ.

II.

Musa non vultu genus arroganti
Rusticâ natum grege despicata,
Et suum tristis puerum notavit
Sollicitudo.

III.

Indoles illi bene larga, pectus
Veritas sedem sibi vindicavit,
Et pari tantis meritis beavit
Munere cœlum.

IV.

Omne quod mœstis habuit miserto
Corde largivit lacrymam, recepit
Omne quod cœlo voluit, fidelis
Pectus amici.

V.

Longius sed tu fuge curiosus
Cæteras laudes fuge suspicari,
Cæteras culpas fuge velle tractas
Sede tremendâ.

VI.

Spe tremescentes recubant in illâ
Sede virtutes pariterque culpæ,
In sui Patris gremio, tremendâ
Sede Deique.

IN HOROLOGIUM.

INTER marmoreas Leonoræ pendula colles
Fortunata nimis Machina dicit horas.
Quas *manibus* premit illa duas insensa papillas
Cur mihi sit *digito* tangere, amata, nefas?

SONG FROM THE WANDERING JEW.

See yon opening flower
Spreads its fragrance to the blast;
It fades within an hour,
Its decay is pale — is fast.
Paler is yon maiden;
Faster is her heart's decay;
Deep with sorrow laden,
She sinks in death away.

FRAGMENT FROM THE WANDERING JEW.

The Elements respect their Maker's seal!
Still like the scathèd pine tree's height,
Braving the tempests of the night
Have I 'scap'd the bickering flame.
Like the scath'd pine, which a monument stands
Of faded grandeur, which the brands
Of the tempest-shaken air
Have riven on the desolate heath;
Yet it stands majestic even in death,
And rears its wild form there.

A DIALOGUE.

DEATH.

For my dagger is bathed in the blood of the brave,
I come, care-worn tenant of life, from the grave,
Where Innocence sleeps 'neath the peace-giving sod,
And the good cease to tremble at Tyranny's nod;
I offer a calm habitation to thee,
Say, victim of grief, wilt thou slumber with me?
My mansion is damp, cold silence is there,
But it lulls in oblivion the fiends of despair,
Not a groan of regret, not a sigh, not a breath,
Dares dispute with grim Silence the empire of Death.

I offer a calm habitation to thee,
Say, victim of grief, wilt thou slumber with me?

MORTAL.

Mine eyelids are heavy; my soul seeks repose,
It longs in thy cells to embosom its woes,
It longs in thy cells to deposit its load,
Where no longer the scorpions of Perfidy goad;
Where the phantoms of Prejudice vanish away,
And Bigotry's bloodhounds lose scent of their prey;
Yet tell me, dark Death, when thine empire is o'er,
What awaits on Futurity's mist-covered shore?

DEATH.

Cease, cease, wayward Mortal! I dare not unveil
The shadows that float o'er Eternity's vale;
Naught waits for the good but a spirit of Love,
That will hail their blest advent to regions above.
For Love, Mortal, gleams thrò' the gloom of my sway,
And the shades which surround me fly fast at its ray.
Hast thou loved? — Then depart from these regions of hate,
And in slumber with me blunt the arrows of fate.
I offer a calm habitation to thee,
Say, victim of grief, wilt thou slumber with me?

MORTAL.

Oh, sweet is thy slumber! oh! sweet is the ray
Which after thy night introduces the day;
How concealed, how persuasive, self-interest's breath,
Tho' it floats to mine ear from the bosom of Death!

I hoped that I quite was forgotten by all,
Yet a lingering friend might be grieved at my fall,
And duty forbids, tho' I languish to die,
When departure might heave Virtue's breast with a sigh.
O Death! O my friend! snatch this form to thy shrine,
And I fear, dear destroyer, I shall not repine.

TO THE MOONBEAM.

I.

MOONBEAM, leave the shadowy vale,
To bathe this burning brow.
Moonbeam, why art thou so pale,
As thou walkest o'er the dewy dale,
Where humble wild-flowers grow?
Is it to mimic me?
But that can never be;
For thine orb is bright,
And the clouds are light,
That at intervals shadow the star-studded night.

II.

Now all is deathly still on earth,
Nature's tired frame reposes,
And ere the golden morning's birth
Its radiant hues discloses,
Flies forth its balmy breath.
But mine is the midnight of Death,
And Nature's morn,
To my bosom forlorn,
Brings but a gloomier night, implants a deadlier thorn.

III.

Wretch! Suppress the glare of madness
Struggling in thine haggard eye,
For the keenest throb of sadness,
Pale Despair's most sickening sigh,
Is but to mimic me;
And this must ever be,
When the twilight of care,
And the night of despair,
Seem in my breast but joys to the pangs that rankle there.

THE SOLITARY.

I.

DAR'ST thou amid the varied multitude
To live alone, an isolated thing?
To see the busy beings round thee spring
And care for none; in thy calm solitude,
A flower that scarce breathes in the desert rude
To Zephyr's passing wing?

II.

Not the swart Pariah in some Indian grove,
Lone, lean, and hunted by his brother's hate,
Hath drunk so deep the cup of bitter fate
As that poor wretch who cannot, cannot love:
He bears a load which nothing can remove,
A killing, withering weight.

III.

He smiles — 't is sorrow's deadliest mockery;
He speaks — the cold words flow not from his soul;
He acts like others, drains the genial bowl, —
Yet, yet he longs — altho' he fears — to die;
He pants to reach what yet he seems to fly,
Dull life's extremest goal.

TO DEATH.

DEATH! where is thy victory?
To triumph whilst I die,
To triumph whilst thine ebon wing
Infolds my shuddering soul.
O Death! where is thy sting?
Not when the tides of murder roll,
When nations groan, that kings may bask in bliss.
Death! canst thou boast a victory such as this?
When in his hour of pomp and power

His blow the mightiest murderer gave,
Mid nature's cries the sacrifice
Of millions to glut the grave;
When sunk the tyrant desolation's slave;
Or Freedom's life-blood streamed upon thy shrine;
Stern tyrant, couldst thou boast a victory such as mine?

To know in dissolution's void,
That mortals' baubles sunk, decay,
That everything, but Love, destroyed
Must perish with its kindred clay.
Perish Ambition's crown,
Perish her sceptred sway;
From Death's pale front fades Pride's fastidious frown.
In Death's damp vault the lurid fires decay,
That Envy lights at heaven-born Virtue's beam —
That all the cares subside,
Which lurk beneath the tide
Of life's unquiet stream.
Yes! this is victory!
And on yon rock, whose dark form glooms the sky,
To stretch these pale limbs, when the soul is fled;
To baffle the lean passions of their prey,
To sleep within the palace of the dead!
Oh! not the King, around whose dazzling throne
His countless courtiers mock the words they say,
Triumphs amid the bud of glory blown,
As I in this cold bed, and faint expiring groan!

Tremble, ye proud, whose grandeur mocks the woe,
Which props the column of unnatural state,
You the plainings faint and low,
From misery's tortured soul that flow,
Shall usher to your fate.

Tremble, ye conquerors, at whose fell command
The war-fiend riots o'er a peaceful land.
You desolation's gory throng
Shall bear the Victory along
To that mysterious strand.

. . .

LOVE'S ROSE.

I.

Hopes, that swell in youthful breasts,
Live not thro' the waste of time?
Love's rose a host of thorns invests;
Cold, ungenial is the clime,
Where its honors blow.
Youth says, The purple flowers are mine,
Which die the while they glow.

II.

Dear the boon to Fancy given,
Retracted whilst it 's granted:
Sweet the rose which lives in heaven,
Altho' on earth 't is planted,
Where its honors blow,
While by earth's slaves the leaves are riven
Which die the while they glow.

III.

Age cannot Love destroy,
But perfidy can blast the flower,
Even when in most unwary hour
It blooms in Fancy's bower.
Age cannot Love destroy,
But perfidy can rend the shrine
In which its vermeil splendors shine.

EYES: A FRAGMENT.

How eloquent are eyes!
Not the rapt poet's frenzied lay
When the soul's wildest feelings stray
Can speak so well as they.
How eloquent are eyes!
Not music's most impassioned note
On which love's warmest fervors float
Like them bids rapture rise.

Love, look thus again, —
That your look may light a waste of years,
Darting the beam that conquers cares
Thro' the cold shower of tears.
Love, look thus again!
. . . .

POEMS FROM ST. IRVYNE, OR THE ROSICRUCIAN.

I. — VICTORIA.

I.

'T was dead of the night, when I sat in my dwelling;
One glimmering lamp was expiring and low;
Around, the dark tide of the tempest was swelling,
Along the wild mountains night-ravens were yelling, —
They bodingly presaged destruction and woe.

II.

'T was then that I started! — the wild storm was howling,
Nought was seen, save the lightning, which danced in the sky;
Above me, the crash of the thunder was rolling,
And low, chilling murmurs, the blast wafted by.

III.

My heart sank within me — unheeded the war
Of the battling clouds, on the mountain-tops, broke; —
Unheeded the thunder-peal crasht in mine ear —
This heart, hard as iron, is stranger to fear;
But conscience in low, noiseless whispering spoke.

IV.

'T was then that her form on the whirlwind upholding,
The ghost of the murder'd Victoria strode;
In her right hand, a shadowy shroud she was holding,
She swiftly advanc'd to my lonesome abode.

V.

I wildly then call'd on the tempest to bear me —
. . . .

II. — "ON THE DARK HEIGHT OF JURA."

I.

GHOSTS of the dead! have I not heard your yelling
Rise on the night-rolling breath of the blast,
When o'er the dark ether the tempest is swelling,
And on eddying whirlwind the thunder-peal past?

II.

For oft have I stood on the dark height of Jura,
Which frowns on the valley that opens beneath;
Oft have I brav'd the chill night-tempest's fury,
Whilst around me, I thought, echo'd murmurs of death.

III.

And now, whilst the winds of the mountain are howling,
O father! thy voice seems to strike on mine ear;
In air whilst the tide of the night-storm is rolling,
It breaks on the pause of the elements' jar.

IV.

On the wing of the whirlwind which roars o'er the mountain
Perhaps rides the ghost of my sire who is dead;

On the mist of the tempest which hangs
o'er the fountain,
Whilst a wreath of dark vapor en-
circles his head.

III. — Sister Rosa: A Ballad.

I.

The death-bell beats! —
The mountain repeats
The echoing sound of the knell;
And the dark monk now
Wraps the cowl round his brow,
As he sits in his lonely cell.

II.

And the cold hand of death
Chills his shuddering breath,
As he lists to the fearful lay
Which the ghosts of the sky,
As they sweep wildly by,
Sing to departed day.
And they sing of the hour
When the stern fates had power
To resolve Rosa's form to its clay.

III.

But that hour is past;
And that hour was the last
Of peace to the dark monk's brain.
Bitter tears, from his eyes, gusht
silent and fast;
And he strove to suppress them in vain.

IV.

Then his fair cross of gold he dasht
on the floor,
When the death-knell struck on his ear.
Delight is in store
For her evermore;
But for me is fate, horror, and fear.

V.

Then his eyes wildly roll'd,
When the death-bell toll'd,
And he raged in terrific woe.
And he stampt on the ground, —
But when ceast the sound,
Tears again began to flow.

VI.

And the ice of despair
Chill'd the wild throb of care,
And he sate in mute agony still;
Till the night-stars shone thro' the
cloudless air,
And the pale moonbeam slept on the
hill.

VII.

Then he knelt in his cell: —
And the horrors of hell
Were delights to his agonized pain,
And he prayed to God to dissolve the
spell,
Which else must for ever remain.

VIII.

And in fervent prayer he knelt on the
ground,
Till the abbey bell struck One:
His feverish blood ran chill at the
sound:
A voice hollow and horrible murmured
around —
"The term of thy penance is done!"

IX.

Grew dark the night;
The moonbeam bright
Waxt faint on the mountain high;
And, from the black hill,
Went a voice cold and still, —
"Monk! thou art free to die."

X.

Then he rose on his feet,
And his heart loud did beat,
And his limbs they were palsied with
dread;
Whilst the grave's clammy dew
O'er his pale forehead grew;
And he shuddered to sleep with the
dead.

XI.

And the wild midnight storm
Raved around his tall form,

As he sought the chapel's gloom:
And the sunk grass did sigh
To the wind, bleak and high,
As he searcht for the new-made tomb.

XII.

And forms, dark and high,
Seemed around him to fly,
And mingle their yells with the blast:
And on the dark wall
Half-seen shadows did fall,
As enhorrored he onward past.

XIII.

And the storm-fiend's wild rave
O'er the new-made grave,
And dread shadows, linger around.
The Monk called on God his soul to save,
And, in horror, sank on the ground.

XIV.

Then despair nerved his arm
To dispel the charm,
And he burst Rosa's coffin asunder.
And the fierce storm did swell
More terrific and fell,
And louder pealed the thunder.

XV.

And laught, in joy, the fiendish throng,
Mixt with ghosts of the mouldering dead:
And their grisly wings, as they floated along,
Whistled in murmurs dread.

XVI.

And her skeleton form the dead Nun reared
Which dript with the chill dew of hell.
In her half-eaten eyeballs two pale flames appeared,
And triumphant their gleam on the dark Monk glared,
As he stood within the cell.

XVII.

And her lank hand lay on his shuddering brain;
But each power was nerved by fear. —
"I never, henceforth, may breathe again;
Death now ends mine anguisht pain. —
The grave yawns, — we meet there."

XVIII.

And her skeleton lungs did utter the sound,
So deadly, so lone, and so fell,
That in long vibrations shuddered the ground;
And as the stern notes floated around,
A deep groan was answered from hell.

IV. — St. Irvyne's Tower.

I.

How swiftly thro' heaven's wide expanse
Bright day's resplendent colors fade!
How sweetly does the moonbeam's glance
With silver tint St. Irvyne's glade!

II.

No cloud along the spangled air,
Is borne upon the evening breeze;
How solemn is the scene! how fair
The moonbeams rest upon the trees!

III.

Yon dark grey turret glimmers white,
Upon it sits the mournful owl;
Along the stillness of the night,
Her melancholy shriekings roll.

IV.

But not alone on Irvyne's tower,
The silver moonbeam pours her ray;
It gleams upon the ivied bower,
It dances in the cascade's spray.

V.

"Ah! why do darkening shades conceal
The hour when man must cease to be?

Why may not human minds unveil
The dim mists of futurity?

VI.

"The keenness of the world hath torn
The heart which opens to its blast;
Despised, neglected, and forlorn,
Sinks the wretch in death at last."

V. — Bereavement.

I.

How stern are the woes of the desolate mourner,
As he bends in still grief o'er the hallowed bier,
As enanguisht he turns from the laugh of the scorner,
And drops, to perfection's remembrance, a tear;
When floods of despair down his pale cheek are streaming,
When no blissful hope on his bosom is beaming,
Or, if lulled for awhile, soon he starts from his dreaming,
And finds torn the soft ties to affection so dear.

II.

Ah! when shall day dawn on the night of the grave,
Or summer succeed to the winter of death?
Rest awhile, hapless victim, and Heaven will save
The spirit, that faded away with the breath.
Eternity points in its amaranth bower,
Where no clouds of fate o'er the sweet prospect lower,
Unspeakable pleasure, of goodness the dower,
When woe fades away like the mist of the heath.

VI. — The Drowned Lover.

I.

Ah! faint are her limbs, and her footstep is weary,
Yet far must the desolate wanderer roam;
Tho' the tempest is stern, and the mountain is dreary,
She must quit at deep midnight her pitiless home.
I see her swift foot dash the dew from the whortle,
As she rapidly hastes to the green grove of myrtle;
And I hear, as she wraps round her figure the kirtle,
"Stay thy boat on the lake, — dearest Henry, I come."

II.

High swelled in her bosom the throb of affection,
As lightly her form bounded over the lea,
And arose in her mind every dear recollection;
"I come, dearest Henry, and wait but for thee."
How sad, when dear hope every sorrow is soothing,
When sympathy's swell the soft bosom is moving,
And the mind the mild joys of affection is proving,
Is the stern voice of fate that bids happiness flee!

III.

Oh! dark lowered the clouds on that horrible eve,
And the moon dimly gleamed thro' the tempested air;
Oh! how could fond visions such softness deceive?
Oh! how could false hope rend a bosom so fair?
Thy love's pallid corse the wild surges are laving,
O'er his form the fierce swell of the tempest is raving;
But, fear not, parting spirit; thy goodness is saving,
In eternity's bowers, a seat for thee there.

POSTHUMOUS FRAGMENTS OF MARGARET NICHOLSON.

Being Poems found amongst the Papers of that noted Female who attempted the life of the King in 1786. Edited by John Fitzvictor.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE energy and native genius of these Fragments must be the only apology which the Editor can make for thus intruding them on the public notice. The first I found w th no title, and have left it so. It is intimately connected with the dearest interests of universal happiness; and much as we may deplore the fatal and enthusiastic tendency which the ideas of this poor female had acquired, we cannot fail to pay the tribute of unequivocal regret to the departed memory of genius, which, had it been rightly organized, would have made that intellect, which has since become the victim of frenzy and despair, a most brilliant ornament to society.

In case the sale of these Fragments evinces that the public have any curiosity to be presented with a more copious collection of my unfortunate Aunt's poems, I have other papers in my possession which shall, in that case, be subjected to their notice. It may be supposed they require much arrangement; but I send the following to the press in the same state in which they came into my possession.

J. F.

POSTHUMOUS FRAGMENTS.

AMBITION, power, and avarice, now have hurled
Death, fate, and ruin, on a bleeding world.
See! on yon heath what countless victims lie,
Hark! what loud shrieks ascend thro' yonder sky;
Tell then the cause, 't is sure the avenger's rage
Has swept these myriads from life's crowded stage:
Hark to that groan, an anguisht hero dies,
He shudders in death's latest agonies;
Yet does a fleeting hectic flush his cheek,
Yet does his parting breath essay to speak —
"Oh God! my wife, my children, — Monarch, thou
For whose support this fainting frame lies low;
For whose support in distant lands I bleed,
Let his friends' welfare be the warrior's meed.
He hears me not — ah! no — kings cannot hear,
For passion's voice has dulled their listless ear.
To thee, then, mighty God, I lift my moan,
Thou wilt not scorn a suppliant's anguisht groan.
Oh! now I die — but still is death's fierce pain —
God hears my prayer — we meet, we meet again."
He spake, reclined him on death's bloody bed,
And with a parting groan his spirit fled.
Oppressors of mankind to *you* we owe
The baleful streams from whence these miseries flow;
For you how many a mother weeps her son,
Snatcht from life's course ere half his race was run!
For you how many a widow drops a tear,
In silent anguish, on her husband's bier!
"Is it then thine, Almighty Power," she cries,
"Whence tears of endless sorrow dim these eyes?
Is this the system which thy powerful sway,
Which else in shapeless chaos sleeping lay,

Formed and approved? — it cannot be — but oh!
Forgive me, Heaven, my brain is warpt by woe."
'T is not — he never bade the war-note swell,
He never triumpht in the work of hell —
Monarchs of earth! thine is the baleful deed,
Thine are the crimes for which thy subjects bleed.
Ah! when will come the sacred fated time,
When man unsullied by his leaders' crime,
Despising wealth, ambition, pomp, and pride,
Will stretch him fearless by his foeman's side?
Ah! when will come the time, when o'er the plain
No more shall death and desolation reign?
When will the sun smile on the bloodless field,
And the stern warrior's arm the sickle wield?
Not whilst some King, in cold ambition's dreams,
Plans for the field of death his plodding schemes;
Not whilst for private pique the public fall,
And one frail mortal's mandate governs all.
Swelled with command and mad with dizzying sway;
Who sees unmoved his myriads fade away.
Careless who lives or dies — so that he gains
Some trivial point for which he took the pains.
What then are Kings? — I see the trembling crowd,
I hear their fulsome clamors echoed loud;
Their stern oppressor pleased appears awhile,
But April's sunshine is a Monarch's smile —
Kings are but dust — the last eventful day
Will level all and make them lose their sway;
Will dash the sceptre from the Monarch's hand,
And from the warrior's grasp wrest the ensanguined brand.
Oh! Peace, soft peace, art thou for ever gone,
Is thy fair form indeed for ever flown?
And love and concord hast thou swept away,
As if incongruous with thy parted sway?
Alas I fear thou hast, for none appear,
Now o'er the palsied earth stalks giant Fear,
With War, and Woe, and Terror, in his train;
Listening he pauses on the embattled plain,
Then speeding swiftly o'er the ensanguined heath,
Has left the frightful work to hell and death.
See! gory Ruin yokes his blood-stained car,
He scents the battle carnage from afar;
Hell and destruction mark his mad career,
He tracks the rapid step of hurrying Fear;
Whilst ruined towns and smoking cities tell,
That thy work, Monarch, is the work of hell.
It is thy work! I hear a voice repeat,
Shakes the broad basis of thy blood-stained seat;
And at the orphan's sigh, the widow's moan,
Totters the fabric of thy guilt-stained throne —
"It is thy work, O Monarch;" now the sound
Fainter and fainter, yet is borne around,
Yet to enthusiast ears the murmurs tell
That heaven, indignant at the work of hell,
Will soon the cause, the hated cause remove,
Which tears from earth peace, innocence, and love.

FRAGMENT.

SUPPOSED TO BE AN EPITHALAMIUM OF FRANCIS RAVAILLAC AND CHARLOTTE CORDÉ.

'T is midnight now — athwart the murky air,
Dank lurid meteors shoot a lurid gleam;
From the dark storm-clouds flashes a fearful glare,
It shows the bending oak, the roaring stream.
I pondered on the woes of lost mankind,
I ponderd on the ceaseless rage of Kings;
My rapt soul dwelt upon the ties that bind
The mazy volume of commingling things,
When fell and wild misrule to man stern sorrow brings.
I heard a yell — it was not the knell,
When the blasts on the wild lake sleep,
That floats on the pause of the summer gale's swell,
O'er the breast of the waveless deep.

I thought it had been death's accents cold
That bade me recline on the shore;
I laid mine hot head on the surge-beaten mould,
And thought to breathe no more.

But a heavenly sleep
That did suddenly steep
In balm my bosom's pain,
Pervaded my soul,
And free from control,
Did mine intellect range again.

Methought enthroned upon a silvery cloud,
Which floated mid a strange and brilliant light;
My form upborne by viewless ether rode,
And spurned the lessening realms of earthly night.

What heavenly notes burst on my ravisht ears,
What beauteous spirits met my dazzled eye!
Hark! louder swells the music of the spheres,
More clear the forms of speechless bliss float by,
And heavenly gestures suit ethereal melody.

But fairer than the spirits of the air,
More graceful than the sylph of symmetry,
Than the enthusiast's fancied love more fair,
Were the bright forms that swept the azure sky.
Enthroned in roseate light, a heavenly band
Strewed flowers of bliss that never fade away;
They welcome virtue to its native land,
And songs of triumph greet the joyous day
When endless bliss the woes of fleeting life repay.

Congenial minds will seek their kindred soul,
E'en tho' the tide of time has rolled between;
They mock weak matter's impotent control,
And seek of endless life the eternal scene.
At death's vain summons *this* will never die,
In nature's chaos *this* will not decay —
These are the bands which closely, warmly, tie
Thy soul, O Charlotte, 'yond this chain of clay,
To him who thine must be till time shall fade away.

Yes, Francis! thine was the dear knife that tore
A tyrant's heart-strings from his guilty breast,
Thine was the daring at a tyrant's gore,
To smile in triumph, to contemn the rest;

And thine, loved glory of thy sex! to tear
From its base shrine a despot's haughty soul,
To laugh at sorrow in secure despair,
To mock, with smiles, life's lingering control,
And triumph mid the griefs that round thy fate did roll.

Yes! the fierce spirits of the avenging deep
With endless tortures goad their guilty shades.
I see the lank and ghastly spectres sweep
Along the burning length of yon arcades;
And I see Satan stalk athwart the plain;
He hastes along the burning soil of hell.
"Welcome thou despots to my dark domain,
With maddening joy mine anguisht senses swell
To welcome to their homes the friends I love so well."

. . . .

Hark! to those notes, how sweet, how thrilling sweet
They echo to the sound of angels' feet.

. . . .

Oh haste to the bower where roses are spread,
For there is prepared thy nuptial bed.
Oh haste — hark! hark! — they 're gone.

. . . .

Chorus of Spirits.

Stay ye days of contentment and joy,
Whilst love every care is erasing,
Stay ye pleasures that never can cloy,
And ye spirits that can never cease pleasing.

And if any soft passion be near,
Which mortals, frail mortals, can know,
Let love shed on the bosom a tear,
And dissolve the chill ice-drop of woe.

SYMPHONY.

Francis.

"SOFT, my dearest angel stay,
Oh! you suck my soul away;
Suck on, suck on, I glow, I glow!
Tides of maddening passion roll,
And streams of rapture drown my soul.
Now give me one more billing kiss,
Let your lips now repeat the bliss,
Endless kisses steal my breath,
No life can equal such a death."

Charlotte.

Oh! yes I will kiss thine eyes so fair,
And I will clasp thy form;
Serene is the breath of the balmy air,
But I think, love, thou feelest me warm.
And I will recline on thy marble neck
Till I mingle into thee.
And I will kiss the rose on thy cheek,
And thou shalt give kisses to me.
For here is no morn to flout our delight,
Oh! dost thou not joy at this?
And here we may lie an endless night,
A long, long night of bliss."

Spirits! when raptures move,
Say what it is to love,
When passion's tear stands on the cheek,
When bursts the unconscious sigh;
And the tremulous lips dare not speak
What is told by the soul-felt eye.
But what is sweeter to revenge's ear
Than the fell tyrant's last expiring yell?
Yes! than love's sweetest blisses 't is more dear
To drink the floatings of a despot's knell.
I wake — 't is done — 't is o'er.

DESPAIR.

AND canst thou mock mine agony, thus calm
In cloudless radiance, Queen of silver night?
Can you, ye flowerets, spread your perfumed balm

Mid pearly gems of dew that shine so bright?
And you wild winds, thus can you sleep so still
Whilst throbs the tempest of my breast so high?
Can the fierce night-fiends rest on yonder hill,
And, in the eternal mansions of the sky,
Can the directors of the storm in powerless silence lie?

Hark! I hear music on the zephyr's wing,
Louder it floats along the unruffled sky;
Some fairy sure has touched the viewless string —
Now faint in distant air the murmurs die,
Awhile it stills the tide of agony.
Now — now it loftier swells — again stern woe
Arises with the awakening melody.
Again fierce torments, such as demons know,
In bitterer, feller tide, on this torn bosom flow.

Arise ye sightless spirits of the storm,
Ye unseen minstrels of the aërial song,
Pour the fierce tide around this lonely form,
And roll the tempest's wildest swell along.
Dart the red lightning, wing the forked flash,
Pour from thy cloud-formed hills the thunder's roar;
Arouse the whirlwind — and let ocean dash
In fiercest tumult on the rocking shore,
Destroy this life or let earth's fabric be no more.

Yes! every tie that links me here is dead;
Mysterious fate thy mandate I obey,
Since hope and peace, and joy, for aye are fled,
I come, terrific power, I come away,
Then o'er this ruined soul let spirits of hell,
In triumph, laughing wildly, mock its pain;
And tho' with direst pangs mine heart-strings swell,
I 'll echo back their deadly yells again,
Cursing the power that ne'er made aught in vain.

FRAGMENT.

Yes! all is past — swift time has fled away,
Yet its swell pauses on my sickening mind;
How long will horror nerve this frame of clay?
I 'm dead, and lingers yet my soul behind.
Oh! powerful fate, revoke thy deadly spell,
And yet that may not ever, ever be,
Heaven will not smile upon the work of hell;
Ah! no, for heaven cannot smile on me;
Fate, envious fate, has sealed my wayward destiny.

I sought the cold brink of the midnight surge,
I sighed beneath its wave to hide my woes,
The rising tempest sung a funeral dirge,
And on the blast a frightful yell arose.
Wild flew the meteors o'er the maddened main,
Wilder did grief athwart my bosom glare;
Stilled was the unearthly howling, and a strain,
Swelled mid the tumult of the battling air,
'T was like a spirit's song, but yet more soft and fair.

I met a maniac; like he was to me,
I said — "Poor victim wherefore dost thou roam?
And canst thou not contend with agony,
That thus at midnight thou dost quit thine home?"

"Ah there she sleeps: cold is her bloodless form,
And I will go to slumber in her grave;
And then our ghosts, whilst raves the maddened storm,
Will sweep at midnight o'er the wildered wave;
Wilt thou our lowly beds with tears of pity lave?"

"Ah! no, I cannot shed the pitying tear,
This breast is cold, this heart can feel no more;
But I can rest me on thy chilling bier,
Can shriek in horror to the tempest's roar."

. . . . . .

THE SPECTRAL HORSEMAN.

WHAT was the shriek that struck fancy's ear
As it sate on the ruins of time that is past?
Hark! it floats on the fitful blast of the wind,
And breathes to the pale moon a funeral sigh.
It is the Benshie's moan on the storm,
Or a shivering fiend that thirsting for sin,
Seeks murder and guilt when virtue sleeps,
Winged with the power of some ruthless king,
And sweeps o'er the breast of the prostrate plain.
It was not a fiend from the regions of hell
That poured its low moan on the stillness of night:
It was not a ghost of the guilty dead,
Nor a yelling vampire reeking with gore;
But aye at the close of seven years' end,
That voice is mixt with the swell of the storm,
And aye at the close of seven years' end,
A shapeless shadow that sleeps on the hill
Awakens and floats on the mist of the heath.
It is not the shade of a murdered man,
Who has rusht uncalled to the throne of his God,
And howls in the pause of the eddying storm.
This voice is low, cold, hollow, and chill,
'T is not heard by the ear, but is felt in the soul.
'T is more frightful far than the death-demon's scream,
Or the laughter of fiends when they howl o'er the corpse
Of a man who has sold his soul to hell.
It tells the approach of a mystic form,
A white courser bears the shadowy sprite;
More thin they are than the mists of the mountain,
When the clear moonlight sleeps on the waveless lake.
More pale *his* cheek than the snows of Nithona,
When winter rides on the northern blast,
And howls in the midst of the leafless wood.
Yet when the fierce swell of the tempest is raving,
And the whirlwinds howl in the caves of Inisfallen,
Still secure mid the wildest war of the sky,
The phantom courser scours the waste,
And his rider howls in the thunder's roar.
O'er him the fierce bolts of avenging heaven
Pause, as in fear, to strike his head.
The meteors of midnight recoil from his figure,
Yet the wildered peasant that oft passes by,
With wonder beholds the blue flash thro' his form:
And his voice, tho' faint as the sighs of the dead,
The startled passenger shudders to hear,
More distinct than the thunder's wildest roar.

Then does the dragon, who chained in the caverns
To eternity, curses the champion of Erin,
Moan and yell loud at the lone hour of midnight,
And twine his vast wreaths round the forms of the demons;
Then in agony roll his death-swimming eyeballs,
Though wildered by death, yet never to die!
Then he shakes from his skeleton folds the nightmares,
Who, shrieking in agony, seek the couch
Of some fevered wretch who courts sleep in vain;
Then the tombless ghosts of the guilty dead
In horror pause on the fitful gale.
They float on the swell of the eddying tempest,
And scared seek the caves of gigantic . . .
Where their thin forms pour unearthly sounds
On the blast that sweeps the breast of the lake,
And mingles its swell with the moonlight air.

MELODY TO A SCENE OF FORMER TIMES.

ART thou indeed for ever gone,
For ever, ever, lost to me?
Must this poor bosom beat alone,
Or beat at all, if not for thee?
Ah! why was love to mortals given,
To lift them to the height of heaven,
Or dash them to the depths of hell?
Yet I do not reproach thee, dear!
Ah! no, the agonies that swell
This panting breast, this frenzied brain
Might wake my ——'s slumb'ring tear.
Oh! heaven is witness I did love,
And heaven does know I love thee still,
Does know the fruitless sickening thrill,
When reason's judgment vainly strove
To blot thee from my memory;
But which might never, never be.
Oh! I appeal to that blest day
When passion's wildest ecstasy
Was coldness to the joys I knew,
When every sorrow sunk away.
Oh! I had never liv'd before,
But now those blisses are no more.
And now I cease to live again,
I do not blame thee, love; ah no!
The breast that feels this anguished woe
Throbs for thy happiness alone.
Two years of speechless bliss are gone,
I thank thee dearest for the dream.
'T is night — what faint and distant scream
Comes on the wild and fitful blast?
It moans for pleasures that are past,
It moans for days that are gone by.
Oh! lagging hours how slow you fly!
I see a dark and lengthened vale,
The black view closes with the tomb;
But darker is the lowering gloom
That shades the intervening dale.
In visioned slumber for awhile
I seem again to share thy smile,
I seem to hang upon thy tone.
Again you say, "Confide in me,
For I am thine, and thine alone,
And thine must ever, ever be."
But oh! awakening still anew,
Athwart my enanguisht senses flew
A fiercer, deadlier agony!

[End of *Posthumous Fragments of Margaret Nicholson.*]

STANZA FROM A TRANSLATION OF THE MARSEILLAISE HYMN.

TREMBLE Kings despised of man
Ye traitors to your Country
Tremble! Your parricidal plan
At length shall meet its destiny . . .
We all are soldiers fit to fight
But if we sink in glory's night
Our mother Earth will give ye new
The brilliant pathway to pursue
Which leads to Death or Victory. . . .

BIGOTRY'S VICTIM.

I.

Dares the lama, most fleet of the sons of the wind,
The lion to rouse from his skull-covered lair?
When the tiger approaches can the fast-fleeting hind
Repose trust in his footsteps of air?
No! Abandoned he sinks in a trance of despair,
The monster transfixes his prey,
On the sand flows his life-blood away;
Whilst India's rocks to his death-yells reply,
Protracting the horrible harmony.

II.

Yet the fowl of the desert, when danger encroaches,
Dares fearless to perish defending her brood,
Tho' the fiercest of cloud-piercing tyrants approaches,
Thirsting — ay, thirsting for blood;
And demands, like mankind, his brother for food;
Yet more lenient, more gentle than they;
For hunger, not glory, the prey
Must perish. Revenge does not howl in the dead.
Nor ambition with fame crown the murderer's head.

III.

Tho' weak, as the lama, that bounds on the mountains,
And endued not with fast-fleeting footsteps of air,
Yet, yet will I draw from the purest of fountains,
Tho' a fiercer than tiger is there.
Tho' more dreadful than death, it scatters despair,
Tho' its shadow eclipses the day,
And the darkness of deepest dismay
Spreads the influence of soul-chilling terror around,
And lowers on the corpses, that rot on the ground.

IV.

They came to the fountain to draw from its stream,
Waves too pure, too celestial, for mortals to see;
They bathed for awhile in its silvery beam,
Then perisht, and perisht like me.
For in vain from the grasp of the Bigot I flee;
The most tenderly loved of my soul
Are slaves to his hated control.
He pursues me, he blasts me! 'T is in vain that I fly:
What remains, but to curse him, — to curse him and die?

ON AN ICICLE THAT CLUNG TO THE GRASS OF A GRAVE.

I.

Oh! take the pure gem to where southerly breezes,
Waft repose to some bosom as faithful as fair,
In which the warm current of love never freezes,
As it rises unmingled with selfishness there,
Which, untainted by pride, unpolluted by care,
Might dissolve the dim icedrop, might bid it arise,
Too pure for these regions, to gleam in the skies.

II.

Or where the stern warrior, his country defending,
Dares fearless the dark-rolling battle to pour,
Or o'er the fell corpse of a dread tyrant bending,

Where patriotism red with his guilt-reeking gore
Plants liberty's flag on the slave-peopled shore,
With victory's cry, with the shout of the free,
Let it fly, taintless spirit, to mingle with thee.

III.

For I found the pure gem, when the daybeam returning,
Ineffectual gleams on the snow-covered plain,
When to others the wisht-for arrival of morning
Brings relief to long visions of soul-racking pain;
But regret is an insult — to grieve is in vain:
And why should we grieve that a spirit so fair
Seeks Heaven to mix with its own kindred there?

IV.

But still 't was some spirit of kindness descending
To share in the load of mortality's woe,
Who over the lowly-built sepulchre bending
Bade sympathy's tenderest teardrop to flow.
Not for *thee*, soft compassion, celestials did know,
But if *angels* can weep, sure *man* may repine,
May weep in mute grief o'er thy low-laid shrine.

V.

And did I then say, for the altar of glory,
That the earliest, the loveliest of flowers I 'd entwine,
Tho' with millions of blood-reeking victims 't was gory,
Tho' the tears of the widow polluted its shrine,
Tho' around it the orphans, the fatherless pine?
Oh! Fame, all thy glories I'd yield for a tear
shed on the grave of a heart so sincere.

LOVE.

Why is it said thou canst not live
In a youthful breast and fair,
Since thou eternal life canst give,
Canst bloom for ever there?
Since withering pain no power possest,
Nor age, to blanch thy vermeil hue,
Nor time's dread victor, death, confest,
Tho' bathed with his poison dew,
Still thou retain'st unchanging bloom,
Fixt tranquil, even in the tomb.
And oh! when on the blest reviving
The day-star dawns of love,
Each energy of soul surviving
More vivid, soars above,
Hast thou ne'er felt a rapturous thrill,
Like June's warm breath, athwart thee fly,
O'er each idea then to steal,
When other passions die?
Felt it in some wild noonday dream,
When sitting by the lonely stream,
Where Silence says, "'Mine is the dell;"
And not a murmur from the plain,
And not an echo from the fell,
Disputes her silent reign.

ON A FÊTE AT CARLTON HOUSE: FRAGMENT.

By the mossy brink,
With me the Prince shall sit and think;
Shall muse in visioned Regency,
Rapt in bright dreams of dawning Royalty.

TO A STAR.

Sweet star, which gleaming o'er the darksome scene
Thro' fleecy clouds of silvery radiance fliest,
Spanglet of light on evening's shadowy veil,
Which shrouds the day-beam from the waveless lake,
Lighting the hour of sacred love; more sweet

Than the expiring morn-star's paly fires.
Sweet star! When wearied Nature sinks to sleep,
And all is husht, — all, save the voice of Love,
Whose broken murmurings swell the balmy blast
Of soft Favonius, which at intervals
Sighs in the ear of stillness, art thou aught but
Lulling the slaves of interest to repose
With that mild, pitying gaze! Oh, I would look
In thy dear beam till every bond of sense
Became enamoured —

TO MARY, WHO DIED IN THIS OPINION.

I.

MAIDEN, quench the glare of sorrow
Struggling in thy haggard eye:
Firmness dare to borrow
From the wreck of destiny;
For the ray morn's bloom revealing
Can never boast so bright a hue
As that which mocks concealing,
And sheds its loveliest light on you.

II.

Yet is the tie departed
Which bound thy lovely soul to bliss?
Has it left thee broken-hearted
In a world so cold as this!
Yet, tho', fainting fair one,
Sorrow's self thy cup has given,
Dream thou'lt meet thy dear one,
Never more to part, in heaven.

III.

Existence would I barter
For a dream so dear as thine,
And smile to die a martyr
On affection's bloodless shrine.
Nor would I change for pleasure
That withered hand and ashy cheek,
If my heart enshrined a treasure
Such as forces thine to break.

A TALE OF SOCIETY AS IT IS: FROM FACTS, 1811.

I.

SHE was an agèd woman; and the years
Which she had numbered on her toilsome way
Had bowed her natural powers to decay.
She was an agèd woman; yet the ray
Which faintly glimmered thro' her starting tears,
Prest into light by silent misery,
Hath soul's imperishable energy.
She was a cripple, and incapable
To add one mite to gold-fed luxury:
And therefore did her spirit dimly feel
That poverty, the crime of tainting stain,
Would merge her in its depths, never to rise again.

II.

One only son's love had supported her.
She long had struggled with infirmity,
Lingering to human life-scenes; for to die,
When fate has spared to rend some mental tie,
Would many wish, and surely fewer dare.
But, when the tyrant's bloodhounds forced the child
For his cursed power unhallowed arms to wield —
Bend to another's will — become a thing
More senseless than the sword of battlefield —
Then did she feel keen sorrow's keenest sting;
And many years had past ere comfort they would bring.

III.

For seven years did this poor woman live
In unparticipated solitude.

Thou mightst have seen her in the forest rude
Picking the scattered remnants of its wood.
If human, thou mightst then have learned to grieve.
The gleanings of precarious charity
Her scantiness of food did scarce supply.
The proofs of an unspeaking sorrow dwelt
Within her ghastly hollowness of eye:
Each arrow of the season's change she felt.
Yet still she groans, ere yet her race were run,
One only hope: it was — once more to see her son.

IV.

It was an eve of June, when every star
Spoke peace from heaven to those on earth that live.
She rested on the moor. 'T was such an eve
When first her soul began indeed to grieve:
Then he was here; now he is very far.
The sweetness of the balmy evening
A sorrow o'er her aged soul did fling,
Yet not devoid of rapture's mingled tear:
A balm was in the poison of the sting.
This aged sufferer for many a year
Had never felt such comfort. She suppress
A sigh — and turning round, claspt William to her breast!

V.

And, tho' his form was wasted by the woe
Which tyrants on their victims love to wreak,
Tho' his sunk eyeballs and his faded cheek
Of slavery's violence and scorn did speak,
Yet did the agèd woman's bosom glow.
The vital fire seemed reillumed within
By this sweet unexpected welcoming.
O, consummation of the fondest hope
That ever soared on fancy's wildest wing!
Oh, tenderness that found'st so sweet a scope!
Prince who dost pride thee on thy mighty sway,
When *thou* canst feel such love, thou shalt be great as they!

VI.

Her son, compelled, the country's foes had fought,
Had bled in battle; and the stern control
Which ruled his sinews and coerced his soul
Utterly poisoned life's unmingled bowl,
And unsubduable evils on him brought.
He was the shadow of the lusty child
Who, when the time of summer season smiled,
Did earn for her a meal of honesty,
And with affectionate discourse beguiled
The keen attacks of pain and poverty;
Till Power, as envying her this only joy,
From her maternal bosom tore the unhappy boy.

VII.

And now cold charity's unwelcome dole
Was insufficient to support the pair;
And they would perish rather than would bear
The law's stern slavery, and the insolent stare
With which law loves to rend the poor man's soul —
The bitter scorn, the spirit-sinking noise
Of heartless mirth which women, men, and boys,
Wake in this scene of legal misery.
. . . .

TO THE REPUBLICANS OF NORTH AMERICA.

II.

Brothers! between you and me
Whirlwinds sweep and billows roar:
Yet in spirit oft I see
On thy wild and winding shore
Freedom's bloodless banners wave, —
Feel the pulses of the brave
Unextinguisht in the grave, —
See them drencht in sacred gore, —
Catch the warrior's gasping breath
Murmuring "Liberty or death!"

II.

Shout aloud! Let every slave,
Crouching at Corruption's throne,
Start into a man, and brave
Racks and chains without a groan;
And the castle's heartless glow,
And the hovel's vice and woe,
Fade like gaudy flowers that blow —
Weeds that peep, and then are gone;
Whilst, from misery's ashes risen,
Love shall burst the captive's prison.

III.

Cotopaxi! bid the sound
Thro' thy sister mountains ring,
Till each valley smile around
At the blissful welcoming!
And O thou stern Ocean-deep,
Thou whose foamy billows sweep
Shores where thousands wake to weep
Whilst they curse a villain king,
On the winds that fan thy breast
Bear thou news of Freedom's rest!

IV.

Can the day-star dawn of love,
Where the flag of war unfurled
Floats with crimson stain above
The fabric of a ruined world?
Never but to vengeance driven
When the patriot's spirit shriven
Seeks in death its native heaven!
There, to desolation hurled,
Widowed love may watch thy bier,
Balm thee with its dying tear.

TO IRELAND.

Bear witness, Erin! when thine injured isle
Sees summer on its verdant pastures smile,
Its cornfields waving in the winds that sweep
The billowy surface of thy circling deep.
Thou tree whose shadow o'er the Atlantic gave
Peace, wealth, and beauty, to its friendly wave,
its blossoms fade,
And blighted are the leaves that cast its shade;
Whilst the cold hand gathers its scanty fruit,
Whose chillness struck a canker to its root.

[See page 676 for additional stanza.]

TO HARRIET: A FRAGMENT.

O thou
Whose dear love gleamed upon the gloomy path
Which this lone spirit travelled, drear and cold
But swiftly leading to those awful limits
Which mark the bounds of time, and of the space
When time shall be no more, — wilt thou not turn
Those spirit-beaming eyes, and look on me,
Until I be assured that earth is heaven,
And heaven is earth?

THE DEVIL'S WALK.

A BALLAD.

I.

Once, early in the morning,
Beelzebub arose,
With care his sweet person adorning,
He put on his Sunday clothes.

II.

He drew on a boot to hide his hoof,
He drew on a glove to hide his claw,
His horns were concealed by a *bras-chapeau*,
And the Devil went forth as natty a beau,
As Bond Street ever saw.

III.

He sate him down, in London town,
Before earth's morning ray,
With a favorite imp he began to chat,
On religion, and scandal, this and that,
Until the dawn of day.

IV.

And then to St. James's Court he went,
And St. Paul's Church he took on his way,
He was mighty thick with every Saint,
Tho' they were formal and he was gay.

V.

The Devil was an agriculturist,
And as bad weeds quickly grow,
In looking over his farm, I wist
He would n't find cause for woe.

VI.

He peept in each hole, to each chamber stole,
His promising live-stock to view;
Grinning applause, he just showed them his claws,
And they shrunk with affright from his ugly sight,
Whose work they delighted to do.

VII.

Satan poked his red nose into crannies so small,
One would think that the innocents fair,
Poor lambkins! were just doing nothing at all,
But settling some dress or arranging some ball,
But the Devil saw deeper there.

VIII.

A Priest, at whose elbow the Devil during prayer,
Sate familiarly, side by side,
Declared, that if the tempter were there,
His presence he would not abide.
Ah, ha! thought Old Nick, that 's a very stale trick,
For without the Devil, O favorite of evil,
In your carriage you would not ride.

IX.

Satan next saw a brainless King,
Whose house was as hot as his own,
Many imps in attendance were there on the wing,
They flapt the pennon and twisted the sting.
Close by the very Throne.

X.

Ah, ha! thought Satan, the pasture is good,
My Cattle will here thrive better than others,
They dine on news of human blood,
They sup on the groans of the dying and dead,
And supperless never will go to bed;
Which will make them fat as their brothers.

XI.

Fat as the fiends that feed on blood,
Fresh and warm from the fields of Spain,
Where ruin ploughs her gory way,
When the shoots of earth are nipt in the bud,
Where Hell is the Victor's prey,
Its glory the meed of the slain.

XII.

Fat — as the death-birds on Erin's shore,
That glutted themselves in her dearest gore,
And flitted round Castlereagh,
When they snatcht the Patriot's heart, that *his* grasp

Had torn from its widow's maniac clasp,
And fled at the dawn of day.

XIII.

Fat — as the reptiles of the tomb,
That riot in corruption's spoil,
That fret their little hour in gloom,
And creep, and live the while.

XIV.

Fat as that Prince's maudlin brain,
Which addled by some gilded toy,
Tired, gives his sweetmeat, and again
Cries for it, like a humored boy.

XV.

For he is fat, his waistcoat gay,
When strained upon a levee day,
Scarce meets across his princely paunch,
And pantaloons are like half moons
Upon each brawny haunch.

XVI.

How vast his stock of calf! when plenty
Had filled his empty head and heart,
Enough to satiate foplings twenty,
Could make his pantaloon seams start.

XVII.

The Devil, (who sometimes is called nature,)
For men of power provides thus well,
Whilst every change and every feature,
Their great original can tell.

XVIII.

Satan saw a lawyer a viper slay,
That crawled up the leg of his table,
It reminded him most marvellously,
Of the story of Cain and Abel.

XIX.

The wealthy yeoman, as he wanders,
His fertile fields among,
And on his thriving cattle ponders,
Counts his sure gains, and hums a song;

Thus did the Devil, thro' earth walking,
Hum low a hellish song.

XX.

For they thrive well, whose garb of gore,
Is Satan's choicest livery,
And they thrive well, who from the poor,
Have snatcht the bread of penury,
And heap the houseless wanderer's store,
On the rank pile of luxury.

XXI.

The Bishops thrive, tho' they are big,
The Lawyers thrive, tho' they are thin;
For every gown, and every wig,
Hides the safe thrift of Hell within.

XXII.

Thus pigs were never counted clean,
Altho' they dine on finest corn;
And cormorants are sin-like lean,
Altho' they eat from night to morn,

XXIII.

Oh! why is the Father of Hell in such glee,
As he grins from ear to ear?
Why does he doff his clothes joyfully,
As he skips, and prances, and flaps his wing,
As he sidles, leers, and twirls his sting,
And dares, as he is, to appear?

XXIV.

A statesman past — alone to him,
The Devil dare his whole shape uncover,
To show each feature, every limb,
Secure of an unchanging lover.

XXV.

At this known sign, a welcome sight,
The watchful demons sought their King,
And every fiend of the Stygian night,
Was in an instant on the wing.

XXVI.

Pale Loyalty, his guilt-steeled brow,
With wreaths of gory laurel crowned;
The hell-hounds, Murder, Want, and Woe,
For ever hungering flockt around;
From Spain had Satan sought their food,
'T was human woe and human blood!

XXVII.

Hark the earthquake's crash I hear,
Kings turn pale and Conquerors start,
Ruffians tremble in their fear,
For their Satan doth depart.

XXVIII.

This day fiends give to revelry,
To celebrate their King's return,
And with delight its sire to see,
Hell's adamantine limits burn.

XXIX.

But were the Devil's sight as keen
As Reason's penetrating eye,
His sulphurous Majesty I ween,
Would find but little cause for joy.

XXX.

For the sons of Reason see,
That ere fate consume the Pole,
The false Tyrant's cheek shall be,
Bloodless as his coward soul.

TO THE QUEEN OF MY HEART.[1]

I.

SHALL we roam, my love,
To the twilight grove,
When the moon is rising bright;
Oh, I 'll whisper there,
In the cool night-air,
What I dare not in broad daylight!

II.

I 'll tell thee a part
Of the thoughts that start
To being when thou art nigh;
And thy beauty, more bright
Than the stars' soft light,
Shall seem as a weft from the sky.

III.

When the pale moonbeam
On tower and stream
Sheds a flood of silver sheen,
How I love to gaze
As the cold ray strays
O'er thy face, my heart's throned queen!

IV.

Wilt thou roam with me
To the restless sea,
And linger upon the steep,
And list to the flow
Of the waves below
How they toss and roar and leap!

V.

Those boiling waves
And the storm that raves
At night o'er their foaming crest,
Resemble the strife
That, from earliest life,
The passions have waged in my breast.

VI.

Oh, come then and rove
To the sea or the grove
When the moon is rising bright,
And I 'll whisper there
In the cool night-air
What I dare not in broad daylight.

[1] Printed as Shelley's by Medwin; reprinted by Mrs. Shelley, first edition of 1839, but subsequently withdrawn as of doubtful genuineness.—ED.

APPENDIX.

UGOLINO.

From Dante's *Inferno*, Canto xxxiii. ll. 22–75.

Translated by Medwin, with aid from Shelley.

Shelley's contributions are printed in Roman type, Medwin's portion in italics.

Now had the loophole of that dungeon still
Which bears the name of Famine's Tower from me,
And where 't is fit that many another will
Be doomed to linger in captivity,
Shown thro' its narrow opening in my cell,
Moon after moon slow waning, *when a sleep*
That of the future burst the veil, in dream,
Visited me. It was a slumber deep
And evil; for I saw — or I did seem
To see — that *tyrant lord his revels keep,*
The leader of the cruel hunt to them,
Chasing the wolf and wolf-cubs up the steep
Ascent that from the Pisan is the screen
Of Lucca. *With him Gualandi came,*
Simondi, and Lanfranchi, bloodhounds lean,
Trained to the sport and eager for the game,
Wide ranging in his front. *But soon were seen,*
Tho' by so short a course, with spirits tame
The father and his whelps *to flag at once.*

. . . . . .

When I
Heard lockt beneath me of that horrible tower
The outlet, then into their eyes alone
I lookt to read myself, *without a sign*
Or word.

. . . . . .

But, when to shine
Upon the world, not us, came forth the light
Of the new sun, and, thwart my prison thrown,
Gleamed thro' its narrow chink, a doleful sight,
Three faces, each the reflex of my own,
Were imaged by this faint and ghastly ray.

. . . . . .

"Father, our woes so great were yet the less
Would you but eat of us: 't was you who clad
Our bodies in these weeds of wretchedness, —
Despoil them!" — *Not to make their hearts more sad,*
I husht *myself.*

. . . . . .

Between the fifth and sixth day, ere 't was dawn,
I found myself blind-groping o'er the three.

FROM CALDERON'S CISMA D'INGLATERRA.

Translated by Medwin, with aid from Shelley.

Shelley's contributions are printed in Roman type, Medwin's portion in italics.

Hast thou not seen, officious with delight,
Move thro' the illuminated air about the flower
The bee, that fears to drink its purple light,
Lest danger lurk within that rose's bower?
Hast thou not marked the moth's enamoured flight
About the taper's flame at evening hour,
Till kindle in that monumental fire
His sunflower wings their own funereal pyre?

My heart, its wishes trembling to unfold,
Thus round the rose and taper hovering came;
And Passion's slave, Distrust, in ashes cold
Smothered awhile, but could not quench, the flame;
Till Love, that grows by disappointment bold,
And Opportunity, had conquered Shame,—
And like the bee and moth, in act to close,
I burnt my wings, and settled on the rose.

ADDITIONAL STANZA TO IRELAND.[1]

"I COULD stand
Upon thy shores, O Erin, and could count
The billows that, in their unceasing swell,
Dash on thy beach, and every wave might seem
An instrument in Time, the giant's grasp,
To burst the barriers of Eternity.
Proceed, thou giant, conquering and to conquer;
March on thy lonely way! The nations fall
Beneath thy noiseless footstep; pyramids
That for millenniums have defied the blast,
And laught at lightnings, thou dost crush to naught.
Yon monarch, in his solitary pomp,
Is but the fungus of a winter day
That thy light footstep presses into dust.
Thou art a conqueror, Time; all things give way
Before thee but the fixt and virtuous will;
The sacred sympathy of soul which was
When thou wert not, which shall be when thou perishest.

[1] See p. 671.

EVENING.— TO HARRIET.[2]

O THOU bright Sun! beneath the dark blue line
Of western distance that sublime descendest,
And, gleaming lovelier as thy beams decline,
Thy million hues to every vapor lendest,
And, over cobweb lawn and grove and stream
Sheddest the liquid magic of thy light,
Till calm Earth, with the parting splendor bright,
Shows like the vision of a beauteous dream;
What gazer now with astronomic eye
Could coldly count the spots within thy sphere?
Such were thy lover, Harriet, could he fly
The thoughts of all that makes his passion dear,
And, turning senseless from thy warm caress,
Pick flaws in our close-woven happiness.

TO IANTHE.[3]

I LOVE thee, Baby! for thine own sweet sake;
Those azure eyes, that faintly dimpled cheek,
Thy tender frame, so eloquently weak,
Love in the sternest heart of hate might wake;
But more when o'er thy fitful slumber bending
Thy mother folds thee to her wakeful heart,
Whilst love and pity, in her glances blending,
All that thy passive eyes can feel impart:
More, when some feeble lineaments of her,
Who bore thy weight beneath her spotless bosom,

[2] *Evening. — To Harriet.* Published by Dowden, *Life of Shelley*, 1887. Composed July 31, 1813.

[3] *To Ianthe.* Published by Dowden, *Life of Shelley*, 1887. Composed September, 1813.

As with deep love I read thy face, recur, —
More dear art thou, O fair and fragile blossom;
Dearest when most thy tender traits express
The image of thy mother's loveliness.

THE PINE FOREST OF THE CASCINE NEAR PISA.[1]

FIRST DRAFT OF "TO JANE: THE INVENTION, THE RECOLLECTION."

DEAREST, best and brightest,
Come away,
To the woods and to the fields!
Dearer than this fairest day
Which, like thee to those in sorrow,
Comes to bid a sweet good-morrow
To the rough Year just awake
In its cradle in the brake.

The eldest of the hours of Spring,
Into the winter wandering,
Looks upon the leafless wood;
And the banks all bare and rude
Found, it seems, this halcyon Morn
In February's bosom born,
Bending from Heaven, in azure mirth,
Kist the cold forehead of the Earth,
And smiled upon the silent sea,
And bade the frozen streams be free;
And waked to music all the fountains,
And breathed upon the rigid mountains,
And made the wintry world appear
Like one on whom thou smilest, dear.

FRAGMENTS.

RADIANT Sister of the Day,
Awake! arise! and come away!
To the wild woods and the plains,
To the pools where winter rains
Image all the roof of leaves,
Where the pine its garland weaves
Sapless, gray, and ivy dun
Round stems that never kiss the sun —
To the sandhills of the sea,
Where the earliest violets be.

Now the last of many days,
All beautiful and bright as thou,
The loveliest and the last, is dead,
Rise, Memory, and write its praise!
And do thy wonted work and trace
The epitaph of glory fled;
For now the Earth has changed its face,
A frown is on the Heaven's brow.

We wandered to the Pine Forest
That skirts the Ocean's foam,
The lightest wind was in its nest,
The tempest in its home.

The whispering waves were half asleep,
The clouds were gone to play,
And on the woods, and on the deep,
The smile of Heaven lay.

It seemed as if the day were one
Sent from beyond the skies,
Which shed to earth above the sun
A light of Paradise.

We paused amid the pines that stood
The giants of the waste,
Tortured by storms to shapes as rude
With stems like serpents interlaced.

How calm it was — the silence there
By such a chain was bound
That even the busy woodpecker
Made stiller by her sound

The inviolable quietness;
The breath of peace we drew
With its soft motion made not less
The calm that round us grew.

It seemed that from the remotest seat
Of the white mountain's waste,
To the bright flower beneath our feet,
A magic circle traced: —

A spirit interfused around,
A thinking silent life,
To momentary peace it bound
Our mortal nature's strife; —

And still it seemed the centre of
The magic circle there,
Was one whose being filled with love
The breathless atmosphere.

Were not the crocuses that grew
Under that ilex-tree
As beautiful in scent and hue
As ever fed the bee?

[1] *The Pine Forest of the Cascine near Pisa.* Published by Mrs. Shelley, 1824.

We stood beside the pools that lie
Under the forest bough,
And each seemed like a sky
Gulft in a world below;

A purple firmament of light,
Which in the dark earth lay,
More boundless than the depth of night,
And clearer than the day —

In which the massy forests grew
As in the upper air,
More perfect both in shape and hue
Than any waving there.

Like one beloved the scene had lent
To the dark water's breast
Its every leaf and lineament
With that clear truth exprest;

There lay far glades and neighboring lawn,
And thro' the dark green crowd
The white sun twinkling like the dawn
Under a speckled cloud.

Sweet views, which in our world above
Can never well be seen,
Were imaged by the water's love
Of that fair forest green.

And all was interfused beneath
Within an Elysium air
An atmosphere without a breath,
A silence sleeping there.

Until a wandering wind crept by,
Like an unwelcome thought,
Which from my mind's too faithful eye
Blots thy bright image out.

For thou art good and dear and kind,
The forest ever green,
But less of peace in S-———'s mind,
Than calm in waters seen.

ON ROBERT EMMET'S GRAVE.[1]

VI.

No trump tells thy virtues — the grave where they rest
With thy dust shall remain unpolluted by fame,
Till thy foes, by the world and by fortune carest,
Shall pass like a mist from the light of thy name.

VII.

When the storm-cloud that lowers o'er the day-beam is gone,
Unchanged, unextinguisht its life-spring will shine;
When Erin has ceast with their memory to groan,
She will smile through the tears of revival on thine.

THE RETROSPECT: CWM ELAN, 1812.[2]

A SCENE, which wildered fancy viewed
In the soul's coldest solitude,
With that same scene when peaceful love
Flings rapture's color o'er the grove,
When mountain, meadow, wood and stream
With unalloying glory gleam,
And to the spirit's ear and eye
Are unison and harmony.
The moonlight was my dearer day;
Then would I wander far away,
And, lingering on the wild brook's shore
To hear its unremitting roar,
Would lose in the ideal flow
All sense of overwhelming woe;
Or at the noiseless noon of night
Would climb some healthy mountain's height,

And listen to the mystic sound
That stole in fitful gasps around.
I joyed to see the streaks of day
Above the purple peaks decay,
And watch the latest line of light
Just mingling with the shades of night;
For day with me was time of woe
When even tears refused to flow;
Then would I stretch my languid frame
Beneath the wild woods' gloomiest shade,
And try to quench the ceaseless flame
That on my withered vitals preyed;
Would close mine eyes and dream I were
On some remote and friendless plain,
And long to leave existence there,
If with it I might leave the pain
That with a finger cold and lean
Wrote madness on my withering mien.

It was not unrequited love
That bade my 'wildered spirit rove;
'T was not the pride disdaining life,
That with this mortal world at strife

[1] *On Robert Emmet's Grave.* Published by Dowden, *Life of Shelley*, 1887, dated 1812.

[2] *The Retrospect: Cwm Elan*, 1812. Published by Dowden, *Life of Shelley*, 1887.

Would yield to the soul's inward sense,
Then groan in human impotence,
And weep because it is not given
To taste on Earth the peace of Heaven.
'T was not that in the narrow sphere
When nature fixt my wayward fate
There was no friend or kindred dear
Formed to become that spirit's mate,
Which, searching on tired pinion, found
Barren and cold repulse around;
Oh, no! yet each one sorrow gave
New graces to the narrow grave.

For broken vows had early quelled
The stainless spirit's vestal flame;
Yes! whilst the faithful bosom swelled,
Then the envenomed arrow came,
And apathy's unaltering eye
Beamed coldness on the misery;
And early I had learned to scorn
The chains of clay that bound a sou
Panting to seize the wings of morn,
And where its vital powers were born
To soar, and spur the cold control
Which the vile slaves of earthly night
Would twine around its struggling flight.

Oh, many were the friends whom fame
Had linkt with the unmeaning name,
Whose magic markt among mankind
The casket of my unknown mind,
Which hidden from the vulgar glare
Imbibed no fleeting radiance there.
My darksome spirit sought — it found
A friendless solitude around.
For who that might undaunted stand,
The savior of a sinking land,
Would crawl, its ruthless tyrant's slave,
And fatten upon Freedom's grave,
Though doomed with her to perish, where
The captive clasps abhorred despair.

They could not share the bosom's feeling,
Which, passion's every throb revealing,
Dared force on the world's notice cold
Thoughts of unprofitable mould,
Who bask in Custom's fickle ray,
Fit sunshine of such wintry day!
They could not in a twilight walk
Weave an impassioned web of talk,
Till mysteries the spirits press
In wild yet tender awfulness,
Then feel within our narrow sphere
How little yet how great we are!
But they might shine in courtly glare,
Attract the rabble's cheapest stare,
And might command where 'er they move
A thing that bears the name of love;
They might be learnèd, witty, gay,
Foremost in fashion's gilt array,
On Fame's emblazoned pages shine,
Be princes' friends, but never mine!

Ye jagged peaks that frown sublime,
Mocking the blunted scythe of Time,
Whence I would watch its lustre pale
Steal from the moon o'er yonder vale:

Thou rock, whose bosom black and vast,
Bared to the stream's unceasing flow,
Ever its giant shade doth cast
On the tumultuous surge below:

Woods, to whose depths retires to die
The wounded echo's melody,
And whither this lone spirit bent
The footstep of a wild intent:

Meadows! whose green and spangled breast
These fevered limbs have often prest,
Until the watchful fiend Despair
Slept in the soothing coolness there!
Have not your varied beauties seen
The sunken eye, the withering mien,
Sad traces of the unuttered pain
That froze my heart and burned my brain.
How changed since Nature's summer form
Had last the power my grief to charm,
Since last ye soothed my spirit's sadness
Strange chaos of a mingled madness!
Changed! — not the loathsome worm that fed
In the dark mansions of the dead
Now soaring thro' the fields of air,
And gathering purest nectar there,
A butterfly, whose million hues
The dazzled eye of wonder views,
Long lingering on a work so strange,
Has undergone so bright a change.

How do I feel my happiness?
I cannot tell, but they may guess
Whose every gloomy feeling gone,
Friendship and passion feel alone;
Who see mortality's dull clouds
Before affection's murmur fly,
Whilst the mild glances of her eye
Pierce the thin veil of flesh that shrouds
The spirit's inmost sanctuary.

O thou! whose virtues latest known,
First in this heart yet claim 'st a throne;
Whose downy sceptre still shall share
The gentle sway with virtue there;
Thou fair in form, and pure in mind,
Whose ardent friendship rivets fast
The flowery band our fates that bind,
Which incorruptible shall last
When duty's hard and cold control
Had thawed around the burning soul, —
The gloomiest retrospects that bind
With crowns of thorn the bleeding mind,
The prospects of most doubtful hue
That rise on Fancy's shuddering view, —
Are gilt by the reviving ray
Which thou hast flung upon my day.

FRAGMENT OF A SONNET.—TO HARRIET.[1]

Ever as now with Love and Virtue's glow
May thy unwithering soul not cease to burn,
Still may thine heart with those pure thoughts o'erflow
Which force from mine such quick and warm return.

TO HARRIET.[2]

It is not blasphemy to hope that Heaven
More perfectly will give those nameless joys
Which throb within the pulses of the blood
And sweeten all that bitterness which Earth
Infuses in the heaven-born soul. O thou
Whose dear love gleamed upon the gloomy path
Which this lone spirit travelled, drear and cold,
Yet swiftly leading to those awful limits
Which mark the bounds of Time and of the space
When Time shall be no more; wilt thou not turn
Those spirit-beaming eyes and look on me,
Until I be assured that Earth is Heaven,
And Heaven is Earth?—will not thy glowing cheek,
Glowing with soft suffusion, rest on mine,
And breathe magnetic sweetness thro' the frame
Of my corporeal nature, thro' the soul
Now knit with these fine fibres? I would give
The longest and the happiest day that fate
Has markt on my existence but to feel
One soul-reviving kiss. . . . O thou most dear,
'T is an assurance that this Earth is Heaven,
And Heaven the flower of that untainted seed
Which springeth here beneath such love as ours.
Harriet! let death all mortal ties dissolve,
But ours shall not be mortal! The cold hand
Of Time may chill the love of earthly minds
Half frozen now; the frigid intercourse
Of common souls lives but a summer's day;
It dies, where it arose, upon this earth.
But ours! oh, 't is the stretch of fancy's hope
To portray its continuance as now,
Warm, tranquil, spirit-healing; nor when age
Has tempered these wild ecstasies, and given
A soberer tinge to the luxurious glow
Which blazing on devotion's pinnacle
Makes virtuous passion supersede the power
Of reason; nor when life's festival sun
To deeper manhood shall have ripened me;
Nor when some years have added judgment's store
To all thy woman sweetness, all the fire
Which throbs in thine enthusiast heart; not then
Shall holy friendship (for what other name
May love like ours assume?), not even then
Shall custom so corrupt, or the cold forms
Of this desolate world so harden us,
As when we think of the dear love that binds
Our souls in soft communion, while we know
Each other's thoughts and feelings, can we say
Unblushingly a heartless compliment,
Praise, hate, or love with the unthinking world,
Or dare to cut the unrelaxing nerve
That knits our love to virtue. Can those eyes,
Beaming with mildest radiance on my heart
To purify its purity, e'er bend
To soothe its vice or consecrate its fears?
Never, thou second self! Is confidence
So vain in virtue that I learn to doubt
The mirror even of Truth? Dark flood of Time,
Roll as it listeth thee; I measure not
By month or moments thy ambiguous course.
Another may stand by me on thy brink,
And watch the bubble whirled beyond his ken,
Which pauses at my feet. The sense of love,
The thirst for action, and the impassioned thought
Prolong my being; if I wake no more,
My life more actual living will contain
Than some gray veterans of the world's cold school,
Whose listless hours unprofitably roll
By one enthusiast feeling unredeemed,
Virtue and Love! unbending Fortitude,
Freedom, Devotedness and Purity!
That life my spirit consecrates to you.

[1] *Fragment of a Sonnet to Harriet.* Published by Dowden, *Life of Shelley*, 1887, and dated Aug. 1, 1812.

[2] *To Harriet.* Published, 5–13, by Forman, 58–69, by Shelley. *Notes to Queen Mab*, 1813, and entire by Dowden, *Life of Shelley*, 1887, dated 1812.

SONNET.

TO A BALLOON LADEN WITH KNOWLEDGE.

BRIGHT ball of flame that thro' the gloom of even
Silently takest thine ethereal way,
And with surpassing glory dimm'st each ray
Twinkling amid the dark blue depths of Heaven,—
Unlike the fire thou bearest, soon shalt thou
Fade like a meteor in surrounding gloom,
Whilst that unquenchable is doomed to glow
A watch-light by the patriot's lonely tomb;
A ray of courage to the opprest and poor;
A spark, tho' gleaming on the hovel's hearth,
Which thro' the tyrant's gilded domes shall roar;
A beacon in the darkness of the Earth;
A sun which, o'er the renovated scene,
Shall dart like Truth where Falsehood yet has been.

SONNET.[2]

ON LAUNCHING SOME BOTTLES FILLED WITH KNOWLEDGE INTO THE BRISTOL CHANNEL.

VESSELS of heavenly medicine! may the breeze
Auspicious waft your dark green forms to shore;
Safe may ye stem the wide surrounding roar
Of the wild whirlwinds and the raging seas;
And oh! if Liberty e'er deigned to stoop
From yonder lowly throne her crownless brow,
Sure she will breathe around your emerald group
The fairest breezes of her west that blow.
Yes! she will waft ye to some freeborn soul
Whose eye-beam, kindling as it meets your freight,
Her heaven-born flame in suffering Earth will light,
Until its radiance gleams from pole to pole,
And tyrant-hearts with powerless envy burst
To see their night of ignorance dispersed.

FRAGMENT OF A SONNET.[3]

FAREWELL TO NORTH DEVON.

. . . . . .
Where man's profane and tainting hand
Nature's primeval loveliness has marred,
And some few souls of the high bliss debarred
Which else obey her powerful command;
. . . mountain piles
That load in grandeur Cambria's emerald vales.

ON LEAVING LONDON FOR WALES.[4]

HAIL to thee, Cambria! for the unfettered wind
Which from thy wilds even now methinks I feel,
Chasing the clouds that roll in wrath behind,
And tightening the soul's laxest nerves to steel;
True mountain Liberty alone may heal
The pain which Custom's obduracies bring,
And he who dares in fancy even to steal
One draught from Snowdon's ever sacred spring
Blots out the unholiest rede of worldly witnessing.

And shall that soul, to selfish peace resigned,
So soon forget the woe its fellows share?
Can Snowdon's Lethe from the freeborn mind
So soon the page of injured penury tear?
Does this fine mass of human passion dare
To sleep, unhonoring the patriot's fall,
Or life's sweet load in quietude to bear
While millions famish even in Luxury's hall,
And Tyranny, high-raised, stern lowers on all?

[1] *Sonnet: To a Balloon laden with Knowledge.* Published by Dowden, *Life of Shelley*. 1887, dated August, 1812.

[2] *Sonnet: On launching some Bottles filled with Knowledge into the Bristol Channel.* Published by Dowden, *Life of Shelley*, 1887, dated August, 1812.

[3] *Fragment of a Sonnet: Farewell to North Devon.* Published by Dowden, *Life of Shelley*, 1887, dated August, 1812.

[4] *On Leaving London for Wales: A Fragment.* Published by Dowden, *Life of Shelley*, 1887, dated November, 1812.

No, Cambria! never may thy matchless vales
A heart so false to hope and virtue shield;
Nor ever may thy spirit-breathing gales
Waft freshness to the slaves who dare to yield.
For me! . . . the weapon that I burn to wield
I seek amid thy rocks to ruin hurled,
That Reason's flag may over Freedom's field,
Symbol of bloodless victory, wave unfurled,
A meteor-sign of love effulgent o'er the world.

. . . . . .

Do thou, wild Cambria, calm each struggling thought;
Cast thy sweet veil of rocks and woods between,
That by the soul to indignation wrought
Mountains and dells be mingled with the scene;
Let me forever be what I have been,
But not forever at my needy door
Let Misery linger speechless, pale, and lean;
I am the friend of the unfriended poor, —
Let me not madly stain their righteous cause in gore.

NOTES.

Page 39.

Throughout this varied and eternal world etc.

In Shelley's edition there is a comma after *element* and a full stop at *remained*. Mr. Tutin proposed the emendation.

Page 94.

The Dæmon of the World. A Fragment.

Part I. appeared in the volume which contained Alastor. Part II. was recovered by Mr. Forman from a copy of Queen Mab revised by Shelley.

Page 104.

Preface to Alastor.

Shelley's Preface to Alastor, etc., closed with the following reference to "The Dæmon of the World": "The Fragment entitled 'THE DÆMON OF THE WORLD' is a detached part of a poem which the author does not intend for publication. The metre in which it is composed is that of 'Samson Agonistes' and the Italian pastoral drama, and may be considered as the natural measure into which poetical conceptions, expressed in harmonious language, naturally fall."

Page 107.

Herself a poet.

Mrs. Shelley's second edition, 1839, reads "Himself a poet," which Mr. Rossetti follows.

Page 113.

In the light of evening, and, its precipice

I insert the comma after *and*.

Page 117.

The Revolt of Islam.

To restore the text of "Laon and Cythna" it will be necessary to make the following changes in "The Revolt of Islam." At the close of Preface, p. 121, add as follows:—"In the personal conduct of my Hero and Heroine, there is one circumstance which was intended to startle the reader from the trance of ordinary life. It was my object to break through the crust of those outworn opinions on which established institutions depend. I have appealed therefore to the most universal of all feelings, and have endeavored to strengthen the moral sense, by forbidding it to waste its energies in seeking to avoid actions which are only crimes of convention. It is because there is so great a multitude of artificial vices that there are so few real virtues. Those feelings alone which are benevolent or malevolent, are essentially good or bad. The circumstance of which I speak was introduced, however, merely to accustom men to that charity and toleration which the exhibition of a practice widely differing from their own has a tendency to promote.[1] Nothing indeed can be more mischievous than many actions, innocent in themselves, which might bring down upon individuals the bigoted contempt and rage of the multitude."

P. 140, c. II. st. xxi. l. 1:
"I had a little sister, whose fair eyes"

P. 140, c. II. st. xxv. l. 2:
"To love in human life, this sister sweet,"

P. 145, c. III. st. i. l. 1:
"What thoughts had sway over my sister's slumber"

P. 145, c. III. st. i. l. 3:
"As if they did ten thousand years outnumber"

[1] The sentiments connected with and characteristic of this circumstance have no personal reference to the Writer. [Shelley's note]

P. 157, c. IV. st. xxx. l. 6:
"And left it vacant — 't was her brother's face — "

P. 167, c. V. st. xlvii. l. 5:
"I had a brother once, but he is dead! — "

P. 175, c. VI. st. xxiv. l. 8:
"My own sweet sister looked), with joy did quail,"

P. 177, c. VI. st. xxxi. l. 6:
"The common blood which ran within our frames,"

P. 178, c. VI. st. xxxix. ll. 6-9:
"With such close sympathies, for to each other
Had high and solemn hopes, the gentle might
Of earliest love, and all the thoughts which smother
Cold Evil's power, now linked a sister and a brother."

P. 178, c. VI. st. xl. l. 1:
"And such is Nature's modesty, that those"

P. 190, c. VIII. st. iv. l. 9:
"Dream ye that God thus builds for man in solitude?"

P. 190, c. VIII. st. v. l. 1:
"What then is God? Ye mock yourselves and give"

P. 190, c. VIII. st. vi. l. 1:
"What then is God? Some moonstruck sophist stood"

P. 190, c. VIII. st. vi. ll. 8, 9:
"And that men say God has appointed Death
On all who scorn his will to wreak immortal wrath."

P. 190, c. VIII. st. vii. ll. 1-4.
"Men say they have seen God, and heard from God,
Or known from others who have known such things,
And that his will is all our law, a rod
To scourge us into slaves — that Priests and Kings"

P. 190, c. VIII. st. viii. l. 1:
"And it is said, that God will punish wrong;"

P. 190, c. VIII. st. viii. ll. 3, 4:
"And his red hell's undying snakes among
Will bind the wretch on whom he fixed a stain"

P. 191, c. VIII. st. xiii. ll. 3, 4:
"For it is said God rules both high and low,
And man is made the captive of his brother:"

P. 197, c. IX. st. xiii. l. 8:
"To curse the rebels. To their God did they"

P. 197, c. IX. st. xiv. l. 6:
"By God, and Nature, and Necessity."

P. 198, c. IX. st. xv. The stanza contains ten lines — ll. 4-7 as follows:

"There was one teacher, and must ever be,
They said, even God, who, the necessity
Of rule and wrong had armed against mankind,
His slave and his avenger there to be;"

P. 198, c. IX. st. xviii. ll. 3-6:
"And Hell and Awe, which in the heart of man
Is God itself; the Priests its downfall knew,
As day by day their altars lovelier grew,
Till they were left alone within the fane;"

P. 206, c. X. st. xxii. l. 9:
"On fire! Almighty God his hell on earth has spread!"

P. 207, c. X. st. xxvi ll. 7, 8:
"Of their Almighty God, the armies wind
In sad procession: each among the train."

P. 207, c. X. st. xxviii l. 1:
"O God Almighty! thou alone hast power."

P. 208, c. X. st. xxxi. l. 1:
"And Oromaze, and Christ, and Mahomet."

P. 208, c. X. st. xxxii. l. 1:
"He was a Christian Priest from whom it came"

P. 208, c. X. st. xxxii. l. 4:
"To quell the rebel Atheists; a dire guest"

P. 208, c. X. st. xxxii. l. 9:
"To wreak his fear of God on vengeance on mankind"

P. 208, c. X. st. xxxiv. ll. 5, 6:
"His cradled Idol, and the sacrifice
Of God to God's own wrath — that Islam's creed"

P. 208, c. X. st. xxxv. l. 9:
"And thrones, which rest on faith in God, nigh overturned."

P. 209, c. X. st. xxxix. l. 4:
"Of God may be appeased." He ceased, and they"

P. 209, c. X. st. xl. l. 5:
"With storms and shadows girt, sate God, alone,"

P. 210, c. X. st. xliv. l. 9:
"As 'hush! hark! Come they yet? God, God, thine hour is near!'"

P. 210, c. X. st. xlv. l. 8:
"Men brought their atheist kindred to appease"

P. 211, c. X. st. xlvii. l. 6:
"The threshold of God's throne, and it was she!"

P. 214, c. XI. st. xvi. l. 1:
"Ye turn to God for aid in your distress;"

P. 216, c. XI. st. xxv. l. 7:
"Swear by your dreadful God." — "We swear, we swear!"

P. 218, c. XII. st. x. l. 9:
"Truly for self, thus thought that Christian Priest indeed,"

P. 218, c. xii. st. xi. l. 9:
"A woman? God has sent his other victim here."

P. 218, c. xii. st. xii. ll. 6–8:
"Will I stand up before God's golden throne,
And cry, O Lord, to thee did I betray
An Atheist; but for me she would have known."

P. 221, c. xii. st. xxix. l. 4:
"In torment and in fire have Atheists gone;"

P. 221, c. xii. st. xxx. l. 4:
"How Atheists and Republicans can die;"

Page 170.

Beneath whose spires which swayed in the red flame

Shelley's edition reads *light* for flame. The emendation is Mr. Rossetti's.

Page 171.

And the great gate. Then, none knew whence or why,

In Shelley's edition there is a comma after gate. The emendation is Mr. Rossetti's.

Page 172.

As sudden earthquakes light many a volcano-isle,

In Shelley's edition there is a full stop at isle. The comma is substituted by Mr. Forman.

Page 182.

Which dawned through the rent soul; and words it gave,

Shelley's edition has no comma after *gate* nor after *gestures*, nor has it marks of parenthesis around line 4 of the stanza. The emendation is Mr. A. C. Bradley's.

Page 191.

"*Oh! Love, who to the heart of wandering man*

Shelley's edition has "hearts of wandering men." The emendation is Mr. Rossetti's.

Page 191.

And Hate is throned on high with Fear his mother,

This is the reading of "Laon and Cyntha." "The Revolt of Islam" has "her mother." There is no authority for *her*, Mr. Forman says, in Shelley's revised copy.

Page 197.

Words which the love of truth in hues of flame

Shelley's edition reads "hues of grace." The emendation is Mr. Forman's.

Page 219.

Near me, among the snakes. When there had fled

Shelley's edition reads "What then." The emendation is Mr. Forman's.

Page 222.

When the broad sunrise filled with deepening gold

Shelley's edition reads "*Where the broad sunrise.*" The emendation is Mr. Rossetti's.

Page 223.

Where its wild surges with the lake were blended:

Shelley's edition reads "When its wild surges." The emendation is Mr. Rossetti's.

Page 223.

Our bark hung there, as on a line suspended

Shelley's edition reads "as one line suspended." The emendation is Mr. Rossetti's. In the next line Shelley's edition has a semicolon after "lake."

Page 226.

Of an ancestral name the orphan chief,

So in Mrs. Shelley's later editions. In the "Posthumous Poems" there is a full stop after *chief.*

Page 229.

And sweet and subtle talk they evermore,

So in the "Posthumous Poems;" in later editions, "now evermore."

Page 236.

And down my cheeks the quick tears ran

Mr. Rossetti reads "fell" for "ran."

Page 237.

Which all that I had undergone

So in Shelley's edition. Mr. Forman suggests "While" for "Which," and three lines farther "had almost burst" for "and almost burst."

Page 246.

(*Did they not, love, demand too much,*
Those dying murmurs?)

The marks of parenthesis are due to Mr. Rossetti.

Page 246.

Had rescue from a chasm of tears;

Shelley's edition reads "rescued." The emendation is Mr. Forman's.

Page 246.

She ceased.—"Lo, where red morning thro' the wood"

Shelley's edition reads "woods." The emendation is Mr. Rossetti's.

Page 248.

Julian and Maddalo.

The text of this poem has been finally ascertained by Mr. Forman from Shelley's MS., sent to Leigh Hunt, and placed with other precious MSS. at Mr. Forman's disposal by Mr. Townshend Mayer.

Page 283.

Withering in destined pain: but who rains down

Shelley's edition has "reigns down," which Mr. Forman defends.

Page 285.

Which in the winds and on the waves doth move,

The word *and*, introduced here by Mr. Rossetti, is wanting in Shelley's edition.

Page 286.

And cling to it; tho' under my wrath's night

Shelley's edition reads "wrath's might." Mrs. Shelley made the correction.

Page 289.

Than all thy sisters, this is the mystic shell;

Mrs. Shelley omits the word "is.'

Page 294.

Of those who were their conquerors: mouldering round

Mr. Rossetti removes the colon after "conquerors," and puts a full stop after "round."

Page 294.

The loathsome mask has fallen, the man remains etc.

Mr. Rossetti reads—

"The loathsome mask has fallen. The man remains,—
Spectreless, free, uncircumscribed, but man:
Equal, unclassed, tribeless, and nationless,
Exempt from awe, worship, degree, the king
Over himself; just, gentle, wise: but man.
Passionless? no:—yet free from guilt or pain,—"

Page 298.

Purple and azure, white, and green, and golden,

The "and" before "green" is due to Mr. Rossetti.

Page 301.

Darting from starry depths radiance and life, doth move,

So MS. and Mr. Forman; other editions "radiance and light."

Page 301.

A half unfrozen dew-globe,

So Mrs. Shelley; in original edition "infrozen."

Page 302.

And the weak day weeps
That it should be so.

Mr. Rossetti makes these lines the close of the preceding speech—that of the moon.

Page 351.

Whose love was as a bond to all our loves

The needful word *as* was supplied by Mr. Rossetti.

Page 355.

The Mask of Anarchy.

Several readings different from those of the edition of 1832 are derived from a MS. mainly in Mrs. Shelley's handwriting, and used by Mr. Forman in his edition of *Shelley's Poetical Works*.

Page 367.

To bully one another's guilt.

The original edition has *out* for *one*, corrected by Mr. Forman.

Page 376.

Letter to Maria Gisborne.

The text as first printed has been emended with the aid of readings supplied by Dr. Garnett from Shelley's dratt, and by Mr. Forman from a transcript in Mrs. Shelley's handwriting.

Page 381.

The Witch of Atlas.

Some readings are derived from a transcript in Mrs. Shelley's handwriting used by Mr. Forman.

Page 384.

It was their work to bear to many a saint

So Mr. Rossetti ; previous ed *its work.*

Page 447.

Fear,
Revenge and Wrong bring forth their kind,

Dr. Garnett ("Relics of Shelley") had printed "For Revenge." The correction is Mr. Rossetti's.

Page 456

Fragments of an Unfinished Drama.

These fragments were in part printed by Mrs. Shelley, in part obtained from MS. by Dr. Garnett, and first printed by Mr. Rossetti. The passage of prose on p. 456 is Mrs. Shelley's.

Page 461.

Charles the First.

These fragments were in part printed by Mrs. Shelley, in part deciphered from MS., and constructed in their present form by Mr. Rossetti. The list of *Dramatis Personæ* was drawn up by Mr. Forman. Two or three emendations are due to Mr. Forman.

Page 474.

The Triumph of Life.

Emendations of the text as originally printed were derived from MS. by Dr. Garnett.

Page 476.

Tempering the light. Upon the chariot beam

Mr. Rossetti's emendation. Mrs. Shelley read —

"Tempering the light upon the chariot beam,"

Page 478.

Said the grim Feature (of my thought aware).

So Mr. Rossetti, emending Mrs. Shelley's —

"Said the grim Feature of my thought:
'Aware . . .'"

Page 489.

Lines.

Named "November 1815" in the *Literary Pocket-Book* for 1823.

Page 490.

"*I never saw the sun? We will walk here*

Mr. Forman makes the ingenious suggestion —

"I never saw the sun-rise? We will wake here . . ."

Page 497.

The flames were fiercely vomited

Flames is Mr. Rossetti's emendation on the line as previously printed — "The waves," etc.

Page 499.

To the Lord Chancellor.

In this poem and that to *William Shelley* some readings are derived from transcripts in Mrs. Shelley's handwriting, consulted by Mr. Forman.

Page 499.

No, Music, thou art not the "food of Love,"

So Mr. Forman, no doubt rightly: previous editions "god of Love."

Page 502.

Otho.

These two stanzas were printed by Mrs Shelley. The "Fragments" which follow were printed by Dr. Garnett. Mr. Forman and Dr. Garnett think it very likely that they belong to "Otho."

Page 506.

To the Nile.

First printed by Mr. Townshend Mayer in the *St. James's Magazine*, March 1879.

Page 513.

The purple noon's transparent might,
The breath of the moist earth is light,

The words *earth* and *might* are given on Dr. Garnett's authority from Shelley's MS. In the *Posthumous Poems* the second of these lines does not appear, and *light* stands in place of *might*. *Air* appears in some editions instead of *earth*.

Page 515.

Marenghi.

In part given by Mrs. Shelley; in part obtained from MS. by Dr. Garnett, and first printed by Mr. Rossetti.

Page 520.

And their mothers look pale — like the white shore

A MS. of Shelley gives the reading "death-white shore."

Page 520.

Marry Ruin, thou Tyrant, and God be thy guide

A MS. of Shelley gives "Hell" in place of "God."

Page 526.

And the stars are shining bright:

The Harvard College MS. reads "burning bright." So "The Liberal."

Page 526.

As I must on thine,

The Harvard MS. gives —
"As I most die on thine"
(Mrs. Shelley's reading, 1839).

Page 527.

Of sweet flowers and sunny grass,

So Harvard College MS. "Of the sweet flowers." — Mrs. Shelley's edition

Page 535.

Leaf by leaf, day after day,

The reading *by* instead of *after* is supplied by the MS. in Shelley's handwriting in the Library of Harvard College.

Page 536.

Cancelled Passage.

This stanza originally printed before that beginning "Spawn, weeds, and filth, a leprous scum" was omitted in Mrs. Shelley's edition. It is cancelled in Shelley's own copy in the Harvard College MS.

Page 537.

One deck is burst up by the waters below,

This is the reading of the Harvard College MS. Printed editions have *from* for *by*.

Page 540.

The sweet buds every one,

In the original printed text we have *birds*. The correction is from Mrs. Shelley.

Page 542.

Ode to Liberty

The Harvard College MS. in Shelley's handwriting is decisive as to the punctuation of the first two lines.

Page 546.

Of KING *into the dust! or write it there,*

"King" is found in a fragment of the rough draft. Shelley and Mrs. Shelley put four asterisks in place of the word.

Page 547.

Or what if Art, an ardent intercessor,

So Mrs. Shelley. In Shelley's edition "O," is printed in place of "Or."

Page 550.

Its mother's face with heaven's collected tears,

The Harvard College MS. in Mrs. Shelley's handwriting has this reading. Later editions, "heaven-collected."

Page 551.

My moon-like flight, thou then may'st mark

So in the *Posthumous Poems*. "Moonlight flight" in Mrs. Shelley's later editions.

Page 556.

The Tower of Famine.

It is uncertain whether the following note be Mrs. Shelley's or Shelley's: "At Pisa

there still exists the prison of Ugolino, which goes by the name of 'La Torre della Fame'; in the adjoining building the galley-slaves are confined. It is situated on the Ponte al Mare on the Arno."

Page 557.

And many pass it by with careless tread,

Mrs. Shelley reads *passed*. The emendation is Mr. Rossetti's.

Page 557.

Sonnet.

Readings in this Sonnet are derived from a copy in Shelley's handwriting sold at the Ollier sale, and from the Harvard College MS.

Page 565.

And the weary day turned to his rest,

Mr. Rossetti suggests "her rest."

Page 567.

Song.

I have left this among the Poems of 1821, but it seems probable that it was earlier, for in the Harvard College MS. a copy made by Mrs. Shelley is dated in Shelley's handwriting "Pisa, May 1820." It is not likely that Shelley erred, even though his entry of the date of transcription may have been made at a later time than the copy.

Page 569.

Sonnet: Political Greatness.

Named by Shelley in the Harvard College MS., *Sonnet, To the Republic of Benevento.*

Page 569.

Remembrance.

In a MS. copy by Shelley followed by Mr. Forman, we read, ll. 5–8 —

"As the wood when leaves are shed,
As the night when sleep is fled,
As the heart when joy is dead."

And, l. 10 —

"The owlet night resumes his reign."

Page 578.

Thro' seas and winds, cities and wildernesses,

Mr. Forman suggests *lands* in place of *winds;* or should we read *woods?*

Page 580.

The Boat on the Serchio.

Partly given by Mrs. Shelley; additions and corrections made from Shelley's MS. by Mr. Rossetti.

Page 582.

Music.

Given first in *Posthumous Poems.* Two forms are printed in Mrs. Shelley's second edition of 1839.

Page 582.

Sonnet to Byron.

The sonnet as here given was obtained from MS. by Mr. Rossetti.

Under a heaven of cedar boughs; the drouth

I adopt Mr. Forman's suggestion *drouth* instead of *drought.*

Page 589.

To Jane: The Invitation.

A version of part of this poem and part of the next with variations of text is given in the *Posthumous Poems.*

Page 589.

Sit by the fireside with Sorrow.

So MS.; in Mrs. Shelley's collected editions "of Sorrow."

Page 592.

Bare woods, whose branches stain,

Mr. Rossetti suggests "strain" for "stain."

Page 604.

Shall hurl you into dismal Tartarus,

"Hurl" is the reading of the Harvard College MS.; printed editions, "haul." Cf. stanza lxiii. l. 1.

Page 609.

As now. I wonder at thee, son of Jove;

The full stop after "now" is from the Harvard College MS.

Page 610.

The soul with sweetness, and like an adept

Harvard College MS. and *Posthumous Poems* read —

"The soul with sweetness, as of an adept."

Page 612.

Thou dost alone the veil from death uplift.

So Harvard College MS.; printed editions "of death."

Page 612.

In truth, and Jove covered their love with joy,

So the Harvard College MS.; printed editions incorrectly —

"In truth, and Jove covered them with love and joy."

Page 612.

And steed-subduing Castor, heirs of fame.

Mr. Rossetti corrected the error "steel-subduing" in previous editions,

Page 614.

Tritogenia, town-preserving maid,

Misprinted in Mrs. Shelley's editions "Trilogenia." So on p. 616 "Althæa's was misprinted "Athæa" in editions previous to Mr. Forman's. On p. 618 "Papaiax" was erroneously "Papaiapax" until Mr. Forman set it right.

Page 621.

Ai! ai! I have escaped the Trojan toils.

In Mrs. Shelley's editions, "Ay! ay!" Corrected by Mr. Rossetti.

Page 621.

The ravin is ready on every side,

In Mrs. Shelley's editions, "The ravine." Corrected by Mr. Rossetti.

Page 621.

As would contain ten amphoræ, and bound it

In Mrs. Shelley's editions, "four amphoræ." The correction was suggested by Mr. Swinburne.

Page 625.

Semichorus I. *We are too far,*

In Mrs. Shelley's editions, "too few". Corrected by Mr. Rossetti.

Page 628.

From his struck thigh stains her white navel now,

The MS. of Shelley has "her" for "his," in this and the following line. With Mr. Rossetti I change it in its first occurrence to "his."

Page 647.

The trunks are crushed and shattered

Mr. Rossetti reads "scattered."

Page 653.

A Dialogue.

The title is from Shelley's MS., where the poem is given in a later and revised text. I introduce from the MS. the correction "*o'er* Eternity's vale" (in place of "*on*"). The date given is 1809.

Page 654.

To the Moonbeam.

Like "A Dialogue," this is given both in Hogg's "Life of Shelley" (in a letter of 17th May, 1811) and with a revised text in a MS. of later date. In the MS. the date 23d September, 1809 is given. I correct from the MS. the last line of the poem.

Page 654.

The Solitary.

Dated 1810 in Shelley's MS.

Page 654.

To Death.

The title is from Shelley's MS., where it appears with a revised text. I correct the word "murders" (l. 10) in Hoggs's text to "murderer," MS. Hogg says the poem was written at Oxford (1810). The MS. gives twenty additional lines.

Page 655.

Love's Rose.

The title is Mr. Rossetti's. The poem appears in a revised text in Shelley's MS., with the date 1810. The second line, hitherto given erroneously, I correct from the MS.

Page 655.

Eyes: A Fragment.

This is from a MS. copied by Mr. Garnett. A MS. of later date gives the complete poem — five eight-lined stanzas. The date in the later MS. is 1810. I correct *lighten* (l. 1 st. 2) to *light* from this MS.

Page 656.

Poems from St. Irvyne.

Following Mr. Rossetti's example I supply a title for each of these poems.

Page 666.

Stanza from a Translation, etc.

The entire poem is given in a later MS.

Page 667.

Bigotry's Victim.

From Hogg's "Life of Shelley," given in a letter dated 28th April, 1811. Dated 1810 in a later revised MS.

Page 667.

On an Icicle, etc.

The title is from Shelley's MS., where the poem (given in a revised text) is dated 1809. It is given also in a letter to Hogg, dated 6th Jannary, 1811, where Shelley says that he had been most of the previous night pacing a churchyard.

Page 669.

To Mary, who Died in this Opinion.

From a letter to Miss Hitchener, 23d November, 1811. Mr. Esdaile's MS. contains three poems "To Mary," with an Advertisement prefixed, and one "To the Lover of Mary." The date of these is November, 1810. They are selected, Shelley says, from many written during three weeks of an entrancement caused by hearing Mary's story. Probably the poem here printed is one of those from among which he made his later selection.

Page 669.

A Tale of Society, etc.

The title is from Shelley's MS., where the poem appears in a later text, and extends to ten stanzas. The present text is from a letter to Miss Hitchener, 7th January, 1812. I made a few corrections from the later MS.

Page 671.

To the Republicans of North America.

The title is from Shelley's MS.; the text, from a letter to Miss Hitchener, dated 14th February, 1812. The later MS. contains an additional stanza. I make one or two corrections of text from this MS.

Page 671.

To Harriet: A Fragment.

The poem from which this fragment is taken will be found in the "Life of Shelley," by Edward Dowden, vol. i. pp. 286–288.

A LIST OF SHELLEY'S PRINCIPAL WRITINGS.[1]

1. Zastrozzi, A Romance. By P. B. S., London: Printed for G. Wilkie and J. Robinson, 57 Paternoster Row, 1810.

2. Original Poetry. By Victor and Cazire, Worthing: Phillips. 8vo, pp. 64. No copy known.

3. Posthumous Fragments of Margaret Nicholson; being Poems found amongst the papers of that noted female who attempted the life of the King in 1786. Edited by John Fitzvictor. Oxford: Printed and Sold by J. Munday, 1810.

6. St. Irvyne; or, The Rosicrucian: A Romance. By A Gentleman of the University of Oxford. London: Printed for J. J. Stockdale, 41 Pall Mall, 1811.

7. An Essay on Love. In a letter to Godwin, Keswick, 16th January, 1812, Shelley speaks of "the 'Essay on Love,' a little poem"—as if a printed work. No copy is known.

8. Leonora. This was a novel said to have been written in conjunction with T. J. Hogg. The printing is said to have been stopped in consequence of the expulsion of Shelley and Hogg from Oxford. Never issued.

9. The necessity of Atheism. Worthing: Printed by E. and W. Phillips. Sold in London and Oxford.

10. A Poetical Essay on the Existing State of Things. By a Gentleman of the University of Oxford, For assisting to maintain in Prison Mr. Peter Finnerty, imprisoned for a libel. London: Sold by B. Crosby and Co., and all other booksellers, 1811. This is advertised in the *Oxford Herald* for 2d March, 1811, and there is strong reason to believe that it was by Shelley. No copy is known.

11. Lines on a Fête at Carlton House—a poem of about fifty lines said to have been printed, 1811. No copy is known, but a fragment has been orally preserved.

12. A Satire, 1811; supposed to have been printed. No copy known; the title unknown.

13. An Address to the Irish People. By Percy Bysshe Shelley. Dublin, 1812.

14. Proposals for an Association of those Philanthropists, who, convinced of the inadequacy of the moral and political state of Ireland to produce benefits which are nevertheless attainable, are willing to unite to accomplish its regeneration. By Percy Bysshe Shelley. Dublin: Printed by I. Eton, Winetavern Street (1812).

15. Declaration of Rights—a broadside printed in Dublin, 1812,

16. The Devil's Walk; a Ballad—A broadside, 1812.

17. A Letter to Lord Ellenborough, occasioned by the sentence which he passed on Mr. D. I. Eaton, as publisher of the Third Part of Paine's "Age of Reason" (Printed by Syle at Barnstaple, 1812.)

18. Queen Mab; a Philosophical Poem: with Notes by Percy Bysshe Shelley. London: Printed by P. B. Shelley, 23 Chapel Street, Grosvenor Square, 1813. The poem was printed and published by W. Clark, 201 Strand, London, in 1821, and was reissued in 1822 by R. Carlile, 55 Fleet Street. In 1821 it was reprinted in New York in duodecimo form.

19. A Vindication of Natural Diet. Being one of a Series of Notes to Queen Mab, a Philosophical Poem. London: Printed for J. Callow, medical bookseller, Crown Court, Princes Street, Soho, by Smith and Davy, Queen Street, Seven Dials, 1813.

[1] For fuller information the reader should consult the volume from which mainly this list has been drawn up: "The Shelley Library: An Essay in Bibliography by H. Buxton Forman. Part I. [all published as yet]. London: Reeves and Turner, 1886."

20. A Refutation of Deism: in a Dialogue. London: Printed by Schulze and Dean, 13 Poland Street, 1814.

21. Review of Hogg's "Memoirs of Prince Alexy Haimatoff," contributed to the *Critical Review*, December, 1814.

22. Alastor; or the Spirit of Solitude: and other Poems. By Percy Bysshe Shelley. London: Printed for Baldwin, Craddock, and Joy, Paternoster Row; and Carpenter and Son, Old Bond Street: by S. Hamilton, Weybridge, Surrey, 1816.

23. A Proposal for Putting Reform to the Vote throughout the Kingdom. By the Hermit of Marlow. London: Printed for C. and J. Ollier, 3 Welbeck Street, Cavendish Square, by C. H. Reynell, 21 Piccadilly, 1817.

24. An Address to the People on the Death of the Princess Charlotte. By the Hermit of Marlow, 1817. [The motto "We pity the Plumage, but forget the Dying Bird" has been mistaken for the title.] Known only through a reprint of Thomas Rodd about 1843.

25. History of a Six Weeks' Tour through a part of France, Switzerland, Germany, and Holland: with letters descriptive of a Sail round the Lake of Geneva and of the Glaciers of Chamouni. London: Published by T. Hookham jun., Old Bond Street; and C. and J. Ollier, Welbeck Street, 1817. This is in the main by Mary Shelley, with certain contributions from Shelley's pen.

26. Laon and Cythna; or, the Revolution of the Golden City: A Vision of the Nineteenth Century. In the Stanza of Spenser. By Percy B. Shelley. London: Printed for Sherwood, Neely, and Jones, Paternoster Row; and C. and J. Ollier, Welbeck Street: by B. M'Millan, Bow Street, Covent Garden, 1818.

This by alterations, cancel-leaves, and a fresh title was altered into

27. The Revolt of Islam; a Poem, in twelve cantos. By Percy Bysshe Shelley. London; Printed for C. and J. Ollier, Welbeck Street, by B. M'Millan, Bow Street, Covent Garden, 1818. Some few copies are dated 1817. In 1829 the remainder was issued with a new title-page and the imprint "London; Printed for John Brooks, 421 Oxford Street, 1829." Some copies of this issue give the "Laon and Cythna" text.

28. Rosalind and Helen, a Modern Eclogue; with Other Poems: by Percy Bysshe Shelley. London: Printed for C. and J. Ollier, Vere Street, Bond Street, 1819.

29. The Cenci. A Tragedy, in Five Acts. By Percy B. Shelley. Italy: Printed for C. and J. Ollier, Vere Street, Bond Street, London, 1819.

The Cenci appeared in a second edition. London: C. and J. Ollier, 1821.

30. Prometheus Unbound. A Lyrical Drama in Four Acts, with other Poems. By Percy Bysshe Shelley. London: C. and J. Ollier, Vere Street, Bond Street, 1820.

31. Œdipus Tyrannus; or Swellfoot the Tyrant. A Tragedy. In Two Acts. Translated from the Original Doric. London: Published for the Author, by J. Johnston, 98 Cheapside; and sold by all booksellers, 1820.

32. Epipsychidion. Verses addressed to the Noble and Unfortunate Lady Emilia V——, now imprisoned in the Convent of ———. London: C. and J. Ollier, Vere Street, Bond Street, 1821.

33. Adonais. An Elegy on the Death of John Keats, Author of Endymion, Hyperion, etc. By Percy B. Shelley. Pisa, with the Types of Didot, 1821. The second edition was brought out through the zeal of Arthur Hallam and the late Lord Houghton at Cambridge. Printed by W. Metcalfe, and sold by Messrs. Gee and Bridges, Market Hill, 1829.

34. Hellas. A Lyrical Drama. By Percy B. Shelley. London: Charles and James Ollier, Vere Street, Bond Street, 1822. This was the last work issued during Shelley's life.

35. Posthumous Poems of Percy Bysshe Shelley. London, 1824: Printed for John and Henry L. Hunt, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden. [Edited by Mary Shelley.]

36. The Masque of Anarchy. A Poem. By Percy Bysshe Shelley. Now First Published, with a Preface by Leigh Hunt. London: Edward Moxon, 64 New Bond Street, 1832.

37. The Shelley Papers: Memoir of Percy Bysshe Shelley. By T. Medwin, Esq., and Original Poems and Papers by Percy Bysshe Shelley. Now First Collected. London: Whittaker, Treacher, and Co., 1833.

38. Essays, Letters from Abroad, Translations, and Fragments, By Percy Bysshe Shelley. Edited by Mrs. Shelley. In Two Volumes. London: Edward Moxon, Dover Street, 1840.

39. Relics of Shelley. Edited by Richard Garnett. London: Edward Moxon and Co., Dover Street, 1862.

40 The Dæmon of the World. By Percy Bysshe Shelley. The First Part as published in 1816 with Alastor. The Second Part, Deciphered and now First Printed

from his own Manuscript Revision and Interpolations in the Newly Discovered Copy of Queen Mab. London: Privately printed by H. Buxton Forman, 38 Marlborough Hill, 1876.

41. Notes on Sculptures in Rome and Florence: Together with a Lucianic Fragment and a Criticism on Peacock's "Rhododaphne." By Percy Bysshe Shelley. Edited by Harry Buxton Forman. London: Printed for Private Distribution, 1879.

A notice of Shelley's unpublished prose work, "A Philosophical View of Reform (1819), will be found in "Transcripts and Studies," by Edward Dowden, 1888, pp. 41–74.

Some account of early poems, still unpublished, will be found in "The Life of Percy Bysshe Shelley," by Edward Dowden, 1886, vol. i. pp. 344–349; and poems, or passages from poems, in the unpublished MS. volume in the possession of Mr. Esdaile will be found in the same work, vol. i. pp. 268, 270–274, 286–288, 294, 298–299, 317–318, 347–348, 376, 385–386, 404, 413–414.

One poem, "The Wandering Jew's Soliloquy," from the same MS. volume is printed in the Shelley Society's Publications, Second Series, No. 12. "The Wandering Jew," edited by Bertram Dobell (1887), pp. 69–70.

ORDER OF POEMS.

In Editions published during Shelley's Lifetime.

It seems right to put it in the reader's power to place certain poems in the order in which they originally appeared with Shelley's approval.

Alastor was followed in the volume of 1816 by —

The Stanzas beginning "Oh! there are spirits in the air."
Stanzas, April 1814.
Mutability.
Stanzas beginning "The pale, the cold, and the moony smile."
A Summer Evening Churchyard.
Sonnet: To Wordsworth.
Sonnet: Feelings of a Republican.
Superstition (a fragment of *Queen Mab*).
Sonnet from the Italian of Dante.
Sonnet: Translated from the Greek of Moschus.
The Dæmon of the World: Part I.

Rosalind and Helen was followed in the volume of 1819 by —

Lines Written among the Euganean Hills.
Hymn to Intellectual Beauty.
Sonnet: Ozymandias.

Prometheus Unbound was followed in the volume of 1820 by —

The Sensitive Plant.
A Vision of the Sea.
Ode to Heaven.
An Exhortation.
Ode to the West Wind.
An Ode: To the Assertors of Liberty (named originally "An Ode written October 1819, before the Spaniards had recovered their Liberty").
The Cloud.
To a Skylark.
Ode to Liberty.

Hellas was followed in the volume of 1822 by —

Lines written on hearing the News of the Death of Napoleon.

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"Do you not hear the Aziola cry, 569.

EAGLE! why soarest thou above that tomb, 627.
Earth, ocean, air, belovèd brotherhood, 104.
Ever as now with Love and Virtue's glow, 680.

FAINT with love, the lady of the South, 583.
Fairest of the Destinies, 576.
False friend, wilt thou smile or weep, 348.
Far, far away, O ye, 565.
Flourishing vine, whose kindling clusters glow, 519.

[1] Including the first lines of some Lyrics which appear in the longer poems.

Follow to the deep wood's weeds, 528.
For me, my friend, if not that tears did tremble, 503.
For my dagger is bathed in the blood of the brave, 653.
From all the blasts of heaven thou hast descended, 275.
From the cities where from caves, 531.
From the forests and highlands, 550.

GATHER, O gather, 523.
Ghosts of the dead! have I not heard your yelling, 656.
God prosper, speed, and save, 522.
Good-night! ah! no; the hour is ill, 558.
Grant me your patience, Gentlemen and Boars, 402.
Great Spirit, whom the sea of boundless thought, 584.
Guido, I would that Lapo, thou, and I, 629.

HAIL to thee, blithe spirit, 541.
Hail to thee, Cambria! for the unfettered wind, 681.
Hark! the owlet flaps his wings, 652.
He came like a dream in the dawn of life, 457.
Heigho! the lark and the owl! 474.
"Here lieth One whose name was writ on water," 582.
Here, my dear friend, is a new book for you, 419.
Here, oh, here, 294.
Her hair was brown, her spherèd eyes were brown, 231.
Her voice did quiver as we parted, 502.
He wanders, like a day-appearing dream, 583.
Hic sinu fessum caput hospitali, 652.
His face was like a snake's — wrinkled and loose, 503.
Honey from silkworms who can gather, 504.
Hopes, that swell in youthful breasts, 655.
How eloquent are eyes, 655.
How, my dear Mary, are you critic-bitten, 381.
How stern are the woes of the desolate mourner, 659.
How sweet it is to sit and read the tales, 529.
How swiftly through heaven's wide expanse, 658.
How wonderful is Death, 27.
How wonderful is Death, 94.

I AM as a spirit who has dwelt, 529.
I am drunk with the honey wine, 530.
I arise from dreams of thee, 526.
I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers, 540.
I could stand, 676.
I dreamed that, as I wandered by the way, 550.
I dreamed that Milton's spirit rose, and took, 563.
I faint, I perish with my love! I grow, 583.
I fear thy kisses, gentle maiden, 547.
I hated thee, fallen tyrant! I did groan, 488.
I love thee, Baby! for thine own sweet sake, 676.
I loved — alas! our life is love, 511.
I met a traveller from an antique land, 505.
I mourn Adonis dead — loveliest Adonis, 627.
I pant for the music which is divine, 582.
I rode one evening with Count Maddalo, 248.
I sate beside the steersman then, and, gazing, 189.
I sing the glorious Power with azure eyes, 614.
I stood within the city disinterred, 552.
I weep for Adonais — he is dead, 423.
I went into the deserts of dim sleep, 562.
I would not be a king — enough, 576.
If gibbets, axes, confiscations, chains, 558.
If I esteemed you less, Envy would kill, 582.
If I walk in Autumn's even, 583.
Inter marmoreas Leonoræ pendula colles, 652.
In the cave which wild weeds cover, 530.
In the great morning of the world, 437.
In the sweet solitude of this calm place, 632.
Is it that in some brighter sphere, 529.
Is not to-day enough? Why do I peer, 529.
It floats with rainbow pinions o'er the stream, 421.
It is not blasphemy to hope that Heaven, 680.
It is the day when all the sons of God, 573.
It lieth, gazing on the midnight sky, 527.
It was a bright and cheerful afternoon, 556.

KISSING Helena, together, 627.

LET those who pine in pride or in revenge, 515.
Life of Life! thy lips enkindle, 285.
Lift not the painted veil which those who live, 518.
Like the ghost of a dear friend dead, 562.
Listen, listen, Mary mine, 506.

MADONNA, wherefore hast thou sent to me, 566.
Maiden, quench the glare of sorrow, 669.
Many a green isle needs must be, 507.
Melodious Arethusa, o'er my verse, 629.
Men of England, wherefore plough, 520.
Methought a star came down from heaven, 459.
Methought I was a billow in the crowd, 583.
Mighty eagle! thou that soarest, 499.
Mine eyes were dim with tears unshed, 485.
Monarch of Gods and Dæmons, and all Spirits, 262.
Month after month the gathered rains descend, 506.
Moonbeam, leave the shadowy vale, 654.
Muse, sing the deeds of golden Aphrodite, 614.
Music, when soft voices die, 567.
My coursers are fed with the lightning, 284.
My dearest Mary, wherefore hast thou gone, 527.
My faint spirit was sitting in the light, 566.
My head is heavy, my limbs are weary, 563.
My head is wild with weeping for a grief, 519.
My lost William, thou in whom, 526.
My Song, I fear that thou wilt find but few, 409.
My soul is an enchanted boat, 285.
My spirit like a charmèd bark doth swim, 499.
My thoughts arise and fade in solitude, 504.

NIGHT, with all thine eyes look down, 571.
Night! with all thine eyes look down, 572.
No access to the Duke! You have not said, 511.
No, Music, thou art not the "food of Love," 499.
No trump tells thy virtues — the grave where they rest, 678.
Nor happiness, nor majesty, nor fame, 569.
Not far from hence. From yonder pointed hill, 559.
Now the last day of many days, 590.

O BACCHUS, what a world of toil, both now, 615.
O, follow, follow, 278.

O happy Earth! reality of Heaven, 56.
O happy Earth! reality of Heaven, 98.
O Mary dear, that you were here, 507.
O mighty mind, in whose deep stream this age, 518.
O pillow cold and wet with tears, 526.
O that a chariot of cloud were mine, 503.
O thou bright Sun! beneath the dark blue line, 676.
O thou immortal deity, 584.
O thou, who plumed with strong desire, 551.
O thou whose dear love gleamed upon the gloomy path, 671.
O universal mother, who dost keep, 613.
O wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being, 524.
O world! O life! O time, 569.
Offspring of Jove, Calliope, once more, 613.
Oh! take the pure gem to where southerly breezes, 667.
Oh! there are spirits of the air, 488.
Old winter was gone, 579.
On the brink of the night and the morning, 284.
Once, early in the morning, 671.
One sung of thee who left the tale untold, 530.
One word is too often profaned, 571.
Orphan hours, the year is dead, 564.
Our boat is asleep on Serchio's stream, 580.
Out of the eastern shadow of the Earth, 485.
Over the utmost hill at length I sped, 158.

Palace-roof of cloudless nights, 523.
Pan loved his neighbor Echo — but that child, 629.
People of England, ye who toil and groan, 523.
Perhaps the only comfort which remains, 259.
Peter Bells, one, two, and three, 362.
Place, for the Marshal of the Mask, 461.
Poet of Nature, thou hast wept to know, 488.
Prince Athanase had one belovèd friend, 228.

Radiant Sister of the Day, 677.
Rarely, rarely, comest thou, 567.
Reach me that handkerchief! — my brain is hurt, 324.
Returning from its daily quest, my Spirit, 632.
Rome has fallen, ye see it lying, 530.
Rough wind, thou moanest loud, 592.

Sacred Goddess, Mother Earth, 549.
See yon opening flower, 653.
Shall we roam my love, 674.
She comes not; yet I left her even now, 332.
She left me at the silent time, 592.
She saw me not — she heard me not — alone, 211.
She was an agèd woman; and the years, 669.
Silence! O well are Death and Sleep and Thou, 518.
Silver key of the fountain of tears, 499.
Sing, Muse, the son of Maia and of Jove, 598.
"Sleep, sleep on! forget thy pain, 588.
So now my summer task is ended, Mary, 122.
So we sate joyous as the morning ray, 181.
Such hope, as is the sick despair of good, 563.
Such was Zonoras; and as daylight finds, 229.
Summer was dead and Autumn was expiring, 586.
Sweet Spirit! Sister of that orphan one, 409.
Sweet star, which gleaming o'er the darksome scene, 668.
Swift as a spirit hastening to his task, 474.
Swifter far than summer's flight, 569.
Swiftly walk over the western wave, 565.

Tell me, thou star, whose wings of light, 557.
That matter of the murder is husht up, 311.
That night we anchored in a woody bay, 195.
That time is dead forever, child, 502.
The awful shadow of some unseen Power, 491.
The babe is at peace within the womb, 583.
The billows on the beach are leaping around it, 501.
The cold earth slept below, 489.
The death-bell beats, 657.
The Elements respect their Maker's seal, 653.
The everlasting universe of things, 492.
The fierce beasts of the woods and wildernesses, 519.
The fiery mountains answer each other, 555.
The fight was o'er: the flashing through the gloom, 504.
The fitful alternations of the rain, 530.
The flower that smiles to-day, 568.
The Fountains mingle with the River, 528.
The gentleness of rain was in the wind, 583.
The golden gates of Sleep unbar, 571.
The joy, the triumph, the delight, the madness, 299.
The keen stars were twinkling, 592.
The odor from the flower is gone, 507.
The old man took the oars, and soon the bark, 152.
The pale stars are gone, 294
The pale, the cold, and the moony smile, 486.
The rose that drinks the fountain dew, 499.
The rude wind is singing, 584.
The season was the childhood of sweet June, 561.
The serpent is shut out from paradise, 570.
The sleepless Hours who watch me as I lie, 549.
The spider spreads her webs, whether she be, 376.
The starlight smile of children, the sweet looks, 136.
The sun is set; the swallows are asleep, 580.
The sun is warm, the sky is clear, 513.
The sun makes music as of old, 643.
The transport of a fierce and monstrous gladness, 216.
The viewless and invisible Consequence, 562.
The warm sun is failing, the bleak wind is wailing, 555.
The waters are flashing, 566.
The wind has swept from the wide atmosphere, 487.
The world is dreary, 527.
The world is now our dwelling-place, 502.
The world's great age begins anew, 452.
Their moss rotted off them, flake by flake, 536.
There is a voice, not understood by all, 495.
There is a warm and gentle atmosphere, 528.
There late was One within whose subtle being, 490.
There was a little lawny islet, 593.
There was a Power in this sweet place, 533.
There was a youth, who, as with toil and travel, 226.
These are two friends whose lives were undivided, 593.

They die — the dead return not — Misery, 502.
This is the day, which down the void abysm, 303.
Those whom nor power, nor lying faith, nor toil, 503.
Thou art fair, and few are fairer, 526.
Thou art the wine whose drunkenness is all, 231.
Thou supreme Goddess! by whose power divine, 395.
Thou wert not, Cassius, and thou couldst not be, 502.
Thou wert the morning star among the living, 627.
Three days the flowers of the garden fair, 534.
Thus to be lost and thus to sink and die, 498.
Thy country's curse is on thee, darkest crest, 499.
Thy dewy looks sink in my breast, 485.
Thy little footsteps on the sands, 527.
'T is midnight now — athwart the murky air, 662.
'T is the terror of tempest. The rags of the sail, 536.
To the deep, to the deep, 281.
To thirst and find no fill — to wail and wander, 504.
Tremble Kings despised of man, 666.
'T was at the season when the Earth upsprings, 230.
'T was dead of the night, when I sat in my dwelling, 656.

UNFATHOMABLE Sea! whose waves are years, 565.
Unrisen splendor of the brightest sun, 563.

VESSELS of heavenly medicine! may the breeze, 681.
Victorious wrong, with vulture scream, 451.

WAKE the serpent not — lest he, 530.
Was there a human spirit in the steed, 202.
Wealth and dominion fade into the mass, 504.
We are as clouds that veil the midnight moon, 486.
We meet not as we parted, 593.
We strew these opiate flowers, 436.
Weep not, my gentle boy; he struck but me, 318.
Were it not a sweet refuge, Emily, 422.
Were not the crocuses that grew, 591.
What! alive and so bold, oh earth, 568.
What art thou, Presumptuous, who profanest, 584.
What is that joy which serene infancy, 421.
What Mary is when she a little smiles, 632.
What men gain fairly — that they should possess, 521.
What think you the dead are, 258.
What thoughts had sway o'er Cythna's lonely slumber, 145.
What was the shriek that struck fancy's ear, 665.
When a lover clasps his fairest, 529.
When passion's trance is overpast, 571.
When soft winds and sunny skies, 583.
When the lamp is shattered, 588.
When the last hope of trampled France had failed, 124.
When winds that move not its calm surface sweep, 628.
Where art thou, beloved To-morrow, 583.
Where man's profane and tainting hand, 681.
Whether the Sensitive Plant, or that, 536.
Whilst monarchs laughed upon their thrones, 61.
Whose is the love that, gleaming thro' the world, 27.
Why is it said thou canst not live, 668.
Wild, pale, and wonder-stricken, even as one, 576.
Wilt thou forget the happy hours, 507.
Within a cavern of man's trackless spirit, 547.
Worlds on worlds are rolling ever, 439.
Would I were the wingèd cloud, 446.
Would you not like a broomstick? As for me, 645.

YE congregated powers of heaven, who share, 286.
Ye Dorian woods and waves lament aloud, 628.
Ye gentle visitations of calm thought, 529.
Ye hasten to the grave! What seek ye there, 557.
Ye who intelligent the third heaven move, 630.
Ye wild-eyed Muses, sing the Twins of Jove, 612.
Yes! all is past — swift time has fled away, 664.
Yet look on me — take not thine eyes away, 486.